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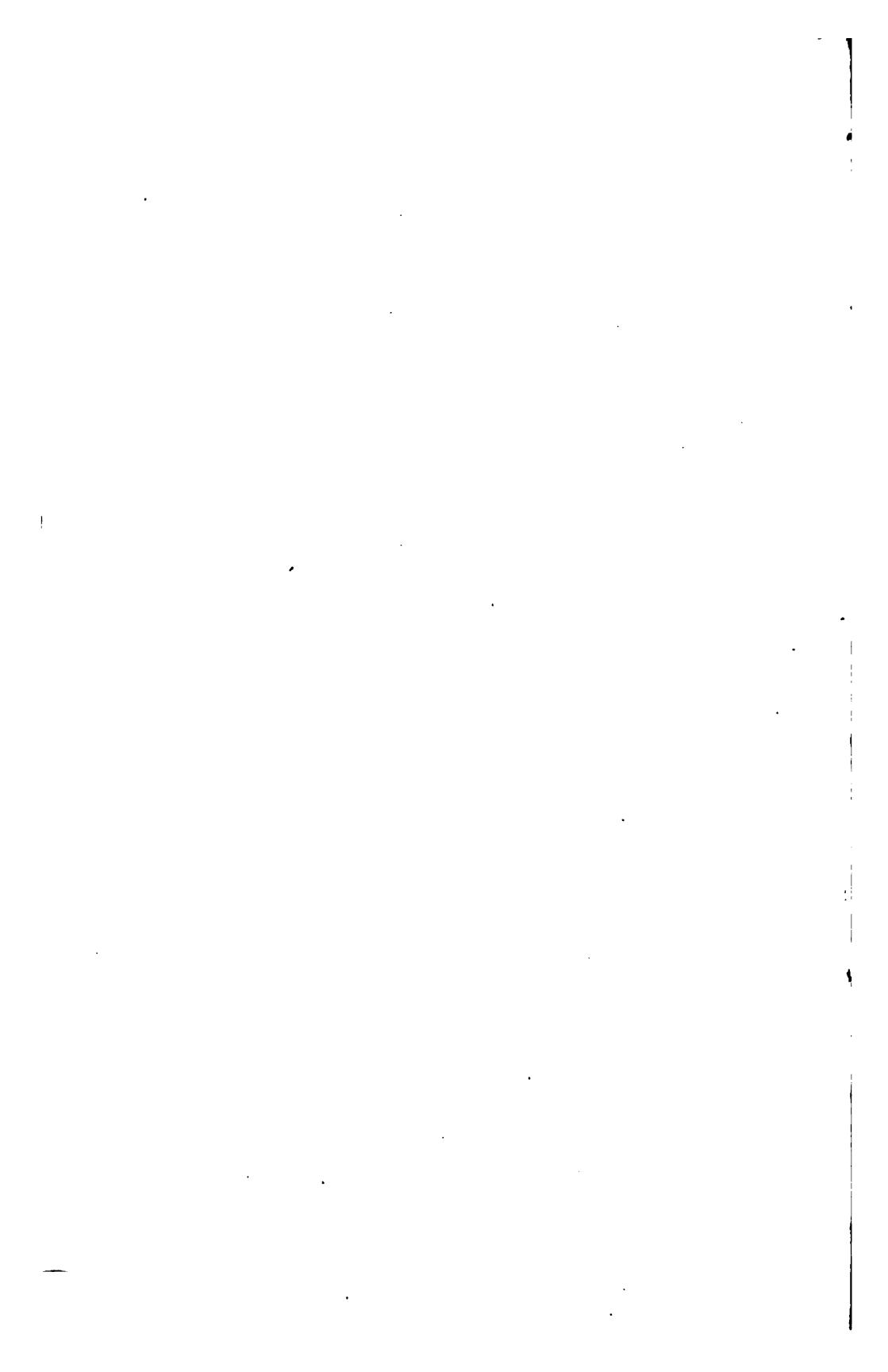
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A COLLECTION
OF
READABLE REPRINTS

OF
LITERARY RARITIES,
ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE HISTORY, LITERATURE, MANNERS
AND BIOGRAPHY OF THE ENGLISH NATION,
BETWEEN THE
Sixteenth and Nineteenth Centuries.

EDITED BY CHARLES HINDLEY, ESQ.,

Editor of "The Old Book Collector's Miscellany; or, a Collection of Readable Reprints of Literary Rarities," "Works of John Taylor—the Water Poet," "The Roxburghe Ballads," "The Catnach Press," "The Curiosities of Street Literature," "The Book of Ready Made Speeches," "Brown, Jones, and Robinson," "Tavern Anecdotes and Sayings," etc.

LONDON:
REEVES AND TURNER,
196, STRAND, W.C.
1870.

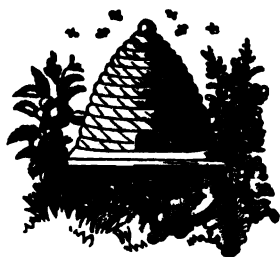


A MERRIE DIALOGUE

Betweene

Band, Cuffe, and Ruffe,

Done by an excellent Wit, and lately acted in a
Shew in the Famous Universitie of Cambridge.



London, printed by W. Stansby for Miles Partrich,
and are to be sold at his shop neere Saint
Dunstone's Church-yard, in
Fleet Street.
1615.

*To the Readers of the Old Book Collector's
Miscellany.*

The punning species of wit with which this and the preceding Dramatic Dialogues abound, is likely to have procured them many academical admirers. The particular occasion which introduced them does not appear ; but as they are curious specimens of the taste of a former age in its scholastic entertainments, and by no means devoid of humour, we have reprinted them.

Fencing was introduced into England from France, and soon became popular. Fencing-schools were opened in various parts of the town, and from what we can glean from our early dramatic writers, they were by no means *Moral Schools*, or *Schools for Morals* ; but as every gentleman was supposed to wear a sword, and some feeling inclined also to use one, "schools" became a necessity, and we can, therefore, easily imagine that such a smartly written and right "Merrie Dialogue between Sword, Rapier, and Dagger," would be likely to *draw*.

The "Merrie Dialogue between Band, Cuff, and Ruff," is of considerable value as an illustration of the history of the costume of the period. The band, as an article of ornament for the neck, was the common wear of gentlemen, though now exclusively retained by the clergy and lawyers ; the cuff, as a fold at the end of a sleeve, or the part of the sleeve turned back from the hand, was made highly fantastical by means of ornamental "cut work ;" the ruff, as a female neck ornament, made of plaited lawn, or other material, is well-known, but it was formerly used by both sexes. The effeminacy and coxcombry of a man's ruff, is well ridiculed by many of our dramatic writers.




A MERRY DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

BAND, CUFF, AND RUFF.

Actors: BAND, CUFF, RUFF.

Enter Band and Cuff.

Band. uff, where art thou?

Cuff. Here at *hand*.

Enter Ruff.

Ruff. Where is this Cuff?

Cuff. Almost at your *elbow*.

Ruff. Oh, Band, art thou there? I thought thou hadst been *worn* out of date by this time, or *shrunk* in the *washing* at least.

Band. What, do you think I am afraid of your *greatness*? No, you shall know that there are men of *fashion* in place as well as yourself.

Cuff. Good Band, do not *fret* so.

Band. A scurvy shig-shag gentleman, new come out of the North ; a puisne, a very freshman, come up hither to learn fashions ; and seek to expel me ?

Cuff. Nay, if you be so *broad* with him, Band ; we shall have a *fray* presently.

Ruff. Sir, I'll pull down your *collar* for you (*He jostles B. and C. stays him.*)

Cuff. It was time for me to *stay* you : for I am sure you were a *falling Band*.

Ruff. Well, Band, for all you are so *stiff*, I'll make you *limber* enough before I leave you.

Band. No, hog-yonker, its more than thou canst do.

Cuff. O let me come to him. Well, Band, let me catch you in another place, and I'll make *cut-work* of you.

Band. Cut-work of me ! No, there's ne'er a Spanish Ruff of you all can do it.

Cuff. S'foot, if these two should go together by the *ears*, Cuff would be in a fine plight ; would he not ?

Ruff. Well, Band, thou hadst need look to thyself : for if I meet thee, I will *lace* thee *roundly*.

Band. *Lace* me ? Thou wouldst be *laced* thyself ; for this is the very truth, Ruff, thou art but a *plain* knave.

Cuff. If they talk of *lacing*, I were best look about myself.

Ruff. Darest thou meet me in the field ?

Band. In the field ? Why thou art but an effeminate fellow, Ruff, for all thou art so well *set*. But at what weapon ?

Ruff. Nay, I will give thee that advantage. Bring thou what weapons thou wilt. I scorn to make anything of thee, Band, but *needle-work*.

Band. S'foot, thou shalt know, a gentleman and a soldier scorns thy proffer.

Ruff. A soldier.

Cuff. Did you not hear of the great *Bands* went over of late ?

Ruff. Where didst thou serve ? in the Low Countries ?

Cuff. It may be so : for he is a *Holland Band*.

Band. Where served, it is no matter ; but I am sure I have been often *pressed*.

Cuff. Truly, his *laundress* will witness thereof.

Ruff. Press me no pressings : for I'll make you know that Ruff is *steeled* to the back. If I had my *stick here*, you should feel it.

Band. Nay, bragger, it is not you great words can carry it away so. Give Band but a *hem*, and he will be for you at any time. Name, therefore, the place, the day, and the hour of our meeting.

Ruff. The place, the *papermills* : where I will tear thee into *rags*, before I have done with thee : the time, to-morrow about one. But do you hear ? We will fight *single* : you shall not be *double*, Band.

Cuff. Now I perceive the Spaniard and the Hollander will to it roundly.

Ruff. But do you hear ? Once more, do not say at our next meeting you forgot the time.

Cuff. No : I dare warrant you, there is no man more careful of the time than Band is : for I am sure he hath always a dozen *clocks*¹ about him.

Ruff. Farewell then.

Band. Then farewell.

Cuff. Nay, you shall not part so. You two will go into the fields to fight, and know not what fighting means. A couple of *white-livered* fellows ! the laundress will make you both look as *white* as a *clout*, if she list. If you lack *beating*, she'll beat you I'll warrant you. She'll so *clap* your *sides* together, that she'll beat you all to pieces, in once or twice handling. Why, I have known her leave her *marks* behind her a whole week together. She'll quickly beat you *black* and *blue* ; for I am sure she'll scarce *wash white* before she *starch*.

Band. Well, remember the time and place, Ruff.

¹CLOCK.—A kind of ornamental work worn of various parts of dress, now applied exclusively to that on each side of a stocking.—Clock-work.

Cuff. Remember yourself, and Mistress *Stitchwell* ; one that you have been both beholden to in your days.

Band. Who? Mistress *Stitchwell*. I know her not.

Cuff. Nor thou neither.

Ruff. No :—I swear by all the *gum* and *blue starch* in Christendom.

Cuff. I thought so. Why its the *sempster*. One, that both you had been *undone*, had it not been for her. But what talk I of your *undoing*? I say Mistress *Stitchwell*, the sempstress, was the very *maker* of you : yet you regard her thus little. But it is the common *fashion* of you all. When you come to be so *great* as you are, you forget from what house you came.

Ruff. S'foot! Ruff careth not a *pin* for her.

Band. Nor Band a *button*.

Cuff. Well, well Band and Ruff, you had best take heed of her, you know she set you both in the *stocks* once before ; and if she catch you again, it is a hundred to one, if she *hang* you not both up ; for she hath got strings already.

Ruff. Well, meet me if thou darst.

Band. The place, the paper-mills, the hour, to-morrow at one.

Cuff. If you go, go. But look well about you, do you hear me? As little a fellow as I am, I will come

and *cuff* you both out of the field. If I do not, say Cuff is no man of his *hands*.

Ruff. Alas! poor shrimp, thou art nothing in my hands.

Cuff. If you go, you shall never say Cuff came of a *sleeveless* errand. I'll *bind* your *hands*, I warrant you, for striking.

Band. Say, and hold, Ruff, remember the paper-mills.

Cuff. And if ye be so cholerick, I'll even pin you both in, as soon as I come home. Can you not decide the quarrel between yourselves, without a field? I thought, Ruff, you had been a little more mild, Ruff. You were a horrible puritan the other day, a very *precise* Ruff.

Ruff. Hang him, base rascal! Would he not make any man mad, to see such a poor snake? I durst not scarce peep out of doors, before *Collar* came to town, and now to swagger thus.

Cuff. Come, you shall be friends, Band.

Band. Friends with him? such a base rascal as he is! a *thread-bare* fellow as he is! I scorn, but my man Collar should go better every day in the week than he, and be friends with him.

Ruff. Thy man, Collar? Thy master, thou would'st have said. I am sure he is thy *upholder*.

Cuff. Nay, surely, he is his master; at least his maker. For Bands make rags, rags make paper,

paper makes pasteboard, and pasteboard makes *Collar* : and is not this a *stiff* argument, that he is his maker, and therefore master ?

Ruff. Well, be he what he will, if I catch his collar I'll cut him in *jags*. Let me but clasp him, and I'll make him for stirring.

Cuff. But ye shall not fight. Have ye not friends and neighbours enough to end this controversy, but you must go into the fields, and there cut the *thread* of your lives ? No, we'll have no such doing. Come, choose you an umpire, Band, for it shall be so.

Band. Since you will force me to it ; if Ruff be content, I am willing.

Cuff. Ruff, you shall be content.

Ruff. If I shall, then I must : let me name him.

Band. If I may choose, I'll have Master Handkerchief.

Cuff. Nay, stay there : he is a mutable *snivelling* fellow, and a notable lawyer. He will *wipe* your nose of all, if you put the *case* to him. But what say you to *Shirt* ?

Ruff. *Hang* him, a *rope* on him. He is a filthy *shifting* knave ; and one to whom Band a little before hath been much beholden. They were *joined* a long time together in friendship.

Cuff. Why, then go to Master Cap the *head-man* of the town.

Band. No ; I deem that he is a very bad justice. You may have him *wrought* on any *side* for money.

Ruff. I'll tell you what : then we will go to my Lord *Corpus* himself.

Band. He is not in town.

Ruff. He is : for to-day I saw *Sock*, his chief *foot-man* in town.

Cuff. Here's ado with you and my Lord *Corpus*. Indeed, I would you were both hanged about his *neck* for me ; for then I think you would be both *even*. But I see, this strife will never be ended, till I be arbitrator myself. You know I am equally allied to you both : shall I be moderator between you ?

Band and *Ruff.* Content.

Cuff. Well then, Ruff shall be most accounted of amongst the clergy, for he is the graver fellow : although I know the puritans will not greatly care for him ; he hath such a deal of *sitting*, and they love *standing* better. As for you, Band, you shall be made most of amongst the young *gallants* : although sometimes they shall use Ruff for a *fashion*, but not otherwise. However, you need not regard the giddy-headed multitude. Let them do as they list ; sometimes respecting one, sometimes the other. But when you come to the counsellors and men of law, which know right from wrong, judging your worths to be equal, they shall prefer neither, but use

the kindness of both. How say you : are you both pleased ?

Band and Ruff. We are.

Cuff. Then go before me to the next town, and I'll follow after with a *band* of your friendship drawn, which I hope these gentleman will *seal* with their *hands*.

[*Exeunt Band and Ruff.*

Cuff. Claw me, and I'll claw thee,—the proverb goes:
Let it be true, in this that freshman shows.
Cuff graceth hand, Cuff's debtors hand remain ;
Let *hands* clap me, and I'll *cuff* them again.



Notes and Observations

ON

WORK FOR CUTLERS,

AND

A MERRY DIALOGUE BETWEEN
BAND, CUFF, AND RUFF.

By _____

of _____

in the County of _____

18 _____

THE COLD YEARE, 1614.

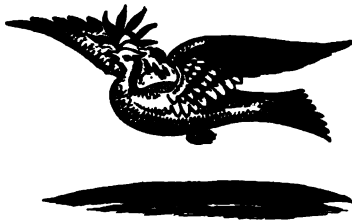
A Deepe Snow :

In which Men and Cattell have perished,

To the generall losse of Farmers, Grasiers, Husbandmen, and all sorts of People in the
Countrie ; and no lesse hurtfull to
Citizens.

Written Dialogue-wise, in a plaine Familiar Talke
betweene a London Shopkeeper, and a
North-Country-Man.

*In which, the Reader shall find many thinges for his
profit.*



Imprinted at London for Thomas Langley in Iuie
Lane, where they are to be sold.

1615.

TO THE READER.

Stowe refers to the severity of the winter of 1613-14, in his annals, thus :—" The 17th of January began a great Frost, with extreame Snow which continued untill the 14th of February, and albeit the Violence of the Frost and Snow some dayes abated, yet it continued freezing and snowing much or little untill the 7th of March."



THE GREAT SNOW.

A DIALOGUE.

The Speakers :

A CITIZEN.

A NORTH COUNTRYMAN.

North Countryman—

GOD save you sir : here's a letter directs me to such a sign as that hanging over your door ; (and if I be not deceived) this is the shop : is not your name Master *N. B.* ?

Citizen.—N. B. is my name (Father :)

What is your business :

Nor. I have letters to you out of the *North.*

Cit. From whom, I pray ?

Nor. From one Master *G. M.* of *Y.*

Cit. I know him very well ; and if I may hear by you that he is in health, I shall think you a bringer of good and happy news.

Nor. Good and happy news do I bring you then ; (for thanks be to God) health and he have not parted this many a year.

Cit. Trust me, your tidings warms my heart, as cold as the weather is.

Nor. A cup of mulled sack (I think) would do you more good. But to put a better heat into you, I have from your friend and mine, brought you two bags full of comfort, each of them weighing a hundred pounds of current English money.

Cit. Bir o'r Lady sir, the sack youspoke of, would not go down half so merrily, as this news : for money was never so welcome to Londoners (especially tradesmen) as it is now.

Nor. Why : Is it as scanty here, as with us : I thought if the silver age had been any where, your city had challenged it. Methinks our northern climate, should only be without silver mines, because the sun (the sovereign breeder of rich metals) is not so prodigal of his beams to us. Why, I have been told, that all the angels of the kingdom fly up and down *London* : Nay, I have heard, that one of our ruffling gallants in these days, wears more riches on his back, in hat, garters, and shoe-strings, than would maintain a good pretty farm in our country, and keep a plough-land for a whole year.

Cit. We care not how brave our gallants go, so their names stand not in our books : for when a

citizen crosses a gentleman, he holds it one of the chiefest Cheapside-blessings. *I believe it.*

Nor. I understand you sir : you care not what colours they wear, so you keep them not in black and white.

Cit. You measure us rightly : for the keeping of some so (that carry their heads full high) makes many a good shopkeeper oftentimes to hide his head. So that albeit you that dwell far off, and know not what *London* means, think (as you say) that all the angels of the kingdom, fly up and down here. We, whose wares lie dead upon our hands for want of quick customers, see no such matter : but if any angels do fly, they have either their wings broken and fly not far ; or else are caught like partridges, a few in a covey. Albeit sir, I have all this while held talk with you, yet mine eye hath run over these letters, and acknowledge myself your debtor, in respect an age so reverend (as your head warrants you are) hath been the messenger. But I hope Sir, some greater especial business of your own besides, drew you to so troublesome a journey.

Nor. Troth sir, no extraordinary business : the countryman's hands are now held as well in his pocket, as the shopkeepers. That drew me to *London*, which draws you citizens out of your houses ; or to speak more truly, drives you rather into your houses.

Cit. How mean you sir, the weather :

An old man.

Nor. The very same. I have been an old briar, and stood many a northerly storm ; the winds have often blown bitterly in my face. Frosts have nipped my blood, icicles (you see) hang at my beard, and a hill of snow covers my head. I am the son of winter, and so like the father, that as he does, I love to be seen in all places. I had as leave walk up to the knees in snow, as to tread upon Turkey carpets : and therefore my journey to see *London* once more ere I die, is as merry to me,

*Earth lies tn, all
tn white.*

as if I were a woman and went a gossiping ; for the earth shows now, as if she lay in, (all in white.)

Cit. Belike then you have heard she hath been delivered of some strange prodigious births, that you came thus far, to see her child-bed ?

Nor. I have from my childhood spent my best days in travel, and have seen the wonders of other countries, but am most in love with this of mine own.

Cit. Where, if any be born never so well proportioned, within a day or two it grows to be a monster.

Nor. You say true, and jump with me in that : for I have but two ears ; yet these two ears bring me home a thousand tales in less than seven days : some I hearken to, some shake my head at, some I smile at, some I think true, some I know false.

But because this world is like our millers in the country, knavish and hard to be trusted ; though mine ears be mine own, and good, yet I had rather give credit to mine eyes, although they see but badly, yet I know they will not cozen me : these four score years they have not ; and that is the reason I have them my guides now in this journey, and shall be my witnesses (when I get home again, and sit, as I hope I shall, turning a crab¹ by the fire) of what wonders I have seen.

Gr. In good sadness father, I am proud that such a heap of years (lying on your back) you stoop no lower for them : I come short of you by almost forty at the least, and methinks I am both more unlasty, and (but for the head and beard) look as aged.

Nor. Oh sir ! riots, riots, surfeits overnights, and early potting it next morning, stick white hairs upon young men's chins, when sparing diets holds colour : your crammed capons feed you fat here in London ; but our beef and bacon feeds us strong in the country ; long sleeps and past-midnights-watchings, dry up your bloods and wither your cheeks : we go to bed with the lamb, and rise with the lark, which makes us healthful as the spring. You are still sending to the apothecaries, and still crying out,

Surfeits kill more than the sword.

The country life and city life compared.

¹A CRAB.—Apple.

Early bridals,
make early
burials.

Fetch Master Doctor to me : but our apothecary's shop, is our garden full of pot-herbs ; and our doctor is a clove of garlick : besides, you fall to wenching, and marry here in *London*, when a stranger may think you are all girls in breeches, (your chins are so smooth,) and like cock sparrows, are treading so soon as you creep out of the shell, which makes your lives short as theirs is : but in our country, we hold it as dangerous to venture upon a wife, as into a set battle : it was 36 ere I was pressed to that service ; and am now as lusty and sound at heart (I praise my God) as my yoke of bullocks, that are the servants to my plough.

Cit. Yet I wonder, that having no more sand in the glass of your life, how you durst set forth, and how you could come thus far ?

Nor. How I durst set forth ? If it were 88 again, and all the *Spanish* fireworks at sea,¹ I would thrust this old battered breastplate into the thickest of them. We have trees in our town that bear fruit in winter ; I am one of those winter-plums : and though I taste a little sour, yet I have an oak in my belly, and shall not rot yet (I hope) for all this blustering weather.

Cit. It were pity you should yet be felled down, you may stand (no doubt) and grow many a fair year.

SPANISH FIREWORKS.—The Spanish Armada.

Nor. Yes sir, my growing must now be downward, like an ear of corn when it is ripe. But I beseech you tell me, are all those news current, which we hear in the country :

Cit. What are they pray ?

Nor. Marry sir, that your goodly river of The Thames a nurse to London Thames, (I call it yours, because you are a citizen ; and because it is the nurse that gives you milk and honey) is that (as 'tis reported) all frozen over again, that coaches run upon it ?

Cit. No such matter.

Nor. When I heard it I prayed to God to help the fishes ; it would be hard world with them, if their houses were taken over their heads. Nay sir, I heard it constantly affirmed, that all the youth of the city, did muster upon it in battle array, one half against the other : and by my troth, I would have ambled on bare ten-toes a brace of hundred miles, to have seen such a triumph.

Cit. In sadness (I think) so would thousand besides yourself : but neither hath the river been this year (for all the vehement cold) so hard-hearted as to have such a glassy crusted floor ; neither have our youth been up in arms in so dangerous a field : yet true it is, that the *Thames* began to play a few cold Christmas gambols ; and that very children (in good array) great numbers, and with war-like Children turned Soldiers. furniture of drums, colours, pikes, and guns, (fit to

their handling) have sundry times met army against army, in most of the fields about the city; to the great rejoicing of their parents, and numbers of beholders.

Nor. In good sooth I am sorry, I was not one of those standers by: I have been brought up as a scholar myself; and when I was young, our wars were wrangling disputations; but now it seems, that learning surfeits, having too many scholars; and that we shall need soldiers, when such young cockerels address to a battle: It shows like the *Epitome* of war; and it is a wonder for men to read it. Our painters in former ages have not drawn such pictures. But you cut me off from what I was about else to know.

Cit. What is that, father?

Nor. A bird came flying from the *North*, and chattered, that snow fell in such abundance within and round about the city of *London*, that none without could enter; nor any within, pass forth.

Cit. Fables, fables: a man may by the shadow have some guess how great the substance is: your own eye (upon your now being in *London*) can witness that your *Northern* song went to a wrong tune.

Nor. And yet by your favour, I think you have not seen your city so whited this forty years.

Cit. Indeed our Chronicles speak of one deep snow only, memorable to our time ; and that was about 34 or 36 years ago. The great snow 36 years ago.

Nor. Nay, not so much, but of your white bears, bulls, lions, &c., we had the description as fully as if with snow-balls in our hands, your apprentices and we silly country clowns had been at their baiting. I remember when I travelled into *Russia*, I have there seen white bears and white foxes : but some credulous fools would needs swear us down, that your city was full of such monsters ; and that they ran alive in the streets, and devoured people : Monsters fashioned of the snow in our streets. but I see your giants, and terrible herds of beasts, have done your city good service ; for instead of grass, they have had cold provender, and helped to rid away the greater part of your snow.

Cit. They have indeed : and yet albeit an arm from heaven hath for several years, one after another, shaken whips over our land, sometimes scourging us with strange inundations of floods ; Divers warnings, but no amendment. then with merciless fires, destroying whole towns ; then with intolerable and killing frosts, nipping the fruits of the earth : also for a long season, with scarcity of victuals, or in great plenty, sold exceedingly dear ; and now last of all, with deep and most dangerous snows. Yet (as all the former laches), the prints being worn out, are forgotten ; so of this, we make but a May-game, fashioning ridiculous

*God strikes, and
we laugh, as if
he did but jest.*

monsters of that, which God in vengeance pours on our heads; when in doing so, we mock our own selves, that are more monstrous and ugly in all the shapes of sin.

*A good distilla-
tion.*

Cor. You melt (Sir) out of a heap of snow, very profitable and wholesome instructions. But I suppose you have heard of some misfortunes, lately happening unto certain graziers :

Cit. No indeed, sir.

A tale of graziers

Nor. Then take it for truth and on my credit, that a good company of them coming up together to *London* with great store both of sheep and bullocks, they lost, by reason of the snows and deep waves, so many of either (especially of sheep) that perished in great numbers, even on the way, and before their faces, that if they had been sold to their value, it had been a sufficient estate to have maintained a very good man, and have kept him rich all his life time.

*An old man is a
new Almanac.*

Cit. I believe you : but I pray sir, what is your opinion of this strange winter : give me your judgment I beseech you, of these frosts and snows ; and what (in the school of your experience) you have read, or can remember, may be the effects, which they may produce, or which of consequence are likely now to follow.

Nor. I shall do my best to satisfy you. When these great hills of snow, and these great mountains

of ice be digged down, and be made level with the waters; when these hard rocks shall melt into rivers, and these white feathers of heaven stick upon the backs of floods; and that sudden thaws shall show, that the anger of these winter storms are mollified; then it is to be feared, that the swift, violent, and irresistible land-currents (or rather torrents) will bear down bridges, beat down buildings, overflow our corn-fields, overrun the pastures, drown our cattle, and endanger the lives both of man and beast, travelling on their way; and, unless God's hand of plenty be held open, a dearth, to strike the land in the following summer.

What is likely to happen upon this great snow.

Cit. You say right. This prognostication which your judgment thus looks into, did always fall out to be true.

Nor. These extraordinary fevers (shaking a whole kingdom) have always other mortal diseases waiting upon them.

Cit. We are best to fear it; and by fearing, provide against them.

Nor. I pray God (at whose command the sun sends forth his heat, and the winds bitter storms to deface the fruits of it), that in this last affliction sent down in flakes from the angry element, all other miseries may be hidden, swallowed, and confounded.

Cit. I gladly, and from my heart, play the clerk, crying, *Amen.*

Nor. But I pray sir, you may have melted a great part of our North Country snow out of me, how hath your city here (with all their castles, and *St. George* a horseback to help it), borne off the storm :

Cit. Marry, I will tell you how, sir : just as our *London* fencers oftentimes do in their challenges : she has taken it full upon the head.

Nor. Methinks, and I see it with mine eyes, it cannot hurt you much ; for your streets are fuller of people than ever they were.

*The hurt the
city takes by this
snow.*

Cit. True sir : but full streets, make shops empty : it's a sign that tradesmen and handicrafts have either little to do, or else can do little, by reason of the weather, when they throw by their tools, and fall to flinging of snow-balls. I assure you father, the tyranny of this season, kills all trading (unless in villany, which shrinks for no weather) so that all commerce lies dead. Besides, it lessens our markets for provision, so that all sort of food was never more dear : it eats up firing, and almost starves the poor, who are not able to buy coal or wood, the rates upon every frosty morning being lifted up and raised at the pleasure of every paltry chandler. Men of occupations, for the most part lie still ; as carpenters, bricklayers, plasterers, and such like : not one of these, nor of many other, turns alchemist, for (unless they be shoe-

makers) none can extract or melt a penny of silver out of all these heaps of snow.

Nor. You have now given me a large satisfaction.

Cit. Nay, if you should walk but along one street only in *London*; and that is *Thames* street, The dwellers in Thames street. and to see their cellars and warehouses full of rich merchandise, drowned, and utterly spoiled, you would both wonder at the loss, which cannot be set down; and lament it, albeit you know it to be none of your own.

Nor. I do already (by your report, to which I give much credit) lament it in others, as if it were mine own. I love not these tragical passions, I suffer for them upon the reporting. But putting them by, I pray sir, seeing I have unladen myself to you here in your shop, send not you me home like a collier's horse, only with an empty sack on my back: let me have some good news to carry with me.

Cit. The best, and most noble, that I have at this time, to bestow upon you, is to request you to step into Smithfield, where you shall see by the The paving of Smithfield. careful providence, care, and industry, of our honourable senators (the fathers of our city) much money buried under that dirty field, by the hiring of hundreds of labourers to reduce it (as it is re-

ported), to the fairest and most famous market-place, that is in the whole kingdom.

*Smithfield made
a market place.*

Nor. A market-place ! now trust me, it stands fit for so noble a purpose, and will be a memorable monument to after ages, of the royalty, diligence, wisdom and bravery of this. But where shall your *Cheapside* market be then kept, this must either hinder that, or that this :

Cit. *Cheapside* shall by this means, have her streets freed from that trouble, by sending it hither, if (as it is reported) it prove a market place. It will add that beauty to that spacious place, which in former times hath by horses and panniers, and butter-wives, been taken from it : Nay, the very street itself, by this means, will show like a large new *Exchange* or *Rialto* ; such a commerce of gentlemen and citizens will be seen there daily by walking upon it.

Nor. I thank you for this news ; this goes with me into the *North* : And when I hear that the work is finished, I'll take off one ten years of mine, because I'll come up lustily to *London* once again, to see such an honour to your city.

Cit. And when you do, you shall find (as report already gives it out) besides the market, two goodly receptacles for water fairly built, to add unto it the greater glory and beauty.

Nor. Your city is full of honourable deeds ; and ever may it be so. I have troubled you long ; your money will I bring to you to-morrow morning ; in the meantime, because (as dirty as your streets are) I must trot up and down, to dispatch many businesses. I will for this time, take my leave of you ; and the rather, for that (you see) it hath now left snowing.

Cit. Sir, you are most heartily welcome.



Notes and Observations

ON

THE GREAT SNOW STORM.

By _____

of _____

in the County of _____

18 _____

A T R V E

AND CERTAINE

R E L A T I O N

Of a S T R A N G E-B I R T H,

which was borne at *Stone-house* in
the Parish of *Plimmouth*, the
20. of *October*. 1635.

T O G E T H E R

with the Notes of a Ser-

mon, preached *Octob.* 23, 1635.
in the Church of *Plimmouth*,
at the interring of the
sayd Birth.

By *Th.B. B.D. Pr. Pl.*

L O N D O N,

Printed by *Anne Griffin*, for *Anne Bowler* dwelling
at the Marigold in S. Pauls Church-yard.

1635.





To the Curious Beholder of the former Picture.

Dear Countryman.

NOT the mere fiction of the over-daring picturer dost thou here behold: But (if he have done his part) the true portraiture of the work of God, presented to the world to be seen and to be admired.

Two things I have to deliver to thine ear, which this figure cannot convey unto thine eye. First, what it intendeth: Next, how thou mayest correct the picture, if it need amending.

For the first; it intendeth to acquaint thee with this story. In the county of *Devon*, and in the parish of the famous town of *Plymouth*, there is a village called *Stone-house*; *Viculum Piscatorium* I may justly term it, a pretty little fisher-town, for it consisteth mostly of men that live by the sea, and

gain their livelihood by the water. In this village there dwelleth one *John Persons* a fisherman, whose wife having fulfilled the usual months and weeks of women's burdens, upon the twentieth day of this present month *October* fell in travail, and by the help of a second midwife (through God's mercy and goodness) was the poor mother (after the weary travail of thirteen or fourteen painful hours) safely delivered of the burden. A birth not more painful to the mother (though very painful doubtless being still-born,) than strange and wonderful to all the beholders. The eye is not satisfied with seeing with admiration: and, as it falleth out in such a case, soon is the fame thereof spread all abroad. Town and country cometh in to see, that hereafter they might (as I for my part must) say; At such a time, in such a place, I saw the strangest birth in all respects, that ever I saw or heard before. Two heads, and necks, two backs, and sets of ribs, four arms and hands, four thighs and legs: in a word, from head to heel (so far as the eye could discern) two complete and perfect bodies, but concorporate and joined together from breast to belly, two in one.

For the second thing propounded, *viz.* how to correct the picture, if it need amendment; take this. When I first cast mine eye upon them lying on the table, I said, surely if those children had been living, art might have caused a just separation of them, for

I conceived them to be no other than two bodies joined together in one common skin. But I soon perceived mine error, when putting my finger to feel the collar the cannell-bone (I mean that place where Os sterni. you see them begin to join together) I found that they had but one breast-bone common to them both, and by it, as by a partition wall, were their two bodies (as two chambers) both joined and separated: joined together in respect of the external bulk, separated in respect of the internal contents. This concorporation lasted down to the navel or a little beneath, which also was in common to them both, I still speak of what the eye could see, happily so soon as that string of the umbilical vessels, by which the mother's womb supplied food and nourishment to the birth had passed the skin, it might dispart itself. But outwardly it was one in common. Whence also it was conjectured, that though these twins might have several hearts, and lungs answerable to their several heads and necks, yet but one common liver to them both. The truth of this conjecture I leave to the College of Physicians to discover, that is not my profession, nor will I presume to determine anything in another's art, only this objection I have against it: that supposing one common liver, it must either gird them round or be misplaced in one of them: for turning breast to breast, and belly to belly, you join the left side of the

one body to the right side of the other : so that I say, except the liver do compass it round, it shall be misplaced in the one.

But to return to the story. These two twins were not more nearly joined in the bulk of body, than they were in all parts and proportions like to one another where they were disparted ; so that two the likest twins that ever you saw were not more like : nay the glass cannot (I think) give a truer answer to the face than these were each to other. Which I do the more boldly affirm, because having satisfied mine eye with beholding them on the one side as they lay, I caused the women to turn the other side, and laying them as before (face to face, and foot to foot) I could perceive no difference in them at all from what I had seen before. One thing I forgot, till it was too late : which if I had remembered, I verily persuade myself, might have been done, *viz.* To lay them one upon another. The which I mention, lest happily any might conceive that the jointure of their bodies might lean to one side more than to another. I was about to ask the women whether the mother felt them living in the womb ; when presently I corrected myself, seeing each part and limb, yea, and the whole body of either grown (as indeed it was) to a just maturity : each by himself, had they been sundered, had been a just birth ; having hair on the heads, nails on their hands

and toes, nay which is more (except the women were much deceived) they had some teeth in their head : and to confess the truth, I thought so too, till others that had more skill and experience persuaded me to the contrary. Howsoever, the children were each of them as complete and perfect as births use to be.

Upon these grounds I corrected myself in my former intended question : for how should they grow to that perfection of stature, had they wanted life ? But the midwife and the women told me, that they were living and lively some few hours before they were born : So that in all likelihood, had a skilful hand been made use of at the first, they might have lived to see the light, if not to enjoy it. But God that gave them a life and being in the womb, knowing that life upon earth would have been a burden to them, provided better for them, and took them to himself.

Thus have I given a true, and I think a full narration of this work of wonder which God hath showed here amongst us. And with it, I am content to send abroad some few notes prepared for the confluence of people, met together, when this birth was laid into the earth. Something methought was fitting to be commended to them that saw it, while the thing was fresh in mind ; and that something such as it is : lo here it is. Rather would I shame myself in being over-busy, than be wanting in what

I conceit may not be unprofitable to the country wherein I live. Read then these notes, And if thou count not this half hour ill bestowed, thou wilt I trust (I desire thou wouldest) pray for him, who if thou love the Lord *Jesus* in sincerity, prayeth for thee, that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth.

Farewell.

Plymouth, October 30.

1635.





Heb. 11. 4.

Being dead, yet speaketh.

AS the Word of God, so the Works of God are for our doctrine and instruction. The works of Creation teach us, saith Saint Paul, God's eternal power and godhead. The works of his providence are not behind hand with us : and therefore saith the holy prophet, *Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.* True this is in the ordinary and common works of providence : But much more remarkable in those that are extraordinary, when either the course of nature is hindered, as the sea and sun stopped in the midst of their career : or altered, as when the sun went backward in the days of *Hezekiah*. Touching which, saith the *Psalmist*, *he hath made his wonderful works to be remembered*; or as the words stand in the original, and the Greek translation. A memorial hath he made to his wonderful works, *id est*, He hath ordained and commanded that they should be remembered; Good reason, that where God with his finger pointeth forth something in special to the sons of men, they should follow it with the eye of the body, till the eye of the soul, *viz.* the under-

Rom. 1. 10.

Psal. 19. 2.

Exod. 14.
Joa. 10.

Psal. 111. 4.

ZcKeA
GNaSaH
LeNIPhLeAo
Thall.

Μνείαν ἐπο-
τήσατο θαυ-
μασίαν αὐτοῦ

standing spirit have thence received some instruction.

Not only the other creatures : but also the sons of men are otherwhiles made the object of these wonderful works of God : Or if you had rather call it the subject matter, on which he stampeth the marks of his providence, either in hindering, or in altering the ordinary course of nature, sometimes in the conception, sometimes in the births of our expected and desired issue.

Conceptio est actio uteri, cum maris et feminae semen fecundum ab coecepitur, miscetur, faecetur, ejusque ris ad proprium munus exequendum excitatur. Dan. Sennert Med. li. 4. part. 2. Sect. 4. cap. 4.

Conception, I count the natural and proper work of the womb, in receiving, retaining, and ripening the seed for the birth. The womb is by the hand of God, sometimes closed up, that it receiveth not, as in the case of *Abimilech's* family. *Gen. 20.* Sometimes opened or rather loosened, that it retaineth not, as in the case of abortive and untimely births. Sometimes weakened, that it ripeneth not the birth, either not at all, or at least not within the just time. And all these

Vide Sennertum capite de partu tardo. Qui ex historiis confirmat partum nonnunquam dif ferri ad mensem 13. 14. 15. 18. 20. 23. 24. Hæc rara (inquit) et pene miraculosa sunt; acciduntque procul dubio ob semen debile, uterique calorem languidum, quibus de causis et factus tardius absolvitur, et expultrix facultas lan guet.

do teach us the presence of God's providence. Well may we say, The hand of God hath been there. It is he that thus hath hindered the work of the womb, and withheld the blessing of a good conception. So for the birth.

Birth I must call that which properly and from the Latin we might call parturition. This doth God by the hand of his special providence hinder sometime in part, sometime in whole : So that whereas all times of the woman's travail and labour are full of sorrow, yea (as the Philosopher saith, *Aristot. de Historia Animalium, Lib. 7, cap. 9*, and the Scripture itself in part doth confirm the same) more full of difficulty and danger than any other creatures (an evident demonstration of the hand of God, visiting the first sin of our Grandmother *Eve*, upon all the sex) whereas I say all times are full of sorrow ; of fear and frightfulness ; some do receive an increase and multiplication, by such accidents supervenient, and unexpected dangers of births not capable of deliverance till God by the hand of special art vouchsafe his gracious help, and good assistance. Of these therefore, as of the former, well may we say, *Digitus dei*, It is the finger of God that hath been here, and manifested his presence

Partus præternaturalis est, triplex. Difficilis, Nullus et Cæsareus. Difficilis, ut in Agrippis. Quibus nomen indisum est, (Authore Gellio Noc-tium Atticarum lib. 16. ca. 16. eo quod in nas-cendo, non caput, sed pedes primi extiterant, scil. ut Agrippa dicantur ab ægritus dñe et pedibus : Cum potius ab ægritudine partus ; qui non tantum fit ex pedi-bus, sed ex manibus ; præsertim tamen ex mole corporis obversa et exitum ambiante ; prout patet ex Senner to cap. de partis difficili præternaturali. Partus Nullus dicitur, quoties infans excludi nequeat ; frustra conatur misera parturiens se ipsam onere suo liberare et expellere, mortuo nimirum fœtu, qui nisi vel medicamentis expellatur, vel Chirurgi opera extrahatur, mortem et miseriam matri minitatur. Partus Cæsareus Cæsari nomen fecit. Ille enim qui primus Cæsaris nomen adeptus est, ab eo dictus fertur, quod cæso matris utero natus fuerit. Cæsares quod ex utero excisi sunt, nominuntur ; ipsaque illa actio dicitur partus Cæsareus. Ex his plerique mortui : non nulli vivi ; idque (quod raro accidit) matre superstite et revalescente.

by hindering the common and ordinary course of nature in the birth of the womb.

As in hindering, so also in altering and changing the course of nature, doth God call man to an observation of his providence : Nay here more than in anything else doth he show forth his works of wonder : understand me still to speak of the conception and of the births of the sons of men. What variety of strange births do we see and hear of. Strange births we call them : more properly, we might term them strange conceptions : for what the womb in conception formeth, that is not usually altered in the birth. What variety (I say) of strange

(a) *Stature.* This is sometimes giant-like; otherwhiles dwarfish and pigmy-like. Sometimes beyond, sometimes beneath and short of the ordinary, usual and common stature of mankind ; and as it thus falleth out in respect of the whole body, so sometimes in the parts. One or two parts of the body, being of a different proportion ; bigger or lesser than the rest.

(b) *Number of parts.* The strangeness here is in defect or excess. Defect, when one or both hands or feet are wanting : such was that woman which we saw here the last year, who wanted hands, and supplied the want of them in many particulars by her feet. Excess of number : such was that giant mentioned, 2 Sam. 21, 20, who had on every hand six fingers, and on every foot six toes, four-and-twenty in number. Hitherto refer those whom the Greeks do call ἀνδρῶν τετραγώνους ; such was *Hermaphroditus*, the son of *Mercury* and *Venus*, if we may give credit to the notation and composition of his name.

(c) *Multiplication of several births is rare.* Twins are not frequent in our colder climate, much less the multiplication of births, yet such we find recorded. See *Sennertus cap. de Gemellarum generatione*, who out of *Aris-*

births do we see and hear of? Strange in the quantity of (a) stature : strange in the (b) number of parts : Strange in the (c) Multiplication : strange in the (d) Concorporation of several births, but above all most strange in (e) quality and kind, altered and changed. All these, but especially this later sort,

which alter the quality and kind, the Latins call *Monstra à monstrando, quia, monstrantur*, I would add, *ut monstrent*. They are showed that they may show the special handiwork of God, and though, peradventure dead, yet speak, and tell the forgetful world, that God himself hath a special hand in forming and featuring the births conceived in the womb. Here by the way, let me touch upon a case of conscience, or two. Whether monsters and misshapen births may lawfully be carried up and down the country for sights to make a gain by

totle, Pliny, and some modern authors doth show the certainty of this. Notorious and in the mouth of every man is that story of *Margaret*, sister to Earl *Floris* the fourth (as *Heilin* relateth it, writing of *Holland*) who being of the age of two and forty years, brought forth at one birth three hundred three score and five children, half of them males, half females, and the odd one an *Hermaphrodite*. They were christened in two basins at the church of *Lasdunen*, by *Guido Suffragan* to the Bishop of Utrecht, who named the males *Johns*, and the females *Elizabeths*; all which immediately after died, and with them their mother: the basons are yet to be seen in the aforesaid church. Thus far *Heilin*. This miracle, or miraculous accident befel her (say some) as the just hand of God upon her, for that when a certain poor woman having two children hanging at her breasts, asked of her an alms, she bitterly upbraided the woman with whoredom, for that she had both those at one birth, adding, that it was not possible for a woman to conceive two births at once, except by fornication. A good warning doubtless to all rash headed censurers, who spare not to speak of others at their own pleasure.

(d) Concorporation of births, is almost miraculous, that two should be joined into one. Yet such there have been, as appeareth by *Landolphus*, in that answer which he gave to the question. *An et quomodo monstra sint baptisanda* whether at all, and if so, then how monstrous and misshapen births are to be baptized. A question, that if these incorporated twins had been born alive and lived to baptism might have put the minister to his books how to proceed in the case. The answer to the question is this: *Si perpendantur duat habere animas, utpote duo capita, quatuor brachia, quatuor pedes, duas spinas in dorso, and hujusmodi, tunc baptizetur quilibet per se, and intingatur in loco quilibet per se, id est*, If you perceive that they have two souls, as thus: That they have two heads, four arms, four feet, two backs and back-bones, and the like: Then let each of them be baptized by himself, &c. Of two concorporated and joined back to back, we read. The story is remembered in *Rodericus à Castro*, a physician of special note throughout all Europe, as the title of his book doth style him. He, in *Lib. 3. de Morbis mulierum, cap. 6.* coming

to speak of monstrous births, maketh five several kinds of them (as also before him had *Andreas Laurentius* in his *Historia Anatomica*, lib. 8. Qu. 14) more particularly he maketh the third kind to be of them that are defective or redundant. *Quo numero*, saith he, *comprehenduntur duo illi qui tergo uno pro duobus perfungentes, moribus tamen diversi, viginti annos vixerunt, and cum unus mortem obiret, alter tandem supervixit, quoad socij ac germani putrilagine fuit extinctus.*

These two also are mentioned by Aristotle in his Problems. Cap. De Monstris.

Two, saith he, that were joined back to back, and it seemeth as contrary in their manners, as in their looks. They lived twenty years, and when one of them died, till the putrefaction of that body which could not be separated, did prove the destruction of the survivor. But no mention do any of the fore-named authors make of such a birth as this of ours, so that it is likely that they had heard of none such. But proceed.

(c) Quality and kind: The alteration of this, is of all other the most strange, and indeed monstrous: whether of the whole, or of some part. Alteration of the whole kind we read of: Beasts that have brought forth man-kind births, and women brutish shapes. *Andreas Angelus de Mirabilibus mundi in historia Anni 1579 In Aprili (inquit) Bourgen in Hispania in auditum quoddam Monstrum protulit mundus: quod ex mulsorum ad varios scriptis illie et Venetiis certò constat literis. Ibi enim caeca, quendam duos viros et integros omnino homines masculum et feminam enixa est in lucem.*

Sennertus, cap. de monstris (so also *Castro* and *Laurentius ibidem*. *Interdum accidit ut femina varia monstra virentia et animalia præter et contra naturam producant. Serpentes, canes, et alia animalia, vel fetus brutum partes habentes, et dios cosque variis modis monstrosos genitosuisse à Lycosthene, et aliis qui de prodigiis et monstris scripserunt, videre est. Neque opera pretium est historias illas huc adducere.*

Alteration of parts: *Ex Theatro Historico* doth Doctor *Beard* relate this history. A certain nobleman used every Lord's day to go on hunting in sermon time; which impiety the Lord punished with this judgment. He caused his wife to bring forth a child with an head like a dog. That seeing he preferred his dogs

them? Whether the births being once dead, may be kept from the grave for the former ends?

Whether the parents of such births may sell them to another. For my part I would be loth to prejudice the better and moral judgments of any.

But to speak plainly, I do make scruple of the first, and therefore much more of the two later cases. For if not living they are to be prostituted to the covetousness of any; much less being dead, when the grave calls for the bodies of all Christian births: the grave, I say, wherein they are to be laid up; that therein they may lay

down the present dishonor, and thence be raised again in glory, and if the parents may not do this; how much less may they deliver it over to another? But you will say to me, suppose them living, why may they not be used to this end, being fit for none employment? My reasons are these. Our delight is to be measured by our desires, nor do I see it lawful to delight in what may not be desired. And who would desire a misshapen birth, to be the issue of his own body? Add this, all crosses call for humiliation: and where that is expected, I see not how there can be place either for profit or pleasure to be thought upon.

But to return again to what we had in hand. These births (as I said) though dead, yet speak and preach to the world the present hand of God in the womb of the mother.

* In all these accidents and occasions the philosophers (and physicians also who build upon the ground of philosophy, nor can well subsist without them) they I say would attribute all these impeditions and alterations of nature to secondary causes: either internal, as the defectiveness or

before the service of God, he might have one of his own getting to make much of. Hitherto refer such strange births as have some tuberos excrecences. See one recorded by *Castro De Natura Mulierum*, li. 3. ca. II. quod habebat cornu in capite alas duas, &c. Here in this town not many years ago, when women laid their hair forth upon wires, a child was born which had on the head (as I am credibly informed) gristles growing in the shape and fashion of those attires and dressings.

Castro addeth, *Qui conceptus etsi à causis naturalibus contingant, tamen haud sine Dei providentia fieri credendum est, pro puniendit, et monendis hominibus, tisdemque arcendis ab effrænata et turps libidine.*

* *Adfatus formationem requiruntur tria: sc.*

(1) *Ipsium semen fecundum utriusque parentis.*

(2) *Sanguis maternus ad matriendum sumum.*

(3) *Uterus matris bene constitutus, qui semen conceptum fovcat, cuiusque latentem vim exciet: supponitur enim vim quandam acti-
vum latere in semine (dico autem semen illud quod*

*Græci κρυμμεν sc: semen ex utroq; parente mistum) supponitur enquam vim quandam latere, quam uterus mater suo calore exciet ad actionem suam peragendam: Horum trium siquid deest: siquid debile sit, aut inordinatum, hinc fit (inquitt Philo-
sophus ut vitiosa sequatur conformatio totius, antea item partium.*

excess of seminal materials ; or external, as the dullness of the formative faculty, or indisposedness of the vessels, or strength of conceit or imagination.

The Astrologer may add another cause, powerful in his opinion, to pervert and overthrow the good intentions of nature, *sc.* the constellations of the planets, and configuration of their aspects. And happily they may pitch upon some reasons for the coalition of these two twins into one ; nor do we deny but the philosopher may be allowed in these his conjectures : nor may he seem to shoot beside the mark, that should ascribe it to some accident, colling and dashing these two new-formed embryos in the womb, casting them so one upon the other, as that the contiguity and overmuch closeness of their bodies caused the *aforesaid* coalition : so have we seen two trees over closely leaning one upon another grow into one, and covered with one bark. The philosopher, I say, may seem to speak reason (not so the Astrologer, at least in mine opinion.) Only he and others must be entreated to look higher, and to take notice of the special hand of God, whose works alone it is to sort and compound the activities of secondary causes ; that what by the blessing of God might have been otherwise, is now thus disposed of for ends best known to himself.

This is the conclusion which religion teacheth : and which it becometh me as a divine to put you in mind of. The Astrologer is taught to say, *Astraregunt homines*. The influence of the stars do rule the actions of the sons of men. But the Christian knoweth that *regit astra Deus*, God overruleth the stars. So that if we should grant an influence in the planets, and a power in the constellations : yet far be it from us to account it fatal, and unalterable : no we know that God sitteth in the heavens, and doth whatsoever he will. *David* in the Psalms ascribeth to his hand the framing of his body and members in the womb. *Thine hands have made me and fashioned me. Thou hast covered me in my mother's womb. Thine eyes* (saith he) *did see my substance yet being unperfect, and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned:* or (as it is in the margin) *all of them written, what days they should be fashioned,* when as yet there was none of them. To him therefore belongeth the disposing of the materials and shaping of the birth : Now then, is God so tied to his materials, that if there be too much for one, or two little for two complete and perfect features, he can neither detract nor multiply ? Must his work be cut off with what the Philosopher saith of Nature, *Intendit quod optimum, facit tamen id quod potest* : that is, Nature

PSA. 119. 73.
PSA. 139, 15. 16.

intendeth perfection, but being hindered doth what she can.

Let no man therefore tax me of any excess in religious thoughts, or count it overmuch curiosity, if I propound to you an observation or two, grounded upon this and the like occasions. Each comet (as experience hath taught men) is in its kind doctrinal, and blazeth forth something or other worthy our observation. *Nec in vanum toties arsere Cometæ* : seldom are those super-terrestrial blazes kindled in vain.

Tully, Lucan.
Josep. de bello
Jud. lib. 7. ca. 12.

Men do commonly count them *prænuncios belli et calamitatum*, forerunners of some imminent calamities, and therefore do call upon one another to appease the wrath of God, by fasting and humiliation.

I shall not therefore I hope, transcend the limits of my calling, nor wrong the providence of God, if I take liberty to say, touching this strange birth, which God hath caused to blaze here amongst us, and from us, to the whole country, to say of it, as the Apostle saith of the blood of *Abel*, being dead, it yet speaketh. What did or doth the blood of *Abel* speak but the irreversible wrath of God against Cain, and in him against all wilful and malicious persecutors of religious persons? I do not say, this speaketh so bitter things ; but yet it speaketh something in common with the rest of strange and misshapen births : and if I deceive not myself over-much, something in peculiar by itself : so then it speaketh

two things, perhaps more, but two I pitch upon, not averring them both spoken with the same evidence, but both truly : and which is more, seasonably.

First then this, and all monstrous and misfeatured Observ. 1. births, speak this : That it is a singular mercy of God, when the births of the womb are not misformed : when they receive their fair and perfect feature. A lesson truly worth the noting in this forgetful age : mercies that are ordinary we swallow ; and take small notice of them : Such a work as this causeth us to see what difference there is betwixt comeliness and deformity : betwixt perfection and imperfection in the body. Doth any make scruple of what I say ? Let that man consider the discomfort of deformity : How liable it is daily to exprobration through the evil custom of wicked men, more ready to cast it in the teeth, than condole or commiserate, if God hath stamped a deformity upon the body.

Know we not that the members of the body are the organs and instruments of the soul, in the service of God and man ? Defect or excess must needs breed grief, because it createth trouble. Consider we this birth, thus double-membered, to have seen them lying upon the table, to see them deciphered upon the paper might happily be thought a sight not much unpleasant : but let your imagination give them life, and tell me how uncomfortable, yea

burdensome must they be to others, yea and to themselves : when as though two, yet so near incorporated, that the one cannot help the other. How should they eat, sleep, walk, sit, or satisfy nature, but with much incumbrance. Is it then discomfort to have a mark of deformity or disadvantage cast upon the births of the womb ? And is it not a singular mercy to have them born complete in shape and feature ? Doubtless it is.

All reason therefore is that this mercy of God unto us in the issue of our loins should be acknowledged with all thankfulness. If other mercies, why not this ? The husbandman, when he hath his corn and wine increased, when housed : the merchant, when his venture is returned : the owner, when his ship has arrived, and both have made a good voyage : if there be any religion dwelling in their breasts, will in a solemn manner confess before the sons of men the loving kindness of the Lord. When women have received safe deliverance from the great pains and perils of child-birth, the church doth call them (and surely it hath need to call them) to give hearty thanks to God. And ought not this also to be remembered, that the children born give hope and comfort to their parents ? Hope I say, that a fair and well-featured body may be the comfortable house and habitation of an holy soul ? Doubtless it ought : doth not David intimate so much in the afore-

mentioned Psalm, when he saith, I will praise thee, Psalm 139. 14.
for I am fearfully and wonderfully made ; marvellous
are thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well.

Know we not that God hath just cause to blast
every birth of ours, if he would be extreme ? Partly,
in respect of the abuse of the bed ; which though he
hath sanctified to the use of man by the benediction
of the church, that so in the sober use thereof every
one should possess his vessel in sanctification and
honour ; yet is it too often riotously and wantonly
abused. Partly, I say, for these abuses, but
specially in respect of that original corruption which
cleaveth to the fruit of the womb, even from the first
conception, as the Psalmist showeth. From this
guilt and filth not one of all the race of Adam is Psalm 51. 5.
exempted. No sooner do we receive a being, but it
is accompanied with sinfulness : in which respect,
who can deny, but God might justly blast the body
with deformity ? Which if he do not when he
might, is it not a favour, and so to be acknowledged ?
We acknowledge it a special favour to the soul (as it
is reason we should) that God doth exempt any from
that common damnation, which is due to all by
Adam's transgression : And is it not to be confessed
a mercy to the body ? For why ? When the body
doth want its perfect feature, when the soul doth
want the exercise of wit and reason, more or less :
Is not this an effect of sin, and so to be accounted ;

Doth God in this anything more than what justice doth allow ? Shall we say it is an act of his absolute dominion ? I trow not : What is justly done to some, is it not mercy, not to do to others ? Yes (my dearly beloved) it is mercy, free and undeserved mercy : O that in this also, as in other things, I say, O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the sons of men !

Contrarily, when the hand of Justice hath found any out, when any birth of ours is brought into the world misformed, and misfeatured : If God hath (as it were) spit in the face, and laid the black finger of deformity upon the body, ought it not to be entertained with sorrow of heart, and humiliation ? Hath God written in great letters the guilt of sin, and in a deformed body drawn a resemblance of the soul's deformity ; drawn it (I say) so ; that others may see and know, that we also are defiled in his sight ; and shall we not blush to hear it, to see it thus cast in our teeth, and laid before us ?

This for the parties : but is this all ? Is it nothing to you all that pass by, or that come to see ? Methinks it should : can you any of you, wash your hands in innocency ? are not you also sinners in the sight of God ? What can you allege, why this might not have been yours ? Did you prevent it by prayer ? I trust you will hereafter : and

acknowledge the justness of their devotion, who remember women with child : but happily you have not hitherto thought upon it : if so ; if God might have thrown the tower of Siloam upon your heads also, if set a mark of his displeasure upon your births, and yet hath not done it ; will you not see and say, The Lord hath done great things for us ? Lord, what am I, that thou hast spared me ? am I more holy, less sinful than my neighbour ? No, no : Is it thy free mercy and undeserved favour, Oh enlarge my heart to praise thy name.

Here then see and bewail the iniquity and irreligion of this our age, at least of numbers in the same. The common sort make no further use of these prodigies and strange-births, than as a matter of wonder and table-talk : look upon them with none other eyes, than with which they would behold an African monster, a misshapen beast. It was not thus in the better ages of the world. We read in the ninth chapter of Saint John : that the disciples, when they saw the man that was born blind, they come to our blessed Saviour, with *Quis peccavit ?* Master who has sinned ! See the religion of those times : They looked upon sin as the cause of defective or redundant births. Truth indeed, our Saviour answereth : neither this man, nor his parents. By which speech of Christ, we must not think that they are excused from all sin : doubtless

his parents had sinned ; and conceived him in sin, else had not this been cast upon him : no place for defects and deformities in the state of innocence. But why God should take the forfeiture in this, rather than in his neighbour, this was merely *Ex Dei bene-placito*, the good pleasure of God, who had in this a purpose to prepare and make way for the glory of Christ in curing the man.

The same happily might be said in these occasions whereof we speak : to the question, *Quis peccavit* ; who hath sinned ? happily Christ, (who was acquainted with the counsels of his father) might answer ; *Neque hic, neque parentes*, neither he nor his parents. Not to exempt them from sin altogether, but to teach us, that some other end and purpose God had beside the visitation of their sin (though that also we find sometimes to be manifested, when God by such occasions doth awaken the conscience to confess secret and unbewailed sins) beside, I say, the visitation of sin. Sometimes to discover the atheism, irreligion of many, perhaps also their covetousness, who would rather make a benefit of such births, and instead of humiliation for a cross, teach the parents to account such births for blessings, which do prove so profitable. Sometimes to prompt unto the ministry a word of exhortation needful for the present state of the people ; a meditation which happily his text would not afford him. *Ex. gr.*

This lesson, as you see, is by this occasion prompted to me, presented to you. That you remember hereafter, to acknowledge it as a mercy, when children come into the world well-featured, the members of their body in a due proportion aptly each to other corresponding, neither defective, nor redundant. To bewail it as a cross from God, when it is otherwise : that so penitency may provide a remedy, either of the deformity by the hand of man, or of the discomfort by the stroke of death. This lesson, I say, is now presented to you, and I trust will be remembered by you. And if so, the answer to the question may go on as it is in the words of our Saviour. Neither this man, nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him.

To wind up this first observation in a word, I noted the religion of the Disciples : they look up to sin as to the cause of God's hand : nor shall it misbecome us to do the like : provided alway, that it be (what they forgot) in our own occasion rather than in another's. Do I suffer ? Let me say, Lord, I have sinned ; Thou art just. Doth another suffer ? Let me say, Lord, thou art merciful to me : this case might have been mine. Blessed be thy name for ever.

Something long have I stood upon this, because I am sure this is a lesson, which all monstrous and misshapen births, though dead, yet speak for the in-

struction of the living : I will dispatch the other more briefly, which may seem to be peculiar to this one in respect of the shape thereof.

Observat. 5.

The twins you see are males ; brothers, had they been born alive. To love as brethren, is the duty of Christians : a duty frequently remembered by the Apostles, and powerfully pressed. To love, is to have one soul in two bodies : One, not so much by union of essence as by combination of affection : And lo, here a fit resemblance of this mutual duty : as fit, as lively almost as can be devised : Here are all the parts and members of consultation, and operation for two persons ; only here is one body, one breast, one belly : the breast the feet of the heart, the belly of the bowels : One I say, not in the identity of substance ; but in the conglutination of external parts from breast to belly : whether one heart, one liver, one community of intestines, is more than we could see ; though all reason indeed giveth them to be two throughout in all parts : yet you see, so two in one, that had they lived to the years of expression, we might well have expected from them united hearts, entire affections, and more than sympathy, each to other, as to himself. Surely, these are not more nearly conjoined in breast and belly, than Christians ought to be in heart and affection. These two were one body ; Christians are one spirit : though several bodies and souls, yet one

Cor. 12. 13.

and the same spirit diffused into all, to enlive and quicken all. Nor would it have been more prodigious for these twins (suppose they had lived to be men) to have quarreled and contested one against another : than it is for Christians to quarrel and contend, specially to live in the mind of irreconciliation. To these twins (had they quarreled) a man might have said, you are one body : To Christians a man may well say, you are one spirit : why do you wrong one to another ? Was that an argument in all reason fit to compound the supposed difference of these ? And shall not this be able to persuade peace, nay love among Christians ? Methinketh it should : nay, I am sure, if this do not prevail, the faulty person shall one day smart for it : perhaps when repentance for it will come too late.

Well, I have now acquainted you with my thoughts. I have shewed to you, how this birth, though dead, yet speaketh : Truth it is, faith alone hath ears to hear these lessons, these instructions : Nature is deaf, and reason dull in these occasions : A brutish man knoweth not : neither doth a fool understand. Faith quickeneth the understanding to apprehend : the will to believe : the affections to take pleasure to these meditations. Ps. 92. 6.

With faith, since it is the gift of God, let us now turn ourselves to him with hearty devotion, desiring him to bestow upon us the gift of faith, and

all graces, by which we may learn to make an holy use, as of all his works in general, so of this and the like in special : to the glory of his name, and the eternal comfort of our own souls, through Jesus Christ our Lord. To whom with the Father and the blessed Spirit, three excellent persons, one glorious God, be ascribed all honour and praise, now, and for evermore.

Amen.



Murther, Murther.

OR,

Abloody Relation how Anne Hamton

dwelling in Westminster nigh London, by
poyson murdered her deare husband, Sept.

1641. being affitted and counfelled
thereunto by *Margeret Harwood.*

For which they were both committed

to Gaole, and at this time wait
for a tryall.

Women love your owne husbands, as Christ doth the Church.



Printed at London for *Tho: Bates*, 1641.



A bloody Relation of *Anne*
Hamton, who poisoned
her husband at
WESTMINSTER.

Gentle Reader,

IT is not my purpose to make thee now laugh, but if possible it be to be sad, not to rejoice but lament, not to be frolic, but to dissolve into fountains of tears, because a daughter of Jerusalem hath committed an abomination. Hearken to me you that be wives, and give attendance you which as yet are unmarried, regard the words of Saint Paul which commands that every wife should love her own husband as Christ the church, not to be high-minded towards him, but humble, not to be self-willed, but diligent, not to be like a strange woman, which wandereth abroad in the twilight to get a prey, but to be constant and loving to him, for why? ye be both of one flesh.

A man must forsake his father, mother, brethren, and sisters, to cleave to his own wife, and

so likewise the wife for the husband. But I must tell of one who would never agree to any such pious matter.

Before I come to which relation I cannot abstain myself from exclamation, let all the forests wherein fierce lions are contained be joined in one, and privy search made, to know if ever female did the male destroy ; oh no ; for though by nature they be fierce and bloody, yet doth nature so much govern them, that those which are couples, be linked in friendship, never disagree. Oh then thou savage woman, why unto blood wert thou addicted, as to destroy thy loving and kind husband ; the relation of which, shall be divulged throughout this universe.

In the parish of Saint Margarets, Westminster, dwelleth one *Anne Hamton*, in the house of *Margaret Harwood* ; this *Anne Hamton* had a husband which like a loving man indeed delighted in nothing more but to see his wife pleasant ; for he would often say my wife being troubled it behoveth me not to be at rest, she being pleasant I ought to be joyful : But she, most unkind woman, was of a contrary disposition ; for she at her own house, would take an occasion to be merry, when the greatest mischief had befallen him. He was a very laborious man, but she, a light housewife, when he was working she would be gossiping, with one young fellow or other, or else with such women as were

like to herself: never was she more joyful ~~than~~ when she was out of her good husband's company: what her husband got by taking pains, she spent by taking her pleasure: his money being thus consumed, and his goods wasted, he upon a time spoke to her after this manner.

Wife, what do you mean to do ? how dost thou intend to live ? my money you spend, which I get hardly, my goods you waste, you never get the worth of a joint stool, my company you hate, you must have better. O wife, wife, take counsel by me thy hitherto loving husband, forsake that company which hate not thy body, but soul, do not drink healths to thine own confusion, nor with so greedy an appetite swallow thine own destruction : repent in time of thy wickedness lest when thou thinkest thyself in security, the Lord doth cut thee off, and what will then become of thy poor soul ; love me thy husband, hate those which entice thee to wickedness, trust not to their smiling countenances, for in their hearts do lie hid nothing but abominations. If thou wilt (I say) have my love, hate such, or else never more think to enjoy, that which as yet you have always had.

What harm was there in all this which he spake unto her ? But notwithstanding she forsooth took it in distaste, and giving him a scolding reply, she left the room, and went to her companion in mis-

chief, *Margaret Harwood*, which was her Landlady, to whom she revealed the secrets of her heart, saying, that her husband was an enemy to good fellowship, and continually wrangled and brawled at her, because she affected it. In which she lied, for he always spoke in a very loving manner unto her, except she overmuch provoked him.

Moreover she said that she should never be in quiet until by some way or other she were shifted of him.

The devil finding an occasion how to accomplish a mischievous intent, always makes use of it, he knows how to please every ones wicked humour. Wherefore he tempted the Landlady with bloody cogitations, for she hearing her Ningles¹ unjust complaint, she cried out that it was her own fault, for letting such an abject villain to live; hang him, cut his throat, or poison him, for he is not fit to live upon the earth amongst good fellows. To condescend to whose counsel, she seemed very unwilling, but at length the devil got the better of her, and then she did agree to poison him. And for the same intent she went and got five drams of poison, enough to have destroyed ten men, and mixed it amongst his food, which he no sooner had taken,

¹NINGLES—*i.e.*, Ningle, a contracted form of *mine ingle*—a favourite, a friend. A more correct reading would be :—"For she hearing her *Ningle* so unjustly complained of, cried out," &c.

but that he presently did swell very much, which she perceiving, did run to her Landlady, who asked her how much she had given him : she replied, five drams ; well done, said she, if five will not be enough, ten shall, and thereupon they went up to see him, but he was then burst. Then did they both dissemble a lamentable cry, which caused the neighbours to come in to see what was the matter, where they did behold such a woeful spectacle as was sufficient to exhaust tears from the driest eye composed of Pumice stone ; for their did they see his nails quite peeled off, his hands did seem only like two great boils, his belly seemed as if hot irons had been thrust into it, his visage was so much defaced by the quick operation of the scalding poison, that had they not well known the body, they would have sworn it not to have been the man which they came to visit : they all easily perceived that he was poisoned.

A Chirurgeon being sent for, ripped up his body, and found the poison lying round about his heart. As also there was found poison in a paper in the window ; the Chirurgeon calling for a Venice glass put the same therein, which immediately broke the glass.

Wherefore they sent for an officer, and apprehended upon suspicion both his wife and Landlady,

whose consciences cannot but confess that they washed both their hands in his innocent blood.



They are both in the Gatehouse prison of Westminster, nigh London, expecting a day of trial, which time will not be long ; till when I rest ; then (gentle reader) shalt thou have by God's permittance a more perfect relation.

FINIS.

**THE
CHARACTER
OF A
Town-Gallant ;**

**EXPOSING
The Extravagant Fopperies of
some vain Self-conceited Pre-
tenders to Gentility and
good Breeding.**



L O N D O N.
Printed for W. L. 1675.



The Character of a Town Gallant.

A *Town-Gallant* is a bundle of *Vanities* composed of *Ignorance*, and *Pride*, *Folly*, and *Debauchery*; a silly *Huffing* thing, three parts *Fop*, and the rest *Hector*: a kind of *Walking Mercer's shop*, that shows one stuff to-day, and another to-morrow, and is valuable just according to the price of his *Suit* and the merits of his *Tailor*; A Spawn of *Gentility* that inherits only the *Vices* of his Ancestors, and is like to entail nothing but Infamy and *Diseases* on Posterity. His first care is his *Dress*, and next his *Body*, and in the fitting these two together consists his Soul and all its Faculties. His Trade is making of *Love*, yet he knows no difference between that and *Lust*, and tell him of a *Virgin* at Sixteen, he shall swear then *Miracles* are not ceased. He is so bitter an Enemy to *Marriage*, that one would suspect him born out of *Lawful Wedlock*, For he never hears *Matrimony* named but he swears and starts as bad as at the Salute of a

Sergeant, and has forty Lines *Conjugium*, *Conjurgium*, got ready by heart to rail at it. But for most delicious Recreation of *Whoring*, he protests a Gentleman cannot live without it : And vows *Mahomet* was a brave Bully and deserves to be *Worshipped*, because he had the wit to make his *Paradise* a *Seraglio*, and the Joys of the *Blessed* to consist in plump Wenches, &c. The Devil has taught him a *Chemistry*, whereby he can extract *Bawdry* out of the most modest Language, So that he makes *Cato* speak it, And turns Admonitions into obscenity, For his mind is a Room hung round with *Aretines* Pictures, and the Contemplation of them is all his Devotion : Everything with him is an Incentive to Lust, and every *Woman* Devil enough to tempt him, *Covent Garden*, *Silk-Gowns*, and *Wapping Wastcoatiers*, are equally his Game, for he watches *Wenches* just as *Tumblers* do *Rabbits*, and plays with Women as he does at *Cards*, not caring what Suit he turns up *Trump*.

All his Talk is *Rhodomontado* and *Bounce*, calling a Nobleman *Jack* as familiarly as his Foot-boy, and seldom naming a *Lord* without adding, *My Cousin* : Whatever he does he cries is like a *Gentleman*, and indeed 'tis only like it as a *Broker's* Ware is to a *Mercers*, or *Long-lane* compared to *Cheap-side*, for he is a Wit of an under Region, that does but *Zany* the truly *Brave* and *Noble*, grossly

imitating on the Low Rope, what t'other does neatly on the Higher. He confers Titles of *Honour* on all his *shabby* Companions to create himself the greater esteem with his *Land Lady* (who adores him as a more accomplished Knight than she ever met with in *Parismus* or *Amadis of Gaul*), And when he is going to take a *Run* with a Common *Crack* in the *Park*, Swears he has an *Assignation* from a *Lady of extraordinary Quality*. His *Hangers-on* call him Man of *Blood*, and by his own Report he is as stout as a *Turkey Cock*, yet he never was in any Service but building *Sconces*; nor *Duel*, but with his own Foot-boy or a *Drawer*, for he is so *Prudent* as not to exercise his Courage against any that dare *turn again*, and has got more *Bastards* than ever he made Fatherless Children, yet perhaps at first he will be *Saucy*, and bluster like the four Winds in Painting, but if you begin to be as high as he, strait the *Bubble* breaks, and then he swears,—*I Gad sir, I ever honoured you, but you are a passionate Gentleman and will not understand a jest.*

Think not because I repeat so oft *he Swears*, that I Tautologize in his Character, 'tis only to make the Picture more like the *Life*, for all his Discourses are Buttered with *Oaths*, which he uses *Euphonia gratia*, and is as curious in their *Newness* as the *Fabon*: In which he seems a Kinsman to the *Man*

in the Moon, for every Month he is in a New mode, and instead of true *Gallantry* (which once dwelt in the Breasts of *Englishmen*) he is made up of compliments, *Cringes*, *Knots*, *Fancies*, *Perfumes*, and a thousand *French* Apish Tricks, which render him only fit to be set on a Farmer's *Hovel* to scare away Crows. He placeth his very *Essence* in his outside, and his only Prayers are that his *Father* may go to the Devil *expeditiously*, and the Estate hold out to keep his *Miss* and himself in good *Equipage*. He thinks it the rankest Heresy in the World, to believe any Man can be *Wise* or *Noble*, that is in plain Clothes. And therefore looks down with Contempt on everybody, whose *Wig* is not right *Flaxen*; And calls the whole *Tribe of Levy* dull Fellows, because they go in *Black*, and wonders any People should think they can ever speak *Sense*, When they wear neither *Laced Cravats* nor *Pantaloons*.

To trace him *ab origine*, His breeding was under the wing of a too Indulgent *Mother*, who took a World of pains to make him a *Fool*, and attained her end at the Age of Discretion. At School he learned only how to Rob Orchards, and the Generosity of Bribing other Boys to make his *Exercise*, And stayed at the *University* just long enough to *Commence Drunkard*, and get by heart the name of his *College* to vapour with; from thence he posted to one of the *Inns of Court*, but in

four years' time, never read six Lines in *Littleton*, for he loved a *Placket*¹ better than a *Moot-case*,² and was more in his *Mercer's Books* than in *Cokes*, or *Plowden's*. For *Learning* he says is *Pedantry*, unbecoming a Gentleman ; and *Law* a thing fit only for *Draggle-tailed Gown-men*, that have no way of raising a Fortune, but by setting (two civil Gentlemen) *John-a-Noakes* and *John-a-Styles* together by the Ears : He has got a shorter Cut to all Arts and Sciences, than *Raymond Lully*, with his *Ars Mirabilis* ; and thinks the seven wise men of *Greece* mere *Ignoramuses*, to one that understands the *humours of the Town*. 'Tis but wearing *fashionable Clothes*, talking *loud*, and Laughing at all one does not *understand*, and the *business* is done.

His whole Library consists of the *Academy of Compliments*, *Venus undressed*, *Westminster Drollery*, half a dozen *Plays*, and a Bundle of *Bawdy Songs* in *Manuscript*, yet he is a shrewd *Linguist*, Impudence he calls the *Boon Assurance*, and unmanliness, the *Genteel Negligence*. He talks nothing but *Intrigues*, *Gustos*, *Garnitures*, *Repartees* and such modish *Fustian*, which he hedges in on all occasions or indeed without any, and if you bar but *forty words*, you strike him *Dumb*. He admires the eloquence of, *Son of a Whore*, when 'tis pronounced with a good grace, and therefore applies it to *every* thing ; So that if his *Pipe* be faulty, or his *Purge*

¹PLACKET.—A petticoat.

²MOOT-CASE.—A point of law.

Gripe too much, 'tis a *Son of a Whore Pipe*, and a *Spawn of a Bitch Purge*. For *New-minted Phrases* he has much enriched our language: 'Twas he brought, *I beg your diversion*, into fashion, and may have a patent for the sole use (as first Inventor) of that noble compliment, *Let me be Damned, and my Body made a Gridiron to Broil my Soul on to Eternity, If I do not Madam, love you confoundedly*.

Till noon he lies a *Bed* to digest his over-night's *Debauch* and then having *Dressed* himself, and paid half an hour's adoration to his own sweet *Image* in the *Looking-glass*, he *Trails* along the streets, *observing* who *observes* him, to the *French Ordinary*, where he swills his paunch with good *Cheer* and *Burgundy*, and tells at dinner how his *Physic* worked last night, and swears never any *Claps* plagued him half so much as that he has now upon him. Cursing his *Doctor* for a *Quacking Bastard*, that understands a Gentleman's *Disease* no more than a *Farrier*. After this the coach is called to hurry him to the *Play-house*, where he advances into the middle of the *Pit* struts about a while to render his good parts conspicuous, pulls out his *Comb*, *Carreens* his *Wig*, *Hums* the *Orange Wench* to give her, her own rates for her *China-fruit*, and immediately *Sacrifices* the fairest of them to the shrine of *next Vizor Mask*. Then gravely sits down and falls half *asleep*, unless some *petulant Wench*

hard by keep him awake by treading on his *Toe*, or a *wanton* compliment ; Yet all on a sudden to show his *Judgment*, and prove himself at once a *Wit* and a *Critic*, he starts up, and with a Tragical Face, *Damns the Play*, though he have not *heard* (at least *understood*) two Lines of it. However, when 'tis done, he picks up a *Miss*, and pinching her fingers in a soft Tone, and looks most abominably *Languishing*, he Whispers, *Damn me, Madam ! If you were but sensible, and all that of the passion I have for you, and the Flames which your irresistible Charms, and all that have kindles in my breast, you would be merciful and Honour me with your Angelical Company, to take a Draught of Loves Posset at next Tavern.* But if he finds her honest and cannot prevail, then he cries aloud, *Damn ye for a Puritanical Whore, what make you in the Pit here : The Twelve-penny Gallery with Camlet, Cloaks, and Foot-boys, is good enough for you,* And so raises his Siege and leaves her.

Whither he goes next I dare not follow him, for 'tis certainly a *Bawdy-house*, by what Name or Title soever it may be *Dignified* or *Distinguished* : Here he meets a Squadron of his Fellow *Gallants*, and having heightened their Spirits with jollity and Wine, they are fit for anything but *Civility* ; And when they vouchsafe to Ramble homewards about One or Two o'Clock in the Morning, they set up the

dreadful *Sa! sa!* more dangerous to meet than an *Indian* Running a *Muck*. In these Heroic humours hath many a *Watchman* had his *Horns*¹ Battered about his Ears; and the trembling *Constable* been put besides the Gravity of his Interrogatories, and forced to measure his Length upon the Ground. The first *man* they meet they Swear to *Kill*, and set all the *Women* on their Heads; and so they proceed till the rattling of Broken *Glass Windows*, the shrieks of distressed *Damsels*, and the Thunder of their own *Oaths*, and Execrations, fills all the *Neighbourhood* with horror, and makes them verily Conclude, That the *Devil* and all his Life Guards are going a *Processioning*.

Next Morning his *Tailor*, his *Mercer*, his *Haberdasher*, and his *Sempstress*, stands like a Guard of *Switzers* about his Chamber door, waiting his Up rising: To avoid the *Galling* of whose small Shot, He instantly dispatches a Light Horse-man to call Mr. *Glister-pipe* his Apothecary; Who encountering this desperate Band of Creditors, only with two or three *Glasses* as though that day he had *Purged*, drives them all to their Holes like so many *Foxes*. For the name of Physic is the only *Amulet* against a *Dun*, and a sufficient *Quietus est*, to any beleagured Gentleman.

Thus the *Iliads* of our *Gallants'* Accomplishments, may be cramp't up in a nut-shell. His three

¹HORNS—i.e., lanthorns,

Cardinal Virtues, being only *Swearing*, *Wenching*, and *Drinking*; and if other men's lives may be compared to a *Play*, his is certainly but a *Farce*; which is acted only on three *Scenes*. The *Ordinary*, the *Play-house*, and the *Tavern*. His Religion (for now and then he will be prattling of that too) is pretendedly *Hobbian*: And he swears the *Leviathan* may supply all the lost Leaves of *Solomon*, yet he never saw it in his life, and for ought he knows it may be a *Treatise* about catching of *Sprats*, or new Regulating the *Greenland* Fishing Trade. However, the Rattle of it at *Coffee-houses*, has taught him to Laugh at *Spirits*, and maintain that there are no *Angels* but those in *Petticoats*: And therefore he defies *Heaven*, worse than *Maximine*, imagines *Hell*, only a *Hothouse* to Flux in for a *Clap* and calls the *Devil*, the Parsons *Bug-bear*, and sometimes the *Civil Old Gentleman in Black*. He denies that there is any Essential Difference betwixt *Good* and *Evil*, deems *Conscience* a thing only fit for *Children*, and ascribes all *Honesty* to *simplicity*, and an unpractiseness in the *ways* and *Methods* of the Town.

By these Extravagancies does he *Signalize* himself above Common Mortals, and counts all other *Dunghill Spirited* Fops, that are not as madly *Wild* and *Wicked* as himself. Thus is *Civility*, *Virtue*, and *Religion* hooted out of the World, and *Folly*, and *Atheism* exalted and promoted: For

10 THE CHARACTER OF A TOWN GALLANT.

this is the *Bell-weather* of Gallantry; whom our Younger *Fry* of Gentlemen admire for a *Hero*. And by these Arts does a man nowadays come to be counted a Person *well-bred*, and fit for a generous *Conversation*, though in Truth 'tis only his *Estate* that Gilds his Vanity, and his *Purse* that can Compound for his Follies; for of himself he is a *painted Butter-fly*: A *Baboon*, usurping Human Shape; or (to use his own silly nasty Phrase)

Mine A—se all over. And so I leave him

behind me, till I meet him next

time, either in the *King's*

Bench Walks, or an

Hospital.

FINIS.



Poor Robin's
TRUE
C H A R A C T E R
OF A
S C H O L D
OR, THE
SHREWS LOOKING-GLASS.

Dedicated

To all { Domineering Dames
Wives Rampant
Cuckolds Couchant and
Henpeckt Sneaks ;
In City or County.

With Allowance.

London : Printed for L. C. 1678.





POOR ROBIN'S TRUE CHARACTER OF A SCOLD.

RRANK SCOLD is a Devil of the feminine gender; a serpent, perpetually hissing, and spitting of venom; a composition of ill-nature and clamour. You may call her animated gunpowder, a walking Mount Etna that is always belching forth flames of sulphur, or a real purgatory, more to be dreaded in this world, than the Pope's imaginary hot-house in the next. A burr about the moon, is not half so certain a presage of a tempest at sea, as her brow is of a storm on land. And though laurel, hawthorn, and seal-skin are held preservatives against thunder, magic has not yet been able to find any amulet so sovereign as still her ravings: for, the oil poured on flames, good

words do but make her rage the faster ; and when once her flag of defiance, the tippet, is unfurled, she cares not a straw for constable nor cucking-stool.

Her tongue is the clapper of the devil's saints-hell, that rings all into confusion. It runs round like a wheel, one spoke after another, and makes more noise and jangling, than country-steeple on the fifth of November. She is never less at ease, than when she is quiet ; never quiet, but when she is sleeping ; nor then neither : for either she talks in her dream, or awakes the whole house with a terrible fit of snoring. She makes such a pattering with her lips when she walks the streets, as if she were possessed ; and so indeed she is, with the spirit of contention. The dog-days, with her, continue all the year round ; nor can she possibly take cold : for she is ever in a heat, and holds neither pox nor plague so grievous a disease, as being tongue-tied.

She makes an ass of Aristotle, and demonstrates, that though every man be, yet many a woman is not, a sociable creature, for there is no good humour can charm her to be civil or agreeable ; no company, how affable or complaisant soever, that can long content her. She seeks occasions for railing, as eagerly as a common

barrister does to go to law. If you will not anger her, she will be angry with for thus neglecting her : and you cannot vex her worse, than to be silent, unless you sing or whistle at her folly. She interprets all she hears in the worse sense, and supplies the defect of real affronts with jealous suspicions. She is more captious, than capable of offence ; and all her neighbours bless themselves from her, wishing this Quotidiano fever of her tongue cured with a razor. Yet is not that her only weapon ; for she has hands to clap with, and nails to scratch with, and teeth to bite with, and much more furniture for war ; so that being looked upon as invincible, her bad humour gets her a privilege : for wherever she comes, she may be sure to have the room to herself ; nor needs long contest for priority of walk, or precedency at table, or opinion in argument : for the proudest gossip will quit pretensions, rather than stand the shock of her well-known rhetoric.

If she be of the preciser cast, she abuses sacred language in her railing, as conjurers do in their charms ; calls her neighbours heathen Edomites, her husband reprobate, or son of Belial, and will not cudgel her maid without a text for it. But now I speak of husband, methinks I see the creeping snail shivering in an ague-fit when

he comes in her presence. She is worse than cow-itch in his bed, and as good as a chafing-dish at board: but has either quite forgot his name, or else she likes it not; which makes her re-baptize him with more noble titles, as white-livered rascal, drunken sot, sneaking nincompoop, or pitiful lousy Tom Farthing. Thus she worries him out of his senses at home, and then ferrets his haunts abroad worse than a needy bawd does a decayed bully's. Taverns and ale-houses dread her single alarm, more than the joint attacks of the constable and watch; and his companions are content to pay his club and dismiss him, on news of her approach, rather than be at the charge of so many glasses and bottles as she will quickly salute his coxcomb with. A full glass seasonably offered, may sometimes pacify her for a moment; but immediately the ill spirit returns, and she can be quiet only just so long as she is drinking. Thus she clamours at him so long without occasion, that at last he gives her enough; and rails at him for keeping ill company, till she forces him to it; being ashamed to go into any good society, or they ashamed of him; which makes him seek blind bubbing-schools to hide himself in from her fury, and resolve to stay out all night, rather than endure a double rally.

In a word, (for I perceive our character begins to be infected with the contagious talkativeness of its subject) a virulent scold is her neighbour's perpetual disquiet, her families evil genius, her husband's ruin, and her own daily tormentor: And that you may the better know her pedigree, I'll give you a serious account of the receipt or method made use of for her production into the world, lately found in a long-concealed manuscript of Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus, as follows : viz.

That nature long since finding many of her sons oft-times bewitched to their own ruin by the charms of women, for their punishment contrived this monster called A Scold : to form which,

She first took of the tongues and galls of bulls, bears, wolves, magpies, parrots, cuckoos, and nightingales, of each a like number: The tongues and tails of vipers, adders, snakes and lizards, seven apiece: aurum fulminans, aqua fortis and gunpowder, of each one pound: the clappers of nineteen bells, and the pestles of a dozen apothecaries' mortars. Which being all mixed, she calcined in Mount Strombolo, and dissolved the ashes in a water distilled just under London bridge at three quarters' flood, and filtrated it through the leaves of Calepino's Dictionary,

to render the operation more verbal. After which, she distilled it again through a speaking-trumpet, and closed up the remaining spirits in the mouth of a cannon. Then she opened the graves of all new-deceased pettifoggers, mountebanks, barbers, coffee-newsmongers, and fish-wives; and with the skin of their tongues, made a bladder covered o'er with drum-heads, and filled with storms, tempests, whirlwinds, thunders, lightnings, &c. These for better incorporation, she set seven years in a rough sea to ferment, and then mixing them with the rest, rectified the whole three times a day for a twelve-month in a balneum of quicksilver. Lastly, to irriabiate the whole elixir, and make it more churlish, she cut a vein under the tongue of the dog-star, drawing thence a pound of the most choleric blood; from which sublimating the spirits, she mixed them with the foam of a mad dog: and then putting altogether in the forementioned bladder, stitched it up with the nerves of Socrates's wife.

Out of this noble preparation, and a crooked rib (emblem of future crossness) Dame Nature first composed a SHREW, whose posterity (as is frequent with noxious animals) has since so overspread the world, that scarce an alley or village is free from some of her lineage.

But that you may see her end as well as
beginning, be pleased to peruse this

E P I T A P H.

After some threescore years of caterwauling,
Here lies A SCOLD, stopped from above-ground
bawling,
Though ill she liv'd, I dare not read her doom ;
But sure, go where she will, she's troublesome.
I wish her, in revenge, amongst the blest :
For she'd as lief be damn'd, as be at rest.





Three VVeekes, three daies, and
three houres

OBSERVATIONS
AND TRAVEL, FROM
London to Hambvrgh
in Germanie:

Amongst *Jews* and *Gentiles*, with
Descriptions of Townes and' Towers,
Castles and Cittadels, artificiall Gal-
lowfes, Naturall Hangmen:

*And Dedicated for the present, to the absent Odcom-
bian Knight Errant, St. THOMAS CORIAT.*

Great Brittaines Error, *and* the worlds Mirror.

By Iohn Taylor.



LONDON

Printed by EDWARD GRIFFIN, and are to be sold
by GEORGE GYBBS at the sign of the
Flower-deluce in *Pauls Churchyard.*

1617.



To the Cosmographical, Geographical describer,
Geometrical measurer; Historiographical Caligra-
phical Relater and Writer; Enigmatical, Prag-
matical, Dogmatical Observer, Engrosser, Sur-
veyor and Eloquent British Grecian Latinist,
or Latin Grecian Orator, the Odcombian
Deambulator, Perambulator, Ambler,
Trotter, or untired Traveller,
SIR THO. CORVAT, Knight of Troy, and one of the
dearest darlings to the blind Goddess Fortune.

MOST worthy Sir, as *Quintilian* in his
Apothegms to the naked, learned,
Gimnosophists of *Æthiopia*, very wittily
says, *Potanto Machayo corbatio monomosco kayturemon*
Lescus, Ollipufftingere whingo : which is, knowledge
is a main Antithesis to ignorance, and pains and
travel is the high-way to experience. I being
therefore well acquainted with the generous ur-
banity innated or rooted in your humanity, (in these
days of vanity,) I dedicate out (of my affability,
debility, ability, imbecility, facility, or agility,) this
poor pamphlet to your nobility, in all servility and
humility : not doubting but the fluent secundity of
your wisdoms profundity, in your heads rotundity,
will conserve, reserve, preserve, and observe, what I
and my industrious labours deserve. I do (out of
mine own cognition) aver and abet, that he is sense-
less that will assent, that the Fates did assign, with
their whole assistance, that any should aspire to be
an associate in any assembly, boldly to assimilate,
assay, assault, or ascribe to any mortal but yourself,
superlative majority or transcendency for travels,
observations, and oratory. These things being

revolved and ruminated, in the sagacity or acuteness of my Pericranium, I imagined that no man under the Cope was more worthy than yourself to be a Patronizing Poplar to shelter my poor reed-like endeavours. Howsoever in the preterlapsed occurrences there hath been an Antagonistical repugnancy betwixt us, yet I hope time and travel hath worn it thread-bare, or brought it to an irrecoverable consumption ; withal I know you are incapable of inexpugnable malice, inveterate malignancy or emulation. I protest tongue-tied taciturnity should have imprisoned this work in the Lethargical Dungeon, or bottomless Abyss of ever-sleeping oblivion, but that I am confident of your Patronage and acceptance, which if it fall out (not according to any Promerits of mine) but out of mine own expectation of your matchless and unparalleled disposition, I shall hereafter sacrifice whole Hecatombs of invention both in Prose and Verse, at the shrine of your unfellowed and unfollowed virtues. So wishing more to see you than to hear from you, because Writers want work, and the Press is turned voluntary through the scarcity of employments, which I hope your presence will supply, I pray that *Neptune, Æolus, Tellus, Bacchus*, and all the watery, windy, earthly, and drinking Deities may be officious, auspicious, and delicious unto you, humbly imploring you to take in good part this my sophistical, paradoxical, submission, with a mental reservation of my love and service, to sympathize or be equivalent to your kind liking and corroborated affecting.

He that hath a poor muse to trot in your service
with all obsequious observance.

JOHN TAYLOR.



Three Weeks, three Days, and three Hours Observations, from LONDON to HAMBURGH in *Germany*.

Amongst *Jews* and *Gentiles*, with Descriptions of Towns and Towers, Castles and Citadels, artificial Gallowses, Natural Hangmen:

*And Dedicated for the present, to the absent Odcombian Knight Errant,
SIR THOMAS CORYAT.*

Great Britains Error, and the worlds Mirror.

UPON *Saturday* the 17 of August, 1616 (after I had taken leave of some friends that would hardly give me leave to leave them) I was associated with five or six courteous comrades to the haven of *Billingsgate*, where I was no sooner come, but I was shipped in the wherry for the port of *Gravesend*, and having two women and three men in my company thither, we past the way away by telling tales by turns. Where one of the women took upon her very logically to defend the honesty of brokers, and she maintained her paradoxical arguments so pithily, as if herself like a desperate pawn had lain seven years in lavender on sweeting in Long Lane, or amongst the dogged inhabitants of Houndsditch. And one of the men replied that he thanked God he never had any need of them, whereupon I began to suspect him to be a crafty knave, because the proverb says, *A crafty knave needs no broker* and indeed after I had inquired what countryman he

was, he told me he was a Welsh man, and a Justices clerk. I left him as I found him, hoping never to be troubled with his binding over, and withdrawing: and so landing at Gravesend, we all went to the *Christopher* where we took a Bacchanalian farewell one of another, where I remained till the Monday following, awaiting the coming down of the ship that I was to be transported in. About the hour of three in the afternoon, with good hope we weighed anchor, and with a courteous tide and gentle wind we sailed down the river of Thames, as far as the grand oyster haven of *Queenborough*, where though our ship was not sea-sick, yet she cast, (anchor I mean).

On the morrow, being Tuesday, we weighed, and with the friendly breath of *Zephyrus*, aliás a western wind, our sails being swollen, our ship called the *Judith*, who with her stern cut the liquid mounting mountains of *Neptunes* wavering territories, as nimbly as Hebrew *Judith* beheaded *Holofernes*, so that by the bountiful favour of Him that rules both winds and seas, the Thursday following we espied the coast of Friesland, and the next day we sailed by an island called the Holy Land, which may be called the Land of Lobsters, or the country of crabs, for the plenty of those kind of crawling creatures that are taken there. But we, taking time by the fore-top, let no advantage slip, but with a

merry gale, and a friendly flood, on the Friday we sailed up the river of Elve, as far as Stoad, where we anchored till the morrow, being Saturday, and the feast of *St. Bartholomew* the Apostle, we arrived at a bleak, aliàs a town an English mile from *Hamburgh*, called *Altonagh*, which is so called by the *Hamburghers* because it stands all-too-nigh them for their profit, being inhabited with divers tradesmen which do hinder their freedom. I was no sooner landed there, but my company and myself went to a Dutch drinking-school, and having upse-freez'd four pots of boon beer as yellow as gold, our host said we had four shilling to betail, or to pay, which made me suspect it to be a bawdy house by his large reckoning, till at last I understood that the shillings he meant were but stivers, or three-halfpence a piece. So this terrible shot being discharged (which in the total amounted to the sum of sixpence English) we departed towards *Hamburgh*, where by the way I noted some 20 men, women, and children in divers places of *Altonagh*, all deformed, some with one eye, some with hare-lips, crooked-backed, splay-footed, half-nosed, or one blemish or other. I admiring at them, was told they were *Jews*, wherein I perceived the Judgment of the High Judge of all, that had permitted Nature to deform their forms, whose Graceless minds were so much misshapen through want of Grace.

But I being entered the city of *Hamburgh* on the Saturday, I was presently conducted to the English house, where I found a kind host, an honest hostess, good company, store of meat, more of drinks, a true tapster, and sweet lodging. And being at dinner, because I was a stranger, I was promoted to the chieftest place at the table, where to observe an old custom, every man did his best endeavour to hance me for my welcome, which by interpretation is, to give a man a loaf too much out of the brewers basket, in which kind of potshot, our English are grown such stout proficients, that some of them dares bandy and contend with the Dutch their first teachers. But after they had hanced me as well as they could, and I pleased, they administered an oath to me, in manner and form as followeth ;

Laying my hand on a full pot,

I swear by these contents and all that is herein contained, that by the courteous favour of these gentlemen, I do find myself sufficiently hanced, and that henceforth I shall acknowledge it ; and that whensoever I shall offer to be hanced again, I shall arm my self with the craft of a fox, the manners of a hog, the wisdom of an ass, mixed with the civility of a bear. This was the form of the oath, which as near as I can shall be performed on my part ; and here is to be noted that the first word a nurse or a mother doth teach her children if they be

males, is drink, or beer : So that most of them are transformed to barrels, firkins, and kilderkins, always freight with *Hamburgh* beer.

And though the city is not much more than half the bigness as London is within the walls, yet are there in it almost 800 brewhouses, and in one day there hath been shipped away from thence, 337. brewings of beer, besides 13. or 14. brewings have been racked or stayed in the town, as not sufficient to be bezzled in the country.

The Saturday being thus past, and Sunday come, I went toward the English Church, where I observed many shops open, buying and selling, chopping and changing of all manner of wares, with the streets furnished with apples, pears, plums, nuts, grapes, or any thing else that an ordinary market can afford, as commonly as if the Sabbath were but a bare Ceremony without a Commandment. In which I note the Jews in their execrable superstition, to be more devout and observant, than these pedlars in their profession ; for on the Saturday (being the Jews Sabbath) they neglect all human affairs, and betake themselves irreligiously to their misbelieving faithless religion.

The sermon being ended at the English Church, I walked in the afternoon with a friend of mine, (an inhabitant of the town) to see and to be seen, where at one of the gates was placed a strong guard of

soldiers with muskets, pikes, halberts, and other warlike accoutrements, I asked the cause, and I was informed it was because of the building of new mounts and bulwarks which were partly erected without the old wall: And when I perceived these fortifications, I was amazed, for it is almost incredible for the number of men and horses that are daily set on work about it, besides the work itself is so great that it is past the credit of report, and as I suppose will prove most inexpugnable and invincible rampiers to strengthen the town on that side against the invasive attempts of the greatest Monarch that should assail them.

But after much musing, walking further towards the fields, I espied four or five pretty parcels of modesty go very friendly up into a Council-house by the ways side, as we and thousands of people used to pass; they were handsome young girls of the age of 18 or 20 years apiece, and although they had a door to shut, yet they knowing their business to be necessary and natural, sat still in loving and neighbourly manner, so having traced a turn or two we returned into the town again, and entering a long garden within the walls, some of the townsmen were shooting for wagers at a mark with their muskets, some bowling: some at slide-thrift, or shovel-board: some dancing before a blind fiddler, and his cow bellied, dropsy, dirty drab: some at one game, some at

another, most of them drinking, and all of them drunk, that though it was a Sabbath, which should wholly be dedicated to God, yet by the abuse of these bursten-gutted bibbers, they made it an afternoon consecrated, or more truly execrated to the service of Hell, and to the great amplification of the Devils kingdom.

*When Christians dare Gods Sabbath to abuse,
They make themselves a scorn to Turks and Jews :
You stealing Barabasses beastly race,
Rob God of Glory, and yourselves of Grace.
Think on the supreme Judge who all things tries,
When Jews against you shall in Judgment rise.
Their feigned truth, with fervent Zeal they show,
The truth unfeigned you know, yet will not know.
Then at the Bar in New Jerusaleam,
It shall be harder much for you than them.*

But leaving to their drunken designs, I returned toward my lodging, where by the way I saw at the common jail of the town, a great number of people were clustered together, I asked the cause of their concourse, and I was certified that there was a prisoner to be broken upon the wheel the next day, and that these idle gazers did press to gape upon him for want of better employments, I being as inquisitive after novelties, as a traveller of my small

experience might be, enquired earnestly the true cause of the next days execution : my friend told me that the prisoner was a poor carpenter dwelling in the town, who lately having stolen a goose, and plucking it within his doors, a little girl (his daughter in law) went out of his house, and left the door open, by which means, the owner of the goose passing by, espied the wretched thief very diligently picking what he before had been stealing, to whom the owner said : Neighbour, I now perceive which way my geese use to go, but I will have you in question for them, and so away he went : the caitiff being thus reproved grew desperate, and his child coming into his house ; ye young whore, quoth he, must ye leave my door open for folks to look in upon me ? and with that word, he took a hatchet and with a cursed stroke, he clove the child's head : for the which murder he was condemned and judged to be broken alive upon the wheel. Close by the jail I espied a house of free stone, round and flat roofed, and leaded, upon the which was erected the true picture of a most unmatched Hangman : and now I am entered into a discourse of this brave abject, or subject, you must understand that this fellow, is a merry, a mad, and a subsidy Hangman, to whom our Tyburn tatterdemalion, or our Wapping wind-pipe stretcher, is but a raggamuffin, not worth the hanging : for this tear-throat termagant is a fellow

in folio, a commander of such great command, and of such greatness to command, that I never saw any that in that respect could countermand him : for his making is almost past description, no Saracen's head seems greater, and sure I think his brainpan if it were emptied, (as I think he hath not much brain in it,) would well contain half a bushel of malt, his shaggy hair and beard would stuff a cushion for *Charons* boat, his embossed nose and embroidered face, would furnish a Jeweller ; his eyes well dried, would make good tennis-balls, or shot for a small piece of ordnance, his yawning mouth would serve for a cony-burrow, and his two ragged rows of teeth, for a stone wall, or a pale ; then hath he a neck like one of *Hercules* his pillars, with a wind-pipe, (or rather a beer pipe) as big as the boar of a demiculvering, or a wooden pump ; through which conduit half a brewing of *Hamburgh* beer doth run down into his unmeasurable paunch, wherein is more midriff, guts and garbage than three tripe-wives could be able to utter before it stunk. His post-like legs were answerable to the rest of the great frame which they supported, and to conclude, Sir *Bevis*, *Ascapart*, *Gogmagog*, or our English Sir *John Falstaff*, were but shrimps to this bezzling bombard's longitude, latitude, altitude, and crassitude, for he passes, and surpasses the whole German multitude.

And as he is great in corpulency, so is he powerful in potency, for figuratively he hath spiritual resemblance of Romish authority, and in some sort he is a kind of demi-Pope, for once a year in the dog-days he sends out his men with baits instead of Bulls, with full power from his greatness, to knock down all the curs without contradiction, whose masters or owners will not be at the charge to buy a pardon for them of his mightiness, which pardon is more durable than the Popes of wax or parchment, for his is made of a piece of the hide of an ox, a horse, or such lasting stuff, which with his stigmatical stamp or seal is hanged about every dog's neck who is freed from his fury by the purchase of his pardon. And sure I am persuaded that these dogs are more sure of their lives with the hangman's pardon, than the poor besotted blinded Papists are of their seduced souls from any pardon of the Popes.

The privileges of this grand halter-master are many, as he hath the emptying of all the vaults or draughts in the city, which no doubt he gains some favour by. Besides all oxen, kine, horses, hogs, dogs, or any such beasts, if they die themselves, or if they be not like to live, the hangman must knock them on the heads, and have their skins : and whatsoever inhabitant in his jurisdiction doth any of these things aforesaid himself, is abhorred and ac-

counted as a villain without redemption. So that with hangings, headings, breakings, pardoning and killing of dogs, flaying of beasts, emptying of vaults, and such privy commodities, his whole revenue sometimes amounts to 4. or 5. hundred pounds a year. And he is held in that regard and estimation, that any man will converse and drink with him, nay sometimes the Lords of the town will feast with him, and it is accounted no impeachment to their honours; for he is held in the rank of a gentleman, (or a rank gentleman) and he scorns to be called in the cast weeds of executed offenders: No, he goes to the mercers, and hath his satin, his velvet, or what stuff he pleases, measured out by the yard or the ell, with his gold and silver lace, his silk stockings, laced spangled garters and roses, hat and feather, with four or five brave villains attending him in livery cloaks, who have stipendiary means from his ignominious bounty.

Monday the 19. of August, about the hour of 12. at noon, the people of the town in great multitudes flocked to the place of execution; which is half a mile English without the gates built more like a sconce than a gallows, for it is walled and ditched about with a drawbridge and the prisoner came on foot with a Divine with him, all the way exhorting him to repentance, and because death should not

terrify him, they had given him many rouses* and carouses of wine and beer : for it is the custom there to make such poor wretches drunk, whereby they may be senseless either of God's mercy or their own misery ; but being prayed for by others, they themselves may die resolutely, or (to be feared) desperately.

But the prisoner being come to the place of death, he was by the officers delivered to the hangman, who entering his strangling fortification with two grand hangmen more and their men, which were come from the city of *Lubeck*, and another town (which I cannot name) to assist their *Hamburghian* brother in this great and weighty work : the drawbridge was drawn up, and the prisoner mounted on a mount of earth, built high on purpose that the people without may see the execution a quarter of a mile round about : four of the hangman's men takes each of them a small halter, and by the hands and the feet they hold the prisoners extended all abroad lying on his back : then the Arch-hangman, or the great Master of this mighty business took up a wheel, much about the bigness of one of the fore wheels of a coach : and first, having put off his doublet, his hat, and being in his shirt,

*ROUSE.—A full glass, a bumper.

as if he meant to play at tennis, he took the wheel, and set it on the edge, and turned it with one hand like a top or a whirligig, then he took it by the spokes, and lifting it up with a mighty stroke he beat one of the poor wretch's legs in pieces, (the bones I mean) at which he roared grievously ; then after a little pause he breaks the other leg in the same manner, and consequently breaks his arms, and then he stroke four or five main blows on his breast, and burst all his bulk and chest in shivers, lastly he smote his neck, and missing, burst his chin and jaws to mammocks ; then he took the broken mangled corpse, and spread it on the wheel, and thrust a great post or pile into the nave or hole of the wheel, and then fixed the post into the earth some six foot deep, being in height above the ground, some ten or twelve foot, and there the carcass must lie till it be consumed by all-consuming time, or ravening fowls.

This was the terrible manner of this horrid execution, and at this place are twenty posts with those wheels or pieces of wheels, with heads of men nailed on the top of the posts, with a great spike driven through the skull. The several kinds of torments which they inflict upon offenders in those parts makes me to imagine our English hanging to be but a flea-biting.

Moreover, if any man in those parts are to be beheaded, the fashion is, that the prisoner kneels down, and being blinded with a napkin, one takes hold of the hair of the crown of the head, holding the party upright, whilst the hangman with a backward blow with a sword will take the head from a mans shoulders so nimbly, and with such dexterity, that the owner of the head shall never want the miss of it. And if it be any mans fortune to be hanged for never so small a crime, though he be mounted whole, yet he shall come down in pieces, for he shall hang till every joint and limb drop one from another.

They have strange torments and varieties of deaths, according to the various nature of offences that are committed: as for example, he that counterfeits any Princes coin, and is proved a coiner, his judgment is to be boiled to death in oil, not thrown into the vessel all at once, but with a pulley or a rope to be hanged under the arm pits, and let down into the oil by degrees: first the feet, and next the legs, and so to boil his flesh from his bones alive. For those that set houses on fire wilfully, they are smoked to death, as first there is a pile or post fixed in the ground, and within an English ell of it is a piece of wood nailed cross whereupon the offender is made fast fitting, then over the top of

the post is whelmed a great tub of dry fat, which doth cover or overwhelm the prisoner as low as the middle. Then underneath the executioner hath wet straw, hay, stubble, or such kind of stuff, which is fired, but by reason it is wet and dank, it doth not but smoulder and smoke, which smoke ascends up into the tub where the prisoners head is, and not being able to speak, he will heave up and down with his belly; and people may perceive him in these torments to live three or four hours.

Adultery there, if it be proved, is punished with death, as the loss of both the parties heads, if they be both married, or if not both yet the married party must die for it, and the other must endure some easier punishment, either by the purse or carcass; which in the end proves little better than half a hanging.

But as after a tempest a calm is best welcome; so I imagine it not amiss after all this tragical harsh discourse, to sweeten the readers palate with a few comical reports which were related unto me wherein I seem fabulous, it must be remembered that I claim the privilege of a traveller, who hath authority to report all that he hears and sees, and more too. I was informed of a fellow that was hanged somewhat near the highway, within a mile or two of *Collein*, and the fashion being to hang with a halter and a chain, that when the halter is

rotten with the weather, the carcass drops a button hole lower into the chain. Now it fortune'd that this fellow was executed on a winter's afternoon towards night, and being hanged, the chain was shorter than the halter, by reasons whereof he was not strangled, but by the jamming of the chain which could not slip close to his neck, he hanged in great torments under the jaws, it happened that as soon as he was trust up, there fell a great storm of rain and wind, whereupon all the people ran away from the gallows to shelter themselves. But night being come, and the moon shining bright, it chanced that a country boor, or a waggoner and his son with him were driving their empty waggon by the place where the fellow was hanged, who being not choked, in the extremity of his pains did stir his legs and writhe and crumple his body, which the waggoners son perceived, and said; Father look, the man upon the gallows doth move: quoth the old man he moves indeed, I pray thee let us make haste, and put the waggon under the gibbet, to see if we can unhang and save him. This being said was quickly done, and the wretch half dead was laid in straw in the boors waggon, and carried home, where with good attendance he was in four or five days recovered to his health, but that he had a crick in his neck, and the cramp in his jaws. The old man was glad that he had done so good a deed, (as

he thought) began to give the thief Fatherly counsel, and told him that it was Gods great mercy towards him to make me (quoth he) the instrument of thy deliverance, and therefore look that thou make good use of this his gracious favour towards thee, and labour to redeem the time thou hast misspent, get thee into some other Princes country, where thy former crimes may not bring thee into the danger of the law again, and there with honest industrious endeavours get thy living.

The thief seemed willing to entertain these good admonitions, and thanked the boor and his son, telling them that the next morning he would be gone : and if ever his fortunes made him able, he promised to be so grateful unto them that they should have cause to say their great courtesies were well bestowed upon him ; but all his sugared sweet promises, were in the proof but gall and wormwood in the performance : or this graceless caitiff arose betimes in the morning, and drew on a pair of boots and spurs which were the mans sons of the house, and slipping out of the doors, went to the stable and stole one of his kind hosts best horses, and away rode he. The man and his son, when they were up and missed the thief and the horse, were amazed at the ingratitude of the wretch, and with all speed his son and he rode several ways in pursuit of him, and in brief one of them took him, and brought him back

to their house again, and when it was night they bound him, and laid him in their waggon (having deaf ears, and hardened hearts to all his entreaties) and away to the gallows where they found him hanging, there they, with the halter being a little shortened, they left him. The next day the country people wondered to see him hanging there again, for they had seen him hanged, and missed him gone, and now to be thus strangely and privately come again in boots and spurs, whereas they remembered at his first hanging he had shoes and stockings, it made them muse what journey he had been riding, and what a mad ghost he was to take the gallows for his inn, or (as I suppose) for his end.

The rumour of this accident being bruited abroad, the people came far and near to see him, all in general wondering how these things should come to pass. At last, to clear all doubts proclamations were published with pardon, and a reward to any that could discover the truth, whereupon the old Boor and Son came in and related the whole circumstance of the matter.

At another place (the hangmans place being void) there were two of the blood, (for it is to be noted that the succession of that office doth lineally descend from the Father to the Son, or to the next of the blood) which were at strife for the possession of this high indignity. Now it happened that two men

were to be beheaded at the same town, and at the same time, and (and to avoid suit in law for this great prerogative) it was concluded by the arbitrators, that each of these new hangmen should execute one of the prisoners, and he that with greatest cunning and sleight could take the head from the body, should have the place, to this they all agreed and the prisoners were brought forth, where one of the executioners did bind a red silk thread double about his prisoners neck the threads being distant one from another only the breadth of one thread, and he promised to cut off the head with a backward blow with his sword, between the threads. The other called his prisoner aside, and told him if he would be ruled by him, he should have his life saved, and besides (quoth he) I shall be sure to have the office. The prisoner was glad of the motion, and said he would do anything upon these conditions, then said the hangman, when thou art upon thy knees, and hast said thy prayers, and that I do lift up my axe, (for I will use an axe) to strike thee, I will cry Hem, at which word do thou rise and run away, (thou knowest none will slay thee if thou canst once escape after thou art delivered into my custody, it is the fashion of our country) and let me alone to shift to answer the matter. This being said or whispered, the headsman with the sword did cut off the prisoners head just between the threads as he had

said, which made all the people wonder at the steadiness of his hand, and most of them judged that he was the man that was and would be most fittest to make a mad hangman of.

But as one tale is good till another be told, and as there be three degrees of good, better, and best; so this last hangman did much exceed and eclipse the others cunning: For his prisoner being on his knees, and he lifting up his axe to give the fatal blow, *Hem*, (said he according to promise) whereupon the fellow arose and ran away, but when he had run some seven or eight paces, the hangman threw the axe after him, and struck his head smoothly from his shoulders, now for all this, who shall have the place is unknown, for they are yet in law for it; and I doubt not but before the matter be ended, that the lawyers will make them exercise their own trades upon themselves to end the controversy. This tale doth savour somewhat Hyperbolic but I wish the reader to believe no more of the matter than I saw, and there is an end.

At another town there stood an old over-worn despised pair of gallows, but yet not so old but they will last many a fair year with good usage, but the townsmen a little distance from them built another pair, in a more stately geometrical port and fashion, whereupon they were demanded why they would be at the charge to erect a new gallows, having so

sufficient an old one : they answered, that those old gallows should serve to hang fugitives and strangers; but those new ones were built for them and their heirs for ever. Thus much for hangmen, thieves, and gallowses.

Yet one thing more for thieves: In *Hamburgh* those that are not hanged for theft, are chained 2. or 3. together, and they must in that sort six or seven years draw a dung-cart, and cleanse the streets of the town, and every one of those thieves for as many years as he is condemned to that slavery, so many bells he hath hanged at an iron above one of his shoulders, and every year a bell is taken off, till all are gone, and then he is a free man again, and I did see ten or twelve of these carts, and some of the thieves had 7. bells, some 5. some 6. some one, but such a noise they make, as if all the Devils in Hell were dancing the morrice.

Hamburgh is a free city, not being subject to the Emperor, or any other Prince, but only governed by twenty-four Burgomasters, whereof two are the chief, who are called Lords, and do hold that dignity from their first election during their lives. The buildings are all of one uniform fashion, very lofty and stately, it is wonderful populous, and the water with boats comes through most of the streets of the town.

Their churches are most gorgeously set forth, as the most of them covered with copper, with very lofty spires, and within sides they are adorned with crucifixes, images, and pictures, which they do charily keep for ornaments, but not for idle or idol adornation. In *St. Jacobs* and in *Saint Katherines* Churches there is in one of them a pupil of alabaster, and in the other a pair of such organs, which for worth and workmanship are unparalleled in Christendom, as most travellers do relate.

The women are no fashion mongers, but they keep in their degrees one continual habit, as the richer sort do wear a huke, which is a robe of cloth or stuff plaited, and the upper part of it is gathered and sewed together in the form of an English potlid, with a tassel on the top, and so put upon the head, and the garment goes over her ruff and face if she please, and so down to the ground, so that a man may meet his own wife, and perhaps not know her from another woman.

They have no porters to bear burdens, but they have big burly-boned knaves with their wives that do daily draw carts any whither up and down the town, with merchants goods or any other employments: and it is reported that these cart-drawers are to see the rich men of the town provided of milch-nurses for their children which nurses they call by the name of *Ams*, so that if they do want a

nurse at any time, these fellows are cursed, because they have not gotten wenches enough with child to supply their wants.

But if a man of any fashion do chance to go astray to a house of iniquity, the whilst he is in the house at his drudgery, another of the whores will go to the sheriff, (which they call the Right-heir) and inform that such a man is in such a suspected house, then is his coming forth narrowly watched, and he is taken and brought before the Right-heir, and examined, where if he be a man of credit, he must, and will pay forty, fifty, or sixty Rex Dollers before he will have his reputation called in question. Of which money the quean that did inform shall have her reward.

A lawyer hath but a bad trade there, for any cause or controversy is tried and determined in three days, quirks, quiddits, demurs, habeas, corpuses, sursararaes, procedendoes, or any such dilatory Law-tricks and abolished, and not worth a button.

But above all, I must not forget the rare actions and humours of a quacksalver or mountebank, or to speak more familiarly, a shadow a skilful chirurgeon. This fellow being clad in an ancient doublet of decayed satin, with a spruce leather jerkin with glass buttons, the rest of his attire being correspondent, was mounted upon the scaffold, having

shelves set with viols, gallipots, glasses, boxes, and such like stuff, wherein as he said, were waters, oils, unguents, emplasters, electuaries, vomits, purges, and a world of never heard of drugs; and being mounted (as I said) he and his man began to proclaim all their skill and more, having a great number of idle and ignorant gazers on, he began as followeth (as I was informed by my interpreter, for I understood not one word he spake.)

I *Jacomo Compostella*, practitioner in physic, chirurgery, and the mathematics, being a man famous through Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, from the oriental exaltation of *Titan*, to his occidental declination, who for the testimony of my skill, and the rare cures that I have done, have these princes hands and seals; at first the great *Cham* of *Tartaria*, in whose court, only with this water which is the Elixir of Henbane, diafracted in a diurnal of ingredients Hippocratontic, Avicenian, and Cataract, with this did I cure the great Duchess of *Promulpho* of the cramp in her tongue: and with this oil did I restore the Emperor *Gregory Evanowich*, of a convulsion in his pericranion. From thence I travelled to *Slavonia*, where I met with *Mustapha Despot* of *Servia*, who at that time was intolerably vexed with a *Spasmus*, so that it often drove him into a syncope with the violent obstructions of the conflagrating of his veins.

Only with this precious unguent being the quintessence of *Mugwort*, with *Auripigmenty*, terrographicated in a limbeck of crystalline translucency, I recovered him to his former health, and for my reward I had a Barbary horse with rich caparisons, a Turkish scimitar, a Persian robe, and 2000. Hungarian ducats.

Besides, here are the hands and seals of *Potohamock*, *Adelantado* of *Prozewgma*, and of *Gulch Flownderscurfe* chief burgomaster of *Belgrade*, and of divers princes and estates, which to avoid tedious prolixity I omit. But good people if you or any other be troubled with apoplexies, palsies, cramps, lethargies, cataracks, quinsies, tisicks pleurisies, coughs, headaches, tertian, quartan, and quotidian agues, burning fevers, jaundices, dropsies, colics, illiaca passio's, the stone, the strangury, the pox, plague, botches, biles, blains, scabs, scurfs, mange, leprosie, cankers, megrims, mumps, fluxes, measles, murrains, gouts, consumptions, toothache, ruptures, hernia aquosa, hernia ventosa, hernia carnososa, or any other malady that dares afflict the body of man or woman, come and buy while you may have it for money, for I am sent for speedily to the Emperor of *Trapezond*, about affairs of great importance that highly concerns his royal person.

Thus almost two hours did this fellow with embost words, and most laborious action, talk and

swear to the people, that understood no more what he said, than he himself understood himself. And I think his whole takings for simple compounds did amount in the total to 9.pence sterling.

But leaving *Hamburgh*, (having gathered these few observations aforesaid) out of it I went *August* 28. and my first jaunt of my travels was by water, to a town called *Buckstahoo*, it is a little walled town, and stands on the other side of the river, 3.miles as they call it from *Hamburgh*. The boat we passed in is called an *Iuar*, not so good as a Gravesend barge, yet I think it may be as great, and the three miles longer than from London, to Gravesend, for I am sure that we were going 9. hours before we could be landed. Our passage cost us 3.pence a piece, and one thing I remember well, that the lazy watermen will sit still all (or the most part of the way) whilst their passengers, (be they never so rich or poor, all is one to them, be they men or women) they must row by turns an hour or such a matter : and we landed in the night at a place called *Crants*, where all the passengers were to go to supper, but such diet we had, that the proverb was truly verified *God sent meat, and the Devil sent Cooks* : for as there was no respect of persons in the boat, so all fellows at the table, and all one price, the palatine and the plebeian : our first mess was great platters of black broth, in shape like new tar, and in taste Cousin

German to slut pottage ; our second were dishes of eels, chopped as small as herbs, and the broth they were in as salt as brine ; then had we a boiled goose, with choak pears and carrots buried in a deep dish ; and when we demanded what was to pay, it was but three pence a man, I mused at the cheapness of it, but afterwards they came upon us with a fresh reckoning of fivepence a man for beer, for they never count their meat and drink together, but bring in several reckonings for them : but the morning being come, we hired a boors waggon, to carry us to a place called *Citezen*, three miles there, or 12 English miles from *Buckstahoo* : a little bald dorp it is where we came about noon, and found such slender entertainment, that we had no cause to boast of our good cheer or our hostess cookery. We having refreshed ourselves, and hired a fresh waggon, away we went two miles further to a dorp called *Rodonburgh*, this village belongeth to the Bishop of *Rodonburgh*, who hath a fair house there, strongly walled and deeply ditched and moated about very defensible, with draw bridges, and good ordinance. This Bishop is a temporal Lord, notwithstanding his spiritual title ; and no doubt but the flesh prevails above the spirit with him ; so the Bishops of *Bream*, *Lunninburgh*, and divers other places in Germany, do very charitably take the fleece, (for they themselves never look to the flock) by

reason they use no ecclesiastic function, but only in name.

Being lodged at *Rodonburgh*, in a stately inn, where the host, hostess, guests, cows, horses, swine lay all in one room ; yet I must confess their beds to be very good, and their linen sweet, but in those parts they use no coverlet, rug, or blanket, but a good featherbed undermost, with clean sheets, pillows, and pillowbears, and another featherbed uppermost, with a fair sheet above all, so that a mans lodging is like a womans lying-in, all white.

August the 30. we went from *Rodenburgh*, and about noon we came to an old walled town, called *Feirden*, it hath two churches in it, and the hangmans statue very artificially carved in stone, and set on a high pillar with a rod rampart in his hand, at this town I met with six strangers, all travellers, where we went to dinner together, all at one table, and every man opened his knapsack or budget with victuals ; (for he that carries no meat with him, may fast by authority in most places of that country) but to note the kindness of these people one to another, some had bread and a box of salt butter, some had raw bacon, some had cheese, some had pickled herring, some dried beef, and amongst the rest I had brought three ribs of roast beef, and other provision from *Hamburgh* : to conclude, we drew all like fiddlers, and fed (for the most part) like swine, for

every man eat what was his own, and no man did proffer one bit of what he had to his neighbour, so he that had cheese must dine with cheese, for he that had meat would offer him none; I did cut every one a part of my roast beef; which my guide told me they would not take well, because it is not the fashion of the country: I tried, and found them very tractable to take anything that was good, so that I perceived their modesty to take one from another, proceeds from their want of manners to offer. But dinner being done, away we went over a bridge, in the midst whereof is a cage,* made in the likeness of a great lanthorn, it is hanged on a turning gibbet like a crane: so that it may be turned on the bridge and over the river, as they shall please that have occasion to use it. It is big enough to hold two men, and it is for this purpose if any one or more do rob gardens or orchards, or cornfields, (if they be taken) he or they are put into this same whirligig, or kickambob, and the gibbet being turned, the offender hangs in this cage from the river some 12. or 14. foot from the water, and then there is a small line made fast to the party some 5. or 6. fathom, and with a trick which they have, the bottom of the cage drops out, and the thief falls suddenly into the water. I had not gone far, but at the end of the bridge I saw an old chapel, which in old time they say was dedicated to St. *Frodswick*, which hath the day after Saint *Luke*

*A LYNN in the original. [?]

the Evangelist : I entering in, perceived it was a charitable chapel, for the doors and windows were always open, by reason there were none to shut, and it was a common receptacle for beggars and rogues. There was the Image of our Lady with a veil over her, made as I think of a bakers bolter,* and Saint *Peter* holding a candle to her. I cut a piece of her veil, and taking *Peter* by the hand at my departure, the kind Image (I know not upon what acquaintance) being loose handed, let me have his hand with me, which being made of wood, by reason of ruinous antiquity, burst off in the handling : which two precious relics I brought home with me to defend me and all my friends from sparrow-blasting.[?]

From this place we were glad to travel on foot 1. Dutch mile to a dorp called *Dufurn*, where we hired a boors waggon to a town *Neinburgh*, but we could not reach thither by 2. English miles, so that we were glad to lodge in a barn that night : on the morrow early we arose and came to *Neinburgh*, which is a little walled town, belonging to that Bishopric from whence it is so named. There we staid 3. hours before we could get a waggon, at last we were mounted to a dorp called *Leiz*, 2. Dutch miles ; I would have bargained with the boor to have carried us to *Dorn*, which I bade my guide tell him it was but a mile further, a mile quoth the boor,

*BOLTER—A machine for separating bran from flour ; a sieve ; a net.

indeed we call it no more, but it was measured with a dog, and they threw in the tail and all to the bargain; so to *Leiz* he carried us, and there we found a waggon of *Dorn* homeward bound, which made us ride the cheaper; but it was the longest mile that ever I rode or went, for surely it is as much as some ten of our miles in England. But having overcome it at last, from thence I took a fresh waggon to carry me two miles to a town called *Buckaburgh*, where I had and have I hope a brother residing, to whom my journey was intended, and with whom my perambulation was at a period. This town of *Buckaburgh* is wholly and solely belonging to the Graff or *Grave* of *Shomburgh*, a Prince of great command and eminence, absolute in his authority and power, not countermanded by the Emperor, or any other further than courtesy requires; and in a word, he is one of the best accomplished gentlemen in *Europe* for his person, port, and princely magnificence. He hath there to his inestimable charge, built the town, with many goodly houses, streets, lanes, a strong wall, and a deep ditch, all well furnished with munition and artillery, with a band of Soldiers which he keepeth in continual pay, allowing every man a dollar a week, and double apparel every year. Besides, he hath built a stately church, being above 120. steps to the roof, with a fair pair of organs, a curious carved pulpit, and all other ornaments

belonging to the same. His own palace may well be called an earthly paradise, which if I should run into the praise of the description of, I should bring my wits into an intricate labyrinth, that I should hardly find the way out, yet according to the imbecility of my memory I will only touch a little at the shadow of it, and let the substance stand where it doth.

At the front or outward gate is a most stately arch, upon the top whereof is erected the image of Envy, (as great as a demi Colossus) between two dragons, all gilt with gold, before the gate is an iron grate to open and shut as it were of flowers or work of embroidery, at which gate stands always a Court of guard, and a sentinal, and at the lower part of the arch is the Princes title or in capital letters as followeth ;

*ERNESTUS DEI GRATIA
COMES HOLST, Scomburgh,
Sternburgh, &c.*

After I was entered within the outward gate, I was shewed his stables, where I saw very fair and goodly horses, both for war and other uses, amongst the rest there was one naturally spotted like a leopard or panther, and is called by the name of leopard, a stately courageous beast and so formed as

if nature had laid all her cunning aside, only to compose that horse, and indeed I must acknowledge he was made for the service of some great Prince, and not for any inferior person.

Passing further, I came to another Court of guard, and over a draw-bridge, into the inner court, where on the right hand, I was conducted into the chapel, in which chapel, if it were possible that the hand of mortal men (with artificial workmanship) could visibly set forth the magnificent glory of the immortal Creator, then absolutely there it is, but being impossible so to do, (as near as I can) I will describe it; the pavement is all of black and grey marble, curiously wrought with chequer-work, the seats and pews are carved wainscoat of wonderful cunning and workmanship; the roof is adorned with the statues of Angels and Cherubims, many in number, all so richly gilded, as if gold were as plentiful as pewter, there could not be more liberality bestowed: besides there are a fair set of organs, with a brave sweet choir of choristers: so that when they sing, the lutes, viols, bandoraes, organs, recorders, sacbuts, and other musical instruments, all strike up together, with such a glorious delicious harmony, as if the angelical music of the spheres were descended into that earthly tabernacle. The Prince himself is a Protestant, very zealous in his prayer, and diligent in his attention to the preacher,

who although I understood not, yet I perceived he was a good Divine, who gravely and sincerely with reverence and eloquent elocution, delivered the Bread of Life to the understanding auditors.

In this town I staid with my brother from Saturday the last of *August*, till the Thursday following which was the fifth of *September*. When I was conducted an English mile on my way by certain of my Country men my Lords musicians, where we drank and parted, only my brother and my guide brought me that night to a strong walled town called *Minden*, which standeth on the river of *Weazar*, and belongeth to the Bishop of that See. On the morrow I walked to see the town, where I bought thirty-six cheeses for eightpence, and a yard and a half of pudding for fivepence, which I brought into *England* for rarities. So about noon we took a boat to pass down the river, which boat is much longer than any Western barge, but nothing near so broad, it was half laden with lime and chalk, and by reason the wind blew hard, we were almost choked with the flying and scattering of that dusty commodity. Besides the water was so shallow, that we ran a-ground three or four times, and sometimes an hour, sometimes less before we could get afloat again: which made me and my guide go a-shore at a village called *Peterhagen*, where we hired a waggon to *Leize*, where we stayed all night, (being

come into our old way again) where were a crew of strolling rogues and whores that took upon them the name of Egyptians, jugglers, and fortune-tellers, and indeed one of them held the good wife with a tale, the whilst another was picking her chest, and stole out ten dollers which is forty shillings, and she that talked with her, looked in her hand, and told her that if she did not take great heed she knew by her Art that some mischance was near her: which proved true, for her money was gone, the whilst her fortune was telling.

But I appointed a waggon over night to be ready by three of the clock in the morning, when I arose and applied my travel so hard by changing fresh waggons, so that that day I came as far as *Rodenburgh*, which was nine Dutch miles, where I stayed that night: The next day being Sunday the eight of *September*, we took waggon towards *Buckstahoo*, we had a merry boor, with an hundred tatters about him; and now I think it fit a little to describe these boors, their natures, habits, and unmannerly manners. In our English tongue the name boar or boor do truly explain their swinish condition, for most of them are as full of humanity as a bacon-hog, or a boar, and their wives as cleanly and courteous as sows. For the most part of the men they are clad in thin buckrum, unlined, bare legged and

footed, neither band nor scarce shirt, no woollen in the world about them, and thus will they run through all weathers for money by the waggons side, and though no better apparelled, yet all of them have houses, land, or manual means to live by. The substantial boors I did meet above 120. of them that Sunday, with every one a hatchet in his hand, I mused at it, and thought they had been going to fell wood that day, but my guide told me they were going to church, and that instead of cloaks they carried hatchets, and that it was the fashion of the country : whereupon it came into my mind, cloak, *quasi* cleave-oak, *ergo* the boors wear hatchets instead of cloaks.

There are other fashion boors, who wear white linen breeches as close as Irish trousers, but so long that they are turned up at the shoe in a roll like a maids sleeves at the hand, but what these fellows want in the bigness of their hose, they have in doublets, for their sleeves are as big as breeches, and the bodies great enough to hold a kilderkin of beer, and a barrel of butter.

The country is very full of woods, and especially oaks, which they very seldom cut down, because of the mast for their swine, which live there in great abundance. If any man be slain or murdered in the way, they use to set up a wooden cross in the

place, for a memorial of the bloody fact committed there, and there were many of those wooden crosses in the way as I travelled.

They seldom have any robbery committed amongst them, but there is a murder with it, for their unmannerly manner is to knock out a mans brains first, or else to lurk behind a tree, and shoot a man with a piece or a pistol, and so make sure work with the passenger, and then search his pockets.

It is as dangerous to steal or kill a hare in some places there, as it is to rob a church or kill a man in *England*, and yet a two-penny matter will discharge the offender, for the best and the worst is but an halter ; and I was informed that an English merchant (not knowing the danger) as he was riding on the way, having a piece charged in his hand (as it is an ordinary weapon to travel with there) by chance he espied a hare, and shot at her and killed her ; but he was apprehended for it, and it was like to have cost him his life ; but before he got out of the trouble, he was fain to use his best friends and means, (and pleading ignorance for his innocency, at last with the loss of a great deal of liberty, and five hundred pound in money, he was discharged : The reason of this strict course is, because all the hares in the country do belong to one Lord or other, and being in abundance, they are killed by the owners

appointment, and carried to the markets by cart-loads, and sold for the use of the honourable owners: And no boor or tenant that dwells in those part, where those hares are plenty must keep a dog except he pay five shillings a year to the Lord, or else one of his fore-feet must be cut off, that he may not hunt hares.

A man is in almost as high proportion to be a knave in England, as a Knight in Germany, for there a gentleman is called a youngcur, and a Knight is but a youngcurs man, so that you shall have a scurvy Squire command a Knight to hold his stirrup, pluck off his boots, or any other unknighly piece of service: and verily I think there are an 100 several Princes, Earls, Bishops, and other estates, that do every one keep a Mint, and in their own names stamp money, gold, silver and brass, and amongst 23. twopences which I had of their brass money, (which they call grushes) I had 13 several coins.

Many more such worthy injunctions and honourable ordinances I observed, which are hardly worth pen and ink the describing, and therefore I omit them, and draw towards an end, for on the Wednesday morning I was at an anchor at *Stoad*, and on the Friday night following I was (by Gods gracious assistance) landed at London. So that in three weeks and three days I sailed from *England*

to *Hamburgh* and back again, staying in the country
17. days, and travelled 200 miles by land there :
gathering like a busy bee all these honeyed
observations, some by sight, some by
hearing, some by both, some by
neither, and some by bare
supposition.

FINIS.





A Verry Merry VWherry-Ferry-

Voyage :

OR

Yorke for my Money :

Sometimes Perilous, sometimes Quarrellous,

Performed with a paire of Oares, by

Sea from *London*, by IOHN

TAYLOR, and IOB

PENNELL.

And written by I. T.



LONDON.

Imprinted by *Edw: All-de.*

1622.



AS MUCH HAPPINESS AS MAY
BE WISHED ATTEND
The Two hopeful Imps, of Gentility and Learning,
Mr. RICHARD and GEORGE HATTON.



YOU forward pair, in towardly designs,
To you I send these soused salt-water
lines :

Accept, read, laugh, and breathe, and to't again,
And still my muse, and I, shall yours remain.

JOHN TAYLOR

PROLOGUE.



NOW intend a Voyage here to write,
From London unto York, help to indite,
Great Neptune lend thy aid to me, who
past

*Through thy tempestuous waves with many a blast,
And then I'll true describe the towns, and men,
And manners, as I went and came agen.*





A

VERY MERRY-WHERRY-FERRY VOYAGE;

OR, YORK FOR MY MONEY.

THE Year which I do call as others do,
Full 1600. adding twenty^atwo : a. The year
of our Lord.
The Month of *July* that's for ever
fam'd,
(Because 'twas so by^b *Julius Cæsar* nam'd) b. July was
named so by
Cæsar.
Just when six days, and to each day a
night,

The dogged^c Dog-days had began to bite,
On that day which doth blest Remembrance bring,
The name of an Apostle, and our King,
On that remarkable good day, Saint *James*,
I undertook my Voyage down the *Thames*.
The Sign in *Cancer*,^d or the ribs and breast,
And *Æolus* blew sweetly, West Southwest.
Then after many farewells, cups and glasses,
(Which oftentimes hath made men worse than asses.)

c. The dog-
days were 6.
days entered.

d. I observe
signs, winds,
tides, days,
hours, times,
situations
and manners

2 *A very Merry-Wherry-Ferry Voyage.*

*e. Noon if
you'll like it
so.*

About the waist or^e navel of the day,
Not being dry or drunk, I went my way.
Our Wherry somewhat old, or struck in age,
That had endur'd near 4. years Pilgrimage,
And carried honest people, Whores, and Thieves,

*f. Boats are
like barbers
chairs, hack-
neys, or
whores:
common to
all estates.*

Some Sergeants, Bailiffs, and some^f under-Sheriffs,
And now at last it was her lot to be

Th' adventurous bonny bark to carry me.
But as an old whores beauty being gone
Hides Natures wreck, with Art like painting on:
So I with colours finely did repair
My boats defaults, and made her fresh and fair.
Thus being furnish'd with good wine and beer.
And bread and meat (to banish hungers fear)
With Sails, with Anchor, Cables, Sculls and Oars,
With Card and Compass, to know Seas and Shores,
With Lanthorn, Candle, Tinder-box and Match,
And with good courage, to work, ward, and watch,
Well man'd, well ship'd, well victual'd, well ap-
pointed,

Well in good health, well timbered and well jointed,
All wholly well, and yet not half fox'd¹ well,
Twixt *Kent*, and *Essex*, we to *Gravesend* fell.
There I had welcome of my friendly Host,
(A *Gravesend* trencher, and a *Gravesend* toast)

¹HALF-FOXED.—Timber is said to be *foxed*, when it becomes discoloured in consequence of incipient decay.

Good meat and lodging at an easy rate,
And rose betimes, although I lay down late.
Bright *Lucifer* the Messenger of day,
His burnished twinkling splendour did display:
Rose cheek'd *Aurora* hid her blushing face,
She spying *Phæbus* coming gave him place,
Whilst *Zephyrus*, and *Auster*, mix'd together,
Breath'd gently, as fore-boding pleasant weather;
Old *Neptune* had his Daughter *Thames* supplied,
With ample measure of a flowing tide,
But *Thames* supposed it was but borrowed goods,
And with her ebbs, paid *Neptune* back his floods.
Then at the time of this auspicious dawning,
I roused my men, who scrubbing, stretching,
 yawning,
Arose, left *Gravesend*, rowing down the stream,
And near to *Lee*, we to an anchor came.
Because the sand were bare, and water low,
We rested there, till it two hours did flow :
And then to travel went our galley-foist,*
Our anchor quickly weigh'd, our sail soon hoist,
Where thirty miles we past, a mile from shore,
The water two* foot deep, or little more.
Thus past we on the brave East Saxon Coast
From 3. at morn, till 2. at noon almost,
By *Shoebury*, *Wakering*, *Foulness*, *Tillingham*,
And then we into deeper water came.
There is a crooked bay runs winding far,

*g. These flat
sands are
called the
Spitta*

* GALLEY FOIST—A long barge with oars.

4 *A very Merry-Wherry-Ferry Voyage.*

To *Maldon, Estreford, and Colchester*,
Which cause 'twas much about, (to ease mens pain)
I left the land, and put into the main.
With speed, the crooked way to scape and pass,
I made out straight for *Frinton* and the *Nass*.
But being 3. leagues then from any land,
And holding of our main-sheet in my hand,
We did espy a coal-black cloud to rise,
Forerunner of some tempest from the skies ;
Scarce had we sail'd a hundred times our length,
But that the wind began to gather strength :
Stiff *Æolus* with *Neptune* went to cuffs :
With huffs, and puffs, and angry counter-buffs,
From boisterous gusts, they fell to fearful flaws,
Whilst we 'twixt wind and water, near Deaths jaws,
Tost like a cork upon the mountain main,
Up with a whiff, and straightway down again,
At which we in our minds much troubled were,
And said, *God bless us all, what weather's here ?*
For (in a word) the seas so high did grow,
That ships were forc'd to strike their topsails low :
Meantime (before the wind) we scudded brave,
Much like a duck, on top of every wave.
But nothing violent is permanent,
And in short space away the Tempest went.
So farewell it ; and you that Readers be,
Suppose it was no welcome Guest to me :
My company and I, it much perplext,

And let it come when I send for it next.
But leaving jesting, Thanks to God I give,
'Twas through his mercy we did scape and live,
And though these things with mirth I do express,
Yet still I think on God with thankfulness.
Thus ceased the storm, and weather gan to smile,
And we row'd near the shore of *Horsly* Isle.
Then did illustrious *Titan* gin to steep
His chariot in the Western Ocean deep
We saw the far-spent day, withdraw his light,
And made for *Harwich*, where we lay all night.
There did I find an Hostess with a tongue
As nimble as it had on gimmals* hung :
'Twill never tire, though it continual toil'd,
And went as yare, as if he had been oil'd :
All's one for that, for ought which I perceive,
It is a fault which all our Mothers have:
And is so firmly grafted in the sex,
That he's an ass that seems thèreat to vex.
Apollos beams began to gild the hills
And West Southwest the wind the welkin fills,
When I left *Harwich*, and along we row'd
Against a smooth calm flood that stifly flow'd,
By *Bawdsey* Haven, and by *Orford Nass*,
And so by *Aldborough* we at last did pass.
By *Lowestoff* we to *Yarmouth* made our way,
Our third days travel being Saturday,
There did I see a town well fortified,

*GIMMAL.—Any joined work whose parts move within each other.

6 *A very Merry-Wherry-Ferry Voyage.*

Well govern'd, with all Natures wants supplied;
 The situation in a wholesome air,
 The buildings (for the most part) sumptuous fair,
 The people courteous, and industrious, and
 With labour makes the sea enrich the land.
 Besides (for ought I know) this one thing more,
 The town can scarcely yield a man a whore:
 It is renowned for fishing, far and near,

*h. It hath not
 a fellow in
 England for
 fishing.*

And sure in *Britain* it hath not a pheer.*

But noble *Nash*, thy fame shall live always,

*i. A book
 called
 the Praise of
 the Red
 Herring.*

Thy witty Pamphlet, the red^t Herring praise,

Hath done great *Yarmouth* much renowned right,

And put my artless Muse to silence quite.

On Sunday we a learned sermon had,

Taught to confirm the good, reform the bad,

Acquaintance in the town I scarce had any,

And sought for none, in fear to find too many,

*t. And a ship
 Carpenter.*

Much kindness to me by mine Host was done,

(A Mariner^t nam'd *William Richardson*)

Besides mine Hostess gave to me at last,

A cheese with which at sea we break our fast.

The gift was round, and had no end indeed,

But yet we made an end of it with speed:

My thanks surmounts her bounty, all men sees,

My gratitudes in print: but where's the *Cheese*,

So on the Monday, betwixt one and twain,

I took leave, and put to sea again,

Down *Yarmouth* Road we row'd with cutting speed,

A very Merry-Wherry-Ferry Voyage. 7

(The wind all quiet, arms must do the deed)
Along by *Castor*, and sea-bordering towns,
Whose cliffs and shores abide stern *Neptunes*
frowns,

Sometimes a mile from land, and sometimes two,
(As depths or sands permitting us to do)
Till drawing towards night, we did perceive
The wind at East, and Seas began to heave :
The rolling billows all in fury roars
And tumbled us, we scarce could use our oars :
Thus on a lee-shore darkness began to come,
The Sea grew high, the winds 'gan hiss and hum:
The foaming curled waves the shore did beat,
(As if the Ocean would all *Norfolk* eat)
To keep at sea was dangerous I did think,
To go to land I stood in doubt to sink:
Thus landing, or not landing (I suppos'd)
We were in peril' round about inclos'd;

*J. Were we in
a puzzle.*

• At last to row to shore I thought it best,
'Mongst many evils, thinking that the least:
My men all pleas'd to do as I command,
Did turn the boats head opposite to land,
And with the highest wave that I could spy,
I bade them to row to shore immediately.
When straight we all leap'd over-board in haste,
Some to the knees, and some up to the waist,
Were suddenly 'twixt owl-light and the dark,
We pluck'd the boat beyond high-water mark.

8 *A very Merry-Wherry-Ferry Voyage.*

And thus half soused, half stewed, with Sea and
sweat,

We land at *Cromer* Town, half dry, half wet.

But we supposing all was safe and well,

In shunning^k *Scylla*, on *Charybdis* fell :

k. We were like Flounders alive in a frying-pan that leaped into the fire to save themselves. For why, some women, and some children there

That saw us land, were all possessed with fear :

And much amaz'd, ran crying up and down,

That enemies were come to take the town.

Some said that we were Pirates, some said Thieves,

And what the women says, the men believes,

With that four Constables did quickly call,

Your Aid ! to Arms your men of *Cromer* all !

Then straightway forty men with rusty Bills,

Some arm'd in ale, all of approved skills,

Divided into four stout Regiments,

To guard the Town from dangerous events ;

l. These were the names of the cumbersome Cromorian Constables. Brave Captain^l *Pescod* did the Van-guard lead,

And Captain *Clarke* the Rearward governed,

Whilst Captain *Wiseman*, and hot Captain *Kimble*,

Were in main Battalia fierce and nimble:

One with his squadron watch'd me all the night,

Lest from my lodging I should take my flight :

A second (like a man of simple note)

Did by the sea side all night watch my boat,

The other two, to make their names renowned,

Did guard the Town, and bravely walk the round.

And thus my boat, myself, and all my men,

Were stoutly guarded, and regarded then :
For they were all so full with fear possessed,
That without mirth it cannot be expressed.
My invention doth curvet, my Muse doth caper,
My pen doth dance out lines upon the paper,
And in word I am as full of mirth,
As mighty men are at their first sons birth.
Methinks *Moriscoes* are within my brains,
And *Heys*, and *Antics* run through all my veins :
Heigh, to the tune of *Trenchmore** I could write
The valiant men of *Cromers* sad affright :
As sheep do fear the wolf, or geese the fox,
So all amazed were these senseless blocks :
That had the town been fir'd, it is a doubt,
But that the women there had pist it out,
And from the men reek'd such a fearful scent,
That people three * miles thence mus'd what it meant,
And he the truth that narrowly had sifted,
Had found the Constables, had need t'have shifted.
They did examine me, I answer'd then
I was *John Taylor* and a Waterman,
And that my honest fellow *Job* and I,
Were servants to King *James* his Majesty,
How we to *York*, upon a mart were bound,
And that we landed, fearing to be drown'd,
When all this would not satisfy the crew,
I freely ope'd my trunk, and bade them view,
I shew'd them Books, of Chronicles and Kings,

*m. People did
come thither
3. or 4. miles
about, to
know what
the matter
was.*

*TRENCHMORE.—A boisterous dance to a lively tune.

Some prose, some verse, and idle sonnetings,
 I shew'd them all my Letters to the full :
 Some to *Yorks* Archbishop, and some to *Hull*,
 But had the twelve Apostles sure been there

*n. I had as
 good have
 said nothing.*

My witnesses, I had been ne'er the* near.
 And let me use all Oaths that I could use,
 They still were harder of belief than Jews.
 They wanted Faith, and had resolv'd before,
 Not to believe what e'er we said or swore.
 They said the world was full of much deceit,

*o Diligent
 Officers.*

And that my Letters might be^o counterfeit :
 Besides, there's one thing bred the more dislike,
 Because mine Host was known a Catholic.
 These things concurring, people came in clusters,
 And multitudes within my lodging musters,
 That I was almost worried unto death,
 In danger to be stifled with their breath.
 And had mine Host took pence apiece of those,
 Who came to gaze on me, I do suppose,
 No *Jack* an *Apes*, *Baboon*, or *Crocodile*

*p. The dan-
 cing on the
 ropes, or a
 Puppetplay,
 had come
 short of his
 takings
 accounting
 time for
 time.*

E'er got more money in so small a^p while.
 Besides, the peasants did this one thing more,
 They call'd and drank four shillings on my score :
 And like unmanner'd mongrels went their way,

*q. This was
 more than I
 could
 willingly
 afford.*

Not spending ought, but leaving me to^q pay.
 This was the household business in mean space
 Some rascals ran unto my boat apace,
 And turn'd and tumbled her, like men of *Gotham*,

Quite topsy turvy upward with her bottom,
Vowing they would in tatters piece-meal tear
They cursed Pirates boat, that bred their fear ;
And I am sure, their madness (to my harm)
Tore a board out, much longer than mine arm.
And they so bruise'd, and split our wherry, that
She leaked, we cast our water with a hat.
Now let men judge, upon this truths revealing,
If Turks or Moors could use more barb'rous dealing ;
Or whether it be fit I should not write
Their envy, foolish fear, and mad despite.
What may wise men conceive, when they shall note,
That five unarmed men, in a wherry boat,
Naught to defend, or to offend with stripes,
But one old^r sword and two Tobacco-Pipes,
And that of Constables a murnivall,¹
Men, women, children, all in general,
And that they all should be so valiant, wise,
To fear we would a Market Town surprise.
In all that's writ I vow I am no liar,
I muse the beacons were not set on fire.
The dreadful names of *Talbot*, or of *Drake*,
Ne'er made the foes of *England* more to quake
Than I made *Cromer* ; for their fear and dolor,
Each man might smell out by his neighbours' choler.
At last the joyful morning did approach,
And *Sol* began to mount his flaming coach :

r. And the sword was rusty with salt water. that it had need of a quarters warning ere it would come out.

s. A brave scent.

¹MURNIVALL.—Four cards of the same rank.

Then did I think my Purgatory done,
And 'rose betimes intending to be gone ;
But holla! stay, 'twas *otherways* with me,
The mass of Constables were shrunk to three :
Sweet Mr. *Pescods* double diligence
Had horsed himself, to bear intelligence
To Justices of Peace within the land,
What dangerous business there was now in hand :
There was I forc'd to tarry all the while,
Till some said he rode four and twenty mile,
In seeking men of Worship, Peace and *Quorum*,
Most wisely to declare strange news before um.
And whatsoever tales he did recite,
I'm sure he caus'd Sir *Austin Palgrave*, Knight,
And Mr. *Robert Kemp* a Justice there
Came before me, to know how matters were.
As conference 'twixt them and I did pass,
They quickly understood me what I was :
And though they knew me not in prose and looks,
They had read of me in my verse, and books ;
My businesses account I there did make,
And I and all my company did take
The lawful Oath of our Allegiance then,
By which we were believ'd for honest men.
In duty, and in all humility
I do acknowledge the kind courtesy
Of those two Gentlemen ; for they did see,
How much the people were deceiv'd in me,

They gave me coin, and wine, and sugar too,
And did as much as lay in them to do,
To find them that my boat had torn and rent,
And so to give them worthy punishment.
Besides Sir *Austin Palgrave* bade me this,
To go but four miles, where his dwelling is,
And I and all my company should there
Find friendly welcome, mix'd with other cheer.
I gave them thanks, and so I'll give them still,
And did accept their cheer in their good will.
Then 3. a clock at afternoon and past,
I was discharged from *Cromer* at the last.
But for men shall not think that enviously
Against this Town I let my lines to fly :
And that I do not lie, or scoff, or fable,
For them I will write something charitable.
It is an Ancient Market Town that stands
Upon a lofty cliff of mouldring sands :
The sea against the cliffs doth daily beat,
And every tide into the land doth eat,
The Town is poor, unable by expense,
Against the raging sea to make defence :
And every day it eateth further in,
Still waiting, washing down the sand doth win,
That if some course be not ta'en speedily,
The Town's in danger in the Sea to lie.
A goodly Church stands on these brittle grounds,

*t. He would
have had us
to have staid
three or four
days with
him.*

Not many fairer in Great Britain's bounds :
 And if the sea shall swallow it, as some fear,
 Tis not ten thousand pounds the like could rear.
 No Christian can behold it but with grief,
 And with my heart I wish them quick relief.
 So farewell *Cromer*, I have spoke for thee,
 Though thou did'st much unkindly deal with me,
 And honest Mariners, I thank you there
 Labouriously you in your arms did bear
 My boat for me, three furlongs at the least,
 When as the tide of ebb was so decreased,
 You waded, and you launched her quite afloat,
 And on your backs you bore us to our boat.
 The unkindness that I had before, it come,
 Because the Constables were troublesome :
 Longed to be busy, would be men of action,
 Whose labours was their travels satisfaction :
 Who all were born when wit was out of town,
 And therefore got but little of their own :
 So farewell *Pescod, Wiseman, Kimble,* Clarke*,
 Four sons of *Ignorance* (or much more dark)
 You made me loose a day of brave calm weather,
 So once again farewell, fare ill together.
 Then 'longst the *Norfolk* coast we rowed out-right,
 To *Blackney*, when we saw the coming night,
 The burning eye of day began to wink,
 And into *Thetis* lay his beams to shrink :
 And as he went, stained the departed sky,

u. They
 longed for
 employment,
 and rather
 than be idle,
 would be ill
 occupied.

With red, blue, purple, and vermillion dye,
Till all our Hemisphere laments his lack,
And mourning night puts on a robe of black,
Bespangled diversely with golden sparks,
Some moveable, some Sea-mens fixed marks.
The milky way that blest *Astraea* went,
When as she left this Earthly continent,
Showed like a Crystal causeway to the Thrones
Of *Jove* and *Saturn*, paved with precious Stones.
Old *Oceanus*, *Neptune*,^v *Inachus*,
And two and thirty huff-cap'd *Æolus*,
Had all ta'en truce and were in league combined,
No billows foaming, or no breath of Wind ;
The solid Earth, the Air, the Ocean deep
Seemed as the whole world had been fast asleep.
In such a pleasant Even' as this came I
To *Blackney*, with my Ship and Company :
Whereas I found my entertainment good
For welcome, drinking, lodging, and for food.
The morrow when *Latonas* Sun 'gan rise,
And with his Light illumines mortal eyes :
When cocks did crow, and lambs did bleat and
blee,
I mounted from my couch, and put to sea,
Like glass the Oceans face was smooth and calm,
The gentle Air breath'd like *Arabian* balm,
Gusts, storms and flaws, lay sleeping in their cells,
Whilst with much labour we ow'd o'r the *Wells*.

v. The God
of Rivers,
Springs,
Brooks,
Floods, and
Fountains.

16 *A very Merry-Wherry Ferry Voyage.*

w. We rowed
above 100.
miles that
day.

This was the greatest^w day of work indeed.

And it behov'd us much, to make much speed:

For why, before that day did quite expire,

We past the dangerous *Wash*, to *Lincolnshire*.

And there in three hours space and little more,

We row'd to *Boston* from the *Norfolk* shore :

Which do report of people that dwell there,

Is six and twenty mile, or very near.

The way unknown, and we no Pilot had,

Flats, Sands and Shoals ; and Tides all raging mad,

Which Sands our passage many times denied,

y. Sands lying
crookedly in
our way,
making us go
three or four
miles about
at low water

And put us sometimes^y three or four miles wide,

Besides the Flood runs there with such great force,

That I imagine it out-runs a horse :

And with a head some 4. foot high then roars,

It on the sudden swells and beats the Shores.

It tumbled us a ground upon the Sands,

And all that we could do with wit, or hands,

Could not resist it, but we were in doubt,

It would have beaten our boats bottom out.

It hath less mercy than *Bear*, *Wolf*, or *Tiger*,

z. It is so
called in Mr.
Draytons
second part
of Polyol-
bion his
treatise of
Humber.

And in those Countries it is call'd the^z *Higer*.

We much were unacquainted with those fashions,

And much it troubled us with sundry passions :

We thought the shore we never should recover,

And look'd still when our boat would tumble over.

But *He* that made all with his word of might,

Brought us to *Boston*, where we lodg'd all night.

The morrow morning when the Sun 'gan peep,
I awak'd and rubb'd mine eyes, and shak'd off sleep,
And understanding that the River went,
From *Boston*, up to *Lincoln*, and to *Trent*,
To *Humber*, *Ouse*, and *York*, and (taking pain)
We need not come in sight of Sea again,
I lik'd the motion, and made haste away
To *Lincoln*, which was 50. mile, that day :
Which City in the 3. King *Edwards* Reign,
Was th' only staple, for this Kingdoms gain
For Leather, Lead, and Wool, and then was seen
Five times ten Churches there, but now fifteen :
A brave Cathedral Church there now doth stand,
That scarcely hath a fellow in this land :
'Tis for a Godly use, a goodly frame,
And bears the blessed Virgin *Marys* name.
The Town is Ancient, and by course of Fate,
Through wars, and Time, defac'd and ruinate,
But Monarchies, & Empires, Kingdoms, Crowns,
Have rose or fell, as Fortune smiles or frowns :
And Towns, and Cities have their portions had
Of time-tost variations, good and bad.
There is a Proverb, part of which is this,
They say that *Lincoln was, and London is*.
From thence we past a ditch of weeds and mud,
Which they do (falsely) there call^a *Forcedyke Flood* :
For I'll be sworn, no flood I could find there,
But dirt and filth, which scarce my boat would bear

a. It is a passage out through the land eight miles from *Lincoln* into *Trent*, but through either the peoples poverty or negligence it is grown up with weeds, and mud, so that in the summer it is in many places almost dry.

'Tis 8 miles long, and there our pains was such.
 As all our travel did not seem so much,
 My men did wade and draw the boat like horses,
 And scarce could tug her on with all our forces :
 Moil'd, toil'd, mir'd, tir'd, still labr'ing, ever doing,
 Yet were we 9. long hours that 8. miles going.
 At last when as the day was well-nigh spent,
 We got from *Forcedykes* floodless flood to *Trent*.
 Ev'n as the windows of the day did shut,
 Down *Trents* swift stream, to *Gainsborough* we put,
 There did we rest until the morning star,
 The joyful doors of dawning did unbar :
 To *Humbers* churlish streams, our course we
 fram'd,
 So nam'd for drowning of a King so nam'd.
 And there the swift ebb tide ran in such sort,
 The wind at East, the waves break thick and
 short ;
 That in some doubts, it me began to strike,
 For in my life, I ne'r had seen the like.
 My way was up to *York*, but my intent
 Was contrary, for from the fall of *Trent*
 I^b fifteen mile went downwards East Northwest,
 When as my way was upward West Southwest,
 And as against the wind we madly venture,
 The waves like Pirates board our boat and enter,
 But though they came in fury, and amain,
 Like Thieves we cast them over-board again.

*b. I went
 fifteen mile
 out of Trent
 down
 Humber on
 purpose to
 see Hull,
 when my way
 was quite
 contrary.*

This conflict lasted two hours to the full,
Until we gat to *Kingston* upon *Hull* :
For to that Town I had proved a friend,
That Letters did and Commendations send
By me unto the worthy Magistrate,
The Mayor, and some of's Brethren, in that State.
Besides I had some letters, of like charge,
From my good friend, the Master of the Large,
Unto some friends of his, that they would there
Give me^c *Hull* Cheese, and welcome and good
cheer.

^c *Hull Cheese*
is much like
a loaf out of
a brewers
basket, it is
composed of
two simples,
malt and
water, in one
compound,
and is cousin
German to
the mightiest
ale in
England.

Sunday at Mr. Mayors much cheer and wine,
Where as the *Hall* did in the Parlour dine,
At night with one that had been Sheriff I sup'd,
Well entertain'd I was, and half well Cup'd :
On Monday noon, I was invited then
To a grave Justicer, an Alderman,
And there such cheer as Earth and Waters yield,
Shew'd like a harvest in a plenteous *Field*.
Another I must thank for his good will,
For he *Prest*^d on to bid me welcome still.
There is a Captain of good Life and Fame,
And, *God with us*, I oft have call'd his Name,
He welcom'd me, as I had been his fellow,
Lent me his silken Colours, Black and Yellow,
Which to our mast made fast, we with a drum
Did keep, till we to *York* in triumph come.
Thanks to my loving Host and Hostess *Pease*,

^d The mean-
ing of those
marks are
only known
to the towns-
men there.

There at mine Inn, each night I took mine ease :
And there I got a cantle¹ of *Hull Cheese*

*e An ingenu-
ous man
named
Machabeus.*

One Evening late, I thank thee *Maccabees*.

Kind *Roger Parker*, many thanks to thee,

Thou shew'dst much undeserved love to me,

Laid my boat safe, spent time, coin and endea-
vour,

And mad'st money counted copper ever :

But as at feasts, the first course being past,

Men do reserve their dainties till the last,

So my most thanks I ever whil'st I live,

Will to the Mayor, and his Brethren give,

But most of all, to shut up all together

f. Mr. I. I.

I give him thanks that did commend' me thither,

Their loves (like *Humber*) overflow'd the banks,

And though I ebb in worth, I'll flow in thanks.

Thus leaving off the men, now of the town

Some things which I observ'd I'll here set down :

And partly to declare it's praise and worth,

It is the only Bulwark of the North.

All other Towns for strength to it may strike,

And all the Northern parts have not the like.

The people from the Sea much wealth have won,

Each man doth live as he were *Neptunes* Son.

Th' Antiquity thereof a man may read

In Reverend *Camdens* works, and painful *Speed* :

How in King *Edwards* Reign first of that name

¹CANTLE OF HULL CHEESE.—i.e., a portion of strong ale.

Then called *Wyke*. Then did they *Kingston* frame,
And then the Townsmen cut a^r River there,
An ex'lent Haven, a Defence or Pier :
Built with excessive charge, to save it from
Fierce *Humbers* Raging, that each Tide doth come.
From time to time, more Greatness still it gained,
Till lately when the Eighth King *Henry* Reign'd,
He made it greater by his often resort,
And many times kept there his Royal Court,
He Wall'd it well, built Battlements, and Gates,
And (more with Honour to augment their States)
He built two Blockhouses, and Castle strong,
To Guard the Town from all Invasive wrong.
He gave them much Munition, Swords, Shafts, Bows,
And Brazen Ordnance, as the world well knows,
Which Guns he gave them for the Towns defence,
But were in 88. all borrowed thence,
With promise they again should be sent back :
But the performance ever hath been slack.
Now in this Iron age, their Guns I see,
Are metal like the Age, and Iron be :
And glad they would be, if they could obtain,
To change that metal, for their own again.
Four well built Gates, with bolts, and locks, and
bars,
For ornament or strength, in Peace or Wars;
Besides, to keep their Foes the further out,
They can Drown all the Land three miles about,

*g. The river
of Hull is 20.
miles in
length, cut
with mens
labour, to
the infinite
commodity
of the
country.*

'Tis plentifully serv'd with Flesh and Fish,
 As cheap, and reasonable men can wish.
 And thus by Gods grace, and mans industry,
 Dame Nature, or mens Art does it supply.
 Some 10 years since fresh water there was scant,
 But with much cost they have supplied that want ;
 By a most ex'lent water-works that's made,
 And to the Town in pipes it is convey'd,
 Wrought with most Artificial engines, and
 Perform'd by th' art of the Industrious hand

*h. He built
 another fair
 waterworks
 at York, of
 free-stone,
 which doth
 the City
 exceeding
 service.*

Of Mr.^h *William Maultby*, Gentleman,
 So that each man of note there always can
 But turn a cock within his house, and still
 They have fresh-water always at their will,
 This have they all unto their great content,
 For which, they each do pay a yearly rent,
 There is a Proverb, and a Prayer withal,
 That we may not to three strange places fall :
 From *Hull*, from *Halifax*, from *Hell*, 'tis thus,
 From all these three, *Good Lord deliver us*.
 This praying Proverb's meaning to set down,
 Men do not wish deliverance from the Town :
 The towns nam'd *Kingston*, *Hull's* the furious River :
 And from *Hulls* dangers, I say *Lord deliver*.
 At *Halifax*, the law so sharp doth deal,
 That whoso more than I 3. Pence doth steal,
 They have a Lyn that wondrous quick and well,
 Sends thieves all headless unto Heav'n or Hell.

From *Hell* each man says, *Lord deliver me,*
Because from *Hell* can no redemption be :
Men may escape from *Hull* and *Halifax*,
But sure in *Hell* there is a heavier tax,
Let each one for themselves in this agree,
And pray, from *Hell* good *Lord deliver me.*
The Proverb and the Prayer expounded plain,
Now to the orders of the town again :
I think it merits praise for Government,
More than all towns in *Britains* continent,
As first their Charity doth much appear,
They for the poor have so^t provided there,
That if a man should walk from Morn till Night,
He shall not see one beggar; nor a mite
Or anything shall be demanded ever,
But every one there doth their best endeavour
To make the idle work, and to relieve
Those that are old and past, or sickness grieve.
All poor mens children have a house most fit,
Whereas they sew, and spin, and card, and knit :
Where all of them have something still to do,
As their capacities will reach unto,
So that no idle person, Old or Young
Within the town doth harbour or belong.
It yearly costs five hundred pounds besides,
To fence the town, from *Hull* and *Humbers* tides,
For stakes, for bavins,¹ timber, stones, and piles,
All which are brought by water many miles,



*t. Mark, for
all is true.*

¹BAVIN.—A brushwood faggot.

For workmens labour, and a world of things,
 Which on the town excessive charges brings.
 All which with peril, industry and sweat,
 They from the bowels of the ocean get,
 They have a Bridewell, and and ex'lent skill,
 To make some people work against their will :
 And there they have their lodging and their meat,
 Clean whips,¹ and every thing exceeding neat :
 And thus with fair or foul means always, they
 Give idle persons little time to play.
 Besides, for every Sea or Marine cause
 They have a house of *Trinity*, whose laws
 And orders do confirm, or else reform
 That which is right, or that which wrongs deform.
 It is is a come!v built well ordered place,
 But that which most of all the House doth grace,
 Are rooms for widows, who are old and poor,
 And have been wives to Mariners before.
 They are for House-room, food, or lodging, or
 For firing, Christianly provided for,
 And as some die, some do their places win,
 As one goes out, another doth come in.
 Should I in all things give the Town it's due,
 Some fools would say I flatter'd, spake untrue :
 Or that I partial in my writings were,
 Because they made me welcome, and good cheer :
 But for all those that such thoughts of me,
 I rather wish that them I hang'd may see,

¹WHIP.—A wisp of straw.

Then that they justly could report, that I
Did rhyme for victuals, hunger to supply ;
Or that my Muse, or working brains should beat,
To flatter, fawn, or lie, for drink or meat :
Let Trencher-poets scrape for such base vails,
I'll take an oar in hand when writing fails ;
And 'twixt the boat and pen, I make no doubt,
But I shall shift to pick a living out,
Without base flattery, or false coined words,
To mouldy Madams, or unworthy Lords ;
Or whatsoe'er degree, or Towns, or Nations ;
I ever did, and still with scorn such fashions.
Hear-say,¹ sometimes upon a lie may light,
But what I see and know, I dare to write.
Mine eyes did view, before my pen set down,
These things that I have written of this Town :
A new built Custom-house, a fair Town-Hall,
For solemn-meeting, or a festival :
A Mayor, twelve Aldermen, one Sheriff, Recorder,
A Town-clerk, altogether in one order,
And uniformity do govern so,
They need not flatter friend, or fear a foe,
A Sword, a Cap of maintenance, a Mace
Great, and well gilt, to do the Town more grace :
Are borne before the Mayor, and Aldermen,
And on festivities, or high-days then,
Those Magistrates their scarlet Gowns do wear,
And have six Sergeants to attend each year.

*J. I write not
by hearsay.*

Now let men say what town in *England* is,
 That truly can compare itself with this:
 For situation, strength and Government,
 For Charity, for plenty, for content,
 For state ? and one thing more I there was told,
 Not one *Recusant* all the Town doth hold,
 Nor (as they say) ther's not a *Puritan*,
 Or any nose-wise fool *Precisian*,
 But great and small, with one consent and will,
 Obey his Majestys Injunctions still.
 They say that once therein two sisters dwelt,
 Which inwardly the prick of Conscience felt,
 They came to *London*, (having wherewithal)
 To buy two bibles, all *Canonical*,
 Th' *Apocrypha* did put them in some doubt,
 And therefore both their books were bound without.
 Except those two, I ne'er did hear of any
 At *Hull*, though many places have too many.
 But as one scabbed sheep a flock may mar,
 So there's one man, whose nose did stand ajar :
 Talk'd very scurvily, and look'd askew,
 Because I in a worthy Towns-mans pew
 Was placed at Church, when (God knows I ne'r thought,
 To sit there, I was by the owner brought,)
 This Squire of low degree displeased than
 Said, I at most was but a Water-man,
 And that they such great kindness setting forth,
 Made more o'th flesh than e'er the broth was worth :

Which I confess, but yet I answer make,
'Twas more than I with manners could forsake;
He sure is some high-minded *Pharisee*,
Or else infected with their Heresy,
And must be set down in their catalogues.
They lov'd the highest seats in Synagogues,
And so (perhaps) doth he, for ought I know,
He may be mounted, when I sit below :
But let him not a Water-man despise,
For from the water he himself did rise,
And winds and water both on him have smil'd
Else, the great Merchant he had ne'er been styl'd :
His character I finely will contrive,
He's scornful proud, and talking talkative :
A great ingrosser of strange speech and news,
And one that would sit in the highest pews,
But bate an ace, he'll hardly win the game,
And if I list, I could *rake*^k out his name.
Thanks Mr. Mayor, for my bacon gammon,
Thanks *Roger Parker*, for my small fresh salmon.
'Twas ex'lent good, and more the truth to tell ye,
Boil'd with a fine plum-pudding in the belly.
The sixth of August, well accompanied
With best of Towns-men to the waters side,
There did I take my leave, and to my ship
I with my drum and colours quickly skip :
The one did dub-a-dub and rumble, brave
The *Ensign* in the air did play and wave :

^k But I was
ever better
with forks to
scatter, than
with rakes to
gather, there-
fore I would
not have the
townsmen to
mistake
chalk for
cheese, or
Robert for
Richard.

I launch'd, supposing all things had been done,
Bounce, from the Block-house, quoth a roaring gun.
 And waving hats on both sides with content.
 I cried Adieu, Adieu, and thence we went
 Up *Humbers* flood that then amain did swell,
 Winds calm, and water quiet as a well :
 We row'd to *Ouse* with all our force and might,
 To *Cawood*, where we well were lodg'd all night.
 The morrow, when as *Phæbus* 'gan to smile,
 I forwards set to *York* eight little mile :
 But two miles short of *York* I landed then,

*1. At Bishop-
 thorpe.
 where the
 right rever
 end Father
 in God, Toby
 Mathew
 Archbishop
 of York his
 Grace did
 make me
 welcome.*

To see that reverend¹ Metropolitan,
 That watchful Shepherd, that with care doth keep
 Th'infernal wolf, from Heav'ns supernal sheep :
 The painful preacher that, most free Alms-giver,
 That though he live long, is too short a liver :
 That man, whose age the poor do all lament,
 All knowing, when his Pilgrimage is spent,
 When earth to earth returns, as Natures debtor,
 They far the proverb, *Seldom comes the better*.
 His Doctrine and example speak his due,
 And what all people says, must needs be true.
 In duty I most humbly thank his Grace,
 He at his table made me have a place,
 And meat and drink, and gold he gave me there,
 Whilst all my crew i'th Hall were filled with cheer :
 So having din'd, from thence we quickly past,
 Through *Ouse* strong bridge, to *York* fair City last,

Our drowning scap'd, more danger was ensuing,
'Twas 'size time there, and hanging was a brewing :
But had our fault been ne'er so Capital,
We at the Vintners bar durst answer all.
Then to the good Lord Mayor I went, and told
What labour, and what dangers manifold,
My fellow and myself had past at seas.
And if it might his noble Lordship please,
The boat that did from *London* thither swim
With us, in duty we would give to him.
His Lordship pausing, with a reverend hum,
My friend (quoth he) to-morrow morning come :
In the mean space I'll of the matter think,
And so he bade me to go ne'r and drink.
I drank a cup of claret and some beer,
And sure (for ought I know) he^a keeps good cheer,
I gave his Lordship in red gilded leather,
A well bound book of all my works together,
Which he did take^b.

a. There is
some odds
between
keeping and
spending
change.

b. Here I
make a full
point, for I
received not
a pint in
exchange.

There in the City were some men of note,
That gladly would give money for our boat:
But all this while good manners bade us stay,
To have my good Lord Mayor's yea, or nay.
But after long demurring of the matter^c,
He was well pleas'd to see her on the water,
And then my men row'd half an hour or more,
Whilst he stood viewing her upon the shore.
They bore his Lordships children in her there,

c. I thought
it my duty
(seeing we
had come a
dangerous
voyage) to
offer our
boat to the
chief
magistrate :
for why
should not

*my boat be
as good a
monument,
as Tom
Cortals
everlasting
overtramp-
ling land-
conquering
shoes thought
I!*

*d. And for-
got to say, I
thank you
good fellows.*

*e A substan-
tial worthy
Citizen, who
hath been
Shrieve of
York, and
now creeps
the George
in Cunny
Street.*

*f Ebranc was
the fifth K.
of Britian
after Brute
g. An Arch-
Flamen.
which was
as an
idolatrous
high priest
to Diana.*

And many others, as she well could bear.
At which Honour was exceeding merry,
Saying it was a pretty nimble Wherry :
But when my men had taken all this pains,
Into their eyes they might have put their gains,

Unto his shop he did^d perambulate,
And there amongst his bars of iron sate.

I ask'd him if he would our boat forgo,
Or have her and his Lordship answered *No*,
I took him at his word, and said, good bye,
And gladly away with my boat went I.
I sold the boat, as I suppos'd most meet,

To honest^e Mr. *Kayes* in Cunny Street :
He entertain'd me well, for which I thanked him,
And gratefully amongst my friends I'll rank him.
My kind remembrance here I put in paper.

To worthy Mr. *Hemsworth* there a draper.
Amongst the rest he's one that I most thank,
With his good wife, and honest brother *Frank*
Now for the City: 'tis of state and Port,
Where Emperors and Kings have kept their Court
989, year of foundation

Was laid, before our Saviours Incarnation,
By ^f*Ebranc* who a temple there did rear,
And plac'd a ^gFlamen to *Diana* there :
But when King *Lucius* here the stepert swayed.
The Idols level with the ground were laid,
Than *Eleutherius*, Rome high bishop plac'd,

An Archbishop at *York*, with titles grac'd,
 Then after Christ 627.
 Was *Edwin*^a baptized by the grace of heaven,
 He pluck'd the Minister down, that then was wood,
 And made it stone, a deed both great and good.
 The City oft hath known the chance of wars,
 Of cruel foreign, and of home-bred jars.
 And those that further please thereof to read,
 May turn the volumes of great *Holinshed*,
 'Tis large, 'tis pleasant and magnificent,
 The Norths most fertile famous ornament:
 'Tis rich and populous,ⁱ and hath indeed
 No want of anything to serve their need,
 Abundance doth that noble City make
 Much abler to bestow, than need to take.
 So farewell *York*, the tenth of August then
 Away I came for *London* with my men.
 To dinner I to *Pomfret*^j quickly rode,
 Where good hot venison staid for my abode,
 I thank thee worshipful *George Shillito*,
 He fill'd my men and me, and let us go.
 There did I well view over twice or thrice,
 A strong, a fair, and ancient edifice:
 Re-edifi'd where it was ruined most,
 At th' high and hopeful Prince^k of *Wales* his cost.
 I saw the room where *Exton*^l and his rout
 Of Traitors, royal *Richards* brains beat out :
 And if that King did strike so many blows,

^a *Edwin and his whole family were baptised on Easter day the 12. of April 674.*

ⁱ *Yorkshire the greatest shire in England, and 303. miles about speed.*

^j *Pomfret Castle.*

^k *Prince Charles.*

^l *Sir Pierce of Exton Knight. King Richard the second murdered there.*

As hacks and hews upon one pillar shows,
There are one hundred slashes, he withstood,
Before the Villains shed his Kingly blood.
From *Pomfret* then, unto my noble friend,
Sir *Robert Swift* at *Doncaster* we wend,
An ancient Knight, of a most generous spirit,
Who made me welcome far beyond my merit.
From thence by *Newark*, I to *Stamford* past,
And so in time to *London* at the last,
With friends and neighbours, all with loving hearts,
Did welcome me with pottles, pints and quarts.
Which made my Muse more glib, and blithe to tell
This story of my Voyage. So farewell.



An Epilogue.

*Thus have I brought to end a work of pain,
I wish it may requite me with some gain :
For well I wot, the dangers where I ventured,
No full bag'd man would ever durst have entered :
But having further shores for to discover
Hereafter, now my pen doth here give over.*

FINIS.

A New Discovery
BY SEA,
With a Wherry from London
to Salisbury.



BY JOHN TAYLOR.

L O N D O N.
Imprinted by *Edw. All-de.*
1623.



To the Nobility, Gentry, and Communalty, who are
Inhabitants, or Well-willers to the Welfare
of the City of Salisbury, and County
of Wiltshire.

Right Honourable,

WORSHIPFUL, and loving Countrymen, I
have named my Book and Voyage, *The
Worst, or the Best*, which I ever under-
took and finished, and it lies in your pleasures, to
make it which you please ; I am sure for toil, travail,
and danger, as yet I never had a worse, or a more
difficult passage, which the ensuing Discourse will
testify ; yet, all those perils past, I shall account as
pleasures, if my infallible Reasons may move or per-
suade you to clear your River, and make it Navigable
from the Sea to your City ; I have in part touched
what the profit and Commodities of it will be unto
you, and have briefly shewed the Inconveniences
which you have through the want of it : I have also
declared, that the main intent or scope of my coming
unto you with a *Wherry*, was, to see what lets or

Impediments were the hindrances unto so good and beneficial a work. All which I have (according to my simple Survey, and weak Capacity) set down, which with the merriness of my most Hazardous Sea-progress, I humbly Dedicate to your Noble, Worshipful, and worthy Acceptances, ever acknowledging myself and my Labour in you services to be commanded in all duty,

JOHN TAYLOR.





A DISCOVERY BY SEA FROM LONDON TO SALISBURY.

NS our accounts in almanacks agree,
The year call'd sixteen hundred twenty
three :
That July's twenty eight, two hours past
dinner,
We with our *Wherry*, and five men within
her,

Along the crystal Thames did cut and curry,
Betwixt the Counties Middlesex and Surrey :
Whilst thousands gaz'd, we past the bridge with
wonder,

Where fools and wise men go above and under.
We thus our Voyage bravely did begin
Down by St. *Katherines*, where the Priest fell in,
By *Wapping*,¹ where as hang'd drowned *Pirates* die ;
(Or else such^a *Rats*, I think as would eat *Pie*.)

*a. Any rat
that eats Pie,
is a Pirate.*

¹ WAPPING.—Here was the famous Execution Dock, the usual place of execution for hanging of pirates and searovers at the low-water mark, and there to remain till three tides had overflowed them."—*Stow*.

And passing further, I at first observ'd,

That^b *Cuckolds-Haven*¹ was but badly serv'd :

*b. When I
passed down
the River,
there was not
any Post or
Horn there,
but since is
most
worthily
Repaired.*

For there old *Time* had such confusion wrought,

That of that ancient place remained nought.

No monumental memorable Horn,

Or Tree, or Post, which hath those Trophies borne,

Was left, whereby Posterity may know

Where their forefathers Crests did grow, or show.

Which put into a maze my musing Muse,

¹CUCKOLD'S HAVEN, OR POINT,—HORN FAIR.—On the Rotherhithe or right bank of the river Thames, a little below the church, and formerly distinguished by a tall pole with a pair of horns on the top. King John, wearied with hunting on Shooter's-hill and Blackheath, entered the house of a miller at Charlton to refresh and rest himself. He found no one at home, but the miller's wife, young, it is said, and beautiful. The miller, it so happened, was earlier in coming home than was usual when he went to Greenwich with his meal—and red and raging at what he saw on his return, he drew his knife. The King, unarmed, thought it prudent to make himself known, and the miller, only too happy to think that it was no baser individual, asked a boon of the King. The King consented, and the miller was told to clear his eyes, and claim the long strip of land he could see before him on the Charlton side of the river Thames. The miller cleared his eyes, and saw as far as a Point near Rotherhithe. The King admitted the distance, and the miller was put into possession of the property on one condition—that he should walk annually on that day, the 18th of October, to the farthest bounds of the estate with a pair of buck's horns upon his head. Horn Fair is still kept every 18th of October, at the pretty little village of Charlton in Kent, and the watermen on the Thames about Cuckold's Point still tell the story (with many variations and additions) of the jolly miller and his light and lovely wife.

"That's what you'll come to, my friend," says a waterman on the Thames to Hogarth's Idle Apprentice, pointing at the same time to a pirate hanging in chains near Execution-dock. The reply of the Idle Apprentice is significant enough : he holds two of his fingers to his forehead by way of horns—"Cuckold's Point, you ———."

Both at the worlds neglect, and times abuse,
That that stout Pillar, to Oblivions pit
Shall fall, whereon *Plus ultra* might be writ,
That such a mark of Reverend note should lie
Forgot, and hid, in black obscurity,
Especially when men of every sort
Of Countries, Cities, warlike Camps or Court,
Unto that *Tree* are plaintiffs or defendants,
Whose^e loves, or fears, are fellows or attendants :
Of all estates, this *Haven* hath some partakers
By lot, some Cuckolds, and some Cuckold-makers.
And can they all so much forgetful be
Unto that Ancient, and Renowned *Tree*,
That hath so many ages stood Erected,
And by such store of patrons been Protected,
And now Ingloriously to lie unseen,
As if it were not, or had never been ?
Is Lechery wax'd scarce, is Bawdry scant,
Is there of Whores, or Cuckolds any want ?
Are Whore-masters decay'd, are all Bawds dead ?
Are Panders, Pimps, and Apple-squires, all fled ?
No surely, for the Surgeons can declare
That *Venus* wars, more hot than *Mars* are,
Why then, for shame this worthy *Port* maintain,
Let's have our *Tree*, and Horns set up again :
That Passengers may show obedience to it.
In putting off their hats, and homage do it.
Let not the *Cornucopiaes* of our land,

*c. All estates
or degrees
do either
love or fear
the Haven.*

Unightly and unseen neglected stand :
I know it were in vain for me to call,
That you should raise some famous Hospital,
Some Free-school, or some Almshouse for the poor,
That might increase good deeds, and ope heav'ns
door.

'Tis no taxation great, or no collection
Which I do speak of, for This great Erection :
For if it were, mens goodnesses, I know,
Would prove exceeding barren, dull, and slow :
A Post and Horns, will build it firm and stable,
Which charge to bear, there's many a beggar able ;
The place is Ancient, of Respect most famous,
The want of due regard to it, doth shame us,
For *Cuckolds Haven*, my request is still,
And so I leave the Reader to his will.
But holla Muse, no longer be offended,
'Tis worthily Repair'd and bravely mended,
For which great meritorious work, my pen
Shall give the glory unto *Greenwich* men.
It was their only cost, they were the Actors
Without the help of other Benefactors,
For which my pen their praises here adorns,
As they have beautifi'd the Hav'n with Horns.
From thence to *Deptford* we amain were driven,
Whereas an Anchor unto me was given :
With parting pints, and quarts for our farewell ;
We took our leaves, and so to *Greenwich* fell.

There shaking hands, adieus, and drinkings store,
 We took our ship again, and left the shore.
 Then down to *Erith*, 'gainst the tide we went,
 Next *London*, greatest mayor town in *Kent*
 Or *Christendom*, and I approve it can,
 That there the Mayor was a Waterman,
 Who governs, rules, and reigns sufficiently,
 And was the Image of Authority :
 With him we had cheap reck'nings and good cheer.
 And nothing but his friendship we thought dear.
 But thence we rous'd ourselves and cast off sleep,
 Before the daylight did begin to peep,
 The tide by *Gravesend* swiftly did us bring,
 Before the mounting *Lark* began to sing,
 And e'er we came to *Lee*, with speedy pace
 The sun 'gan rise with most suspicious face,
 Of foul foreboding weather, purple, red,
 His radiant tincture, East, Northeast o'erspread :
 And as our oars thus down the river pull'd,
 Oft with a fowling-piece the *Gulls* we gull'd
 For why,^d the Master Gunner of our ship
 Let no occasion or advantage slip,
 But charg'd and discharged, shot, and shot again,
 And scarce in twenty times shot once in vain,
 Foul was the weather, yet thus much I'll say.
 If't had been fair, Fowl was our food that day,
 Thus down alongst the spacious coast of *Kent*
 By *Grane* and *Sheppys* Islands down we went,

^d His name
 is Arthur
 Bray a
 Waterman
 of Lambeth,
 and a good
 Markman.

We past the *Nore-head*, and the sandy shore,
 Until we came to the East end of the *Nore*,
 At last by *Ramsgates* pier we stifly rowed,
 The wind and tide, against us blow'd and flow'd,
 Till near unto the Haven where *Sandwich* stands,
 We were enclosed with most dangerous sands.
 There were we sous'd and slabber'd, wash'd and
 dash'd,

*a. We were
 five men,
 and two of
 us were
 afraid, two
 were not
 afraid, and
 I was half
 afraid.*

And gravel'd, that it made us' half abash'd :
 We look'd and pry'd, and stared round about,
 From our apparent perils to get out.
 For with a staff, as we the depth did sound,
 Four miles from land, we almost were on ground.
 At last unlook'd for) on our larboard side
 A thing turmoiling in the sea we spyed,
 Like to a *Merman* ; wading as he did
 Aill in the sea his nether parts were hid,
 Whose brawny limbs, and rough neglected beard,
 And grim aspect, made half of us afear'd,
 And as he unto us his course did make,
 I courage took, and thus to him I spake.
*Man, monster, fiend or fish, what'er thou be,
 That travelst here in Neptunes monarchy,
 I charge thee by his dreadful three-tin'd mace,
 Thou hurt not me or mine, in any case,
 And if thou be'st produced of mortal kind,
 Shew us some course, how we the way may find
 To deeper water, from these sands so shallow,*

In which thou seest our ship thus wash and wallow.
With that (he shrugging up his shoulders strong)
Spake (like a Christian) in the *Kentish* tongue,
Quoth he, kind sir, I am a fisherman,
Who many years my living thus have wan
By wading in these sandy troublous waters
For *shrimps, wheelks, cockles*, and such useful matters,
And I will lead you, (with a course I'll keep)
From out these dangerous shallows to the deep.
Then (by the nose) along he led our boat,
Till (past the flats) our bark did bravely float.
Our *Sea-horse*, that had drawn us thus at large,
I gave two groats unto, and did discharge.
Then in an hour and half, or little more,
We through the *Downs* at *Deal* went safe on shore.
There did our Hostess dress the fowl we kill'd,
With which our hungry stomachs well we fill'd,
The morrow being Wednesday (break of day)
We towards *Dover* took our weary way :
The churlish winds awak'd the seas high fury,
Which made us glad to land there, I assure ye.
Blind Fortune did so happily contrive,
That we (as sound as bells) did safe arrive
At *Dover*, where a man did ready stand,
To give me entertainment by the hand,
A man of metal, mark and note, long since
He graced was to lodge a gracious Prince,
And now his speeches sum, and scope and pith

Is *Jack* and *Tom*, each one his cousin *Smith*,
That if with pleasant talk you please to warm ye,
He is an Host much better than an army,
A goodly man, well fed, and corpulent,
Fill'd like a bag-pudding with good content,
A right good fellow, free of cap and leg,
Of compliment, as full as any egg :
To speak to *Him*, I know it is of *Folly*,
He is a mortal foe to Melancholy,
Mirth is his life and trade, and I think very,
That he was got when all the world was merry :
Health upon health, he doubled and redoubled,
Till his, and mine, all our brains were troubled,
Unto our absent *Betters* there we drank ;
Whom we are bound to love, they not to thank :
By us mine Host could no great profit reap,
Our meat and lodging was so good and cheap,
That to his praise thus much I'll truly tell,
He us'd us kindly every way and well.
And though my lines before are merry writ,
Where'er I meet him, I'll acknowledge it.
To see the Castle there I did desire,
And up the Hill I softly did aspire,
Whereas it stands, impregnable in strength,
Large in circumference, height, breadth, and length,
Built on a fertile plat of ground, that they
Have yearly growing twenty loads of hay,
Great Ordnance store, pasture for kine and horses,

Rampires and Walls, t'withstand invasive forces,
That it be well with truth and courage man'd,
Munition, victual'd, then it can withstand
The powers of twenty *Tamberlanes* (the Great)
Till in the end with shame they would retreat.
'Tis govern'd by a grave and prudent' Lord,
Whose justice doth to each their right afford,
Whose worth (within the Castle, and without)
The five Ports, and the country all about,
The people with much love, do still recite,
Because he makes the wrongers render right.
The kindness I received there was such,
That my remembrance cannot be too much.
I saw a gun thrice eight foot long of brass,
And in a wheel I saw a comely ass
(Dance like a dog) that's turning of a spit,
And draw as it were from the infernal pit,
(Whose deep abyss is perpendicular)
One hundred fathom (or well near as far)
So crystalline, so clear, and cool a water,
That will in summer make a mans teeth chatter :
And when to see it up, I there had stood,
I drank thereof, and found it sweet and good.
So farewell *Castle, Dover, Dover pier,*
Farewell, Host *Bradshaw*, thanks for my good
cheer.
My bonny bark to sea was bound again ;
On Thursday morn, we launch'd into the main,

*f. The right
Honourable
the Lord
Zouch, Lord
Warden of
the Cinque
ports.*

By *Folkestone*, and by *Sandgates* ancient Castle,
Against the rugged waves, we tug and wrestle
By *Hyde*, by *Romney*, and by *Romney* Marsh,
The tide against us, and the wind blew harsh,
'Twixt *Æolus* and *Neptune* was such strife,
That I ne'er felt worse weather in my life :
Toss'd and retoss'd, retoss'd and toss'd again ;
With rumbling, tumbling, on the rolling main,
The boist'rous breaking billows curled locks
Impetuously did beat against the rocks,
The wind much like a horse whose wind is broke,
Blew thick and short, that we were like to choke :
As it outrageously the billows shaves,
The gusts (like dust) blown from the briny waves,
And thus the winds and seas robustious gods
Fell by the ears stark mad at furious odds.
Our slender ship, turmoiled 'twixt shores and seas,
Aloft or low, as storms and flaws did please :
Sometimes upon a foaming mountain's top,
Whose height did seem the heav'ns to underprop,
When straight to such profundity she fell,
As if she div'd into the deepest Hell.
The clouds like ripe apostumes burst and shower'd,
Their mattery watery substance headlong pour'd ;
Yet though all things were mutable and fickle,
They all agreed to souse us in a pickle,
Of waters fresh and salt, from seas and sky,
Which with our sweat joined in triplicity,

That looking each on other, there we saw,
We neither were half stew'd, nor yet half raw,
But neither hot or cold, good flesh or fishes
For *Canibals*, we had been ex'lent dishes.
Bright *Phæbus* hid his golden head with fear,
Not daring to behold the dangers, there,
Whilst in that strait or exigent we stand,
We see and wish to land, yet durst not land,
Like rolling hills the billows beat and roar
Against the melancholy beachy shore,
That if we landed, neither strength or wit
Could save our boat from being sunk or split
To keep the sea, stern puffing *Æolus* breath
Did threaten still to blow us all to death,
The waves amain (unbid) oft boarded us,
Whilst we almost three hours beleagur'd thus.
On every side with danger and distress,
Resolv'd to run on shore at *Dungeness*.
There stand some thirteen cottages together,
To shelter fishermen from wind and weather,
And there some people were as I suppos'd,
Although the doors and windows all were clos'd :
I near the land, into the sea soon leapt
To see what people those same houses kept,
I knock'd and call'd at each, from house to house,
But found no form of mankind, man or mouse.
This news all sad, and comfortless and cold.
Unto my company I straightways told,

*g. No
dwelling
within near
three miles
of those
Cottages.*

Assuring them the best way I did think,
 Was to haul up the boat, although she sink.
 Resolved thus, we all together please
 To put her head to shore, her stern to seas,
 They leaping overboard amidst the billows,
 We pluck'd her up (unsunk) like stout tall fellows.
 Thus being wet, from top to toe we stripp'd,
 (Except our shirts) and up and down we skipp'd,
 Till wind and sun our wants did well supply,
 And made our outsides, and our insides dry.

*h. The towns
 name is
 Lydd, two
 miles from
 Romney in
 Kent.*

Two miles from thence, a ragged^h town there stood,
 To which I went to buy some drink and food :
 Where kindly over-reckon'd, well misus'd
 Was, and with much courtesy abus'd.
 Mine Hostess did account it for no trouble,
 For single fare to make my payments double:
 Yet did her mind and mine agree together :
 That (I once gone) would never more come thither :
 The cabins where our boat lay safe and well,
 Belong'd to men which in this town did dwell :
 And one of them (I thank him) lent us then
 The key to ope his hospitable den,
 A brazen kettle, and a pewter dish,
 To serve our needs, and dress our flesh and fish :
 Then from the butchers we bought lamb and sheep,
 Beer from the alehouse, and broom to sweep
 Our cottage, that for want of use was musty,
 And most extremely rusty-fusty-dusty.

There, two days space, we roast, and boil, and broil,
And toil, and moil, and keep a noble coil,
For only we kept open house alone,
And he that wanted beef, might have a *stone*.
Or Grandame earth (with beds) did all befriend us,
And bountifully all our lengths did lend us,
That laughing, or else lying^d down did make
Our backs and sides sore, and our ribs to ache.
On Saturday the winds did seem to cease,
And brawling seas began to hold their peace,
When we (like tenants) beggarly and poor,
Decreed to leave the key beneath the door,
But that the landlord did that shift prevent,
Who came in pudding time and took his rent,
And as the *Sun*, was from the ocean peeping,
We launch'd to sea again, and left house-keeping.
When presently we saw the drizzling skies
'Gan pout and lower, and winds and seas 'gan rise,
Who each on other played their parts so wild,
As if they meant not to be reconciled,
The whilst we leap upon those liquid hills,
Where *porpoises* did show their fins and gills,
Whilst we like various Fortune tennis ball,
At every stroke, were in the *hazard* all.
And thus by *Rye*, and^d *Winchelsea* we past
By *Fairlight*, and those rocky cliffs at last.
Some two miles short of *Hastings*, we perceiv'd
The *Lee* shore dangerous, and the billows heav'd,

*1. Our beds
were Cables
and Ropes,
every feather
at the least
20. fathom
long.*

*J. I walk'd
to
Winchelsea,
were I thank
my Cousin
Mr Collins,
the Mayor
there, he
made me
kindly
welcome.*

Which made us land (to scape the seas distress)
 Within a harbour, almost harbourless,
 (We give God thanks) amongst the rocks we hit,
 Yet were we neither wash'd or sunk, or split.
 Within a cottage nigh, there dwells a weaver
 Who entertained us, as the like was never,
 No meat, no drink, no lodging (but the floor)
 No stool to sit, no lock unto the door,
 No straw to make us litter in the night,
 Nor any candlestick to hold the light,
 To which the owner bid us welcome still,
 Good entertainment, though our cheer was ill,
 The morrow when the Sun with flushed face
 In his diurnal course began to trace,
 The wind exceeding stiff and strong and tough,
 The seas outrageous, and extremely rough,
 Our boat laid safe upon the beachy sand,
 Whilst we to *Hastings* went or walk'd by land.
 Much (to that town) my thankfulness is bound,
 Such undeserved kindness there I found.
 There nights we lay there, and three days we spent,
 Most freely welcom'd, and much merriment.

*h. The
 Mayors
 name was
 Mr. Richard
 Boyse, a
 Gentleman
 whose
 laudable
 life, and
 honest
 government
 is much
 beloved and
 approved.*

Kind Mr.* Mayor his love above the rest :
 Me and my crew, he did both feed and feast,
 He sent us gold, and came himself to us ;
 My thanks are these, because his love was thus.
 Mine Host and Hostess *Clayton* thus I thank
 And all good fellows there, I found so frank,

That what they had, or what could there be got,
They neither thought too heavy or too hot.
The winds and seas continued still their course,
Inveterate seem'd their rage, untam'd their force,
Yet were we loath to linger and delay :
But once again to venture and away.
Thus desperately resolv'd, 'twixt hope and doubt,
Half sunk with launching, madly we went out,
At twelve a clock at noon, and by sunset
To *Meeching*, or *New Haven* we did get.
There almost sunk (to save our boat at last)
Ourselves into the shallow seas we cast :
And pluck'd her into safety to remain
Till Friday that we put to sea again.
Then 'mongst our old acquaintance (storms and flaws)
At every stroke near Deaths devouring jaws :
The weary day we past through many fears,
And land at last quite sunk o'er head and ears.
All dropping dry, like five poor rats half drown'd
From succour far, we ha'ld the boat on ground,
Cast out our water, whilst we bravely drop'd,
And up and down to dry ourselves we hop'd.
Thus we our weary pilgrimage did wear,
Expecting for the weather calm and clear :
But storms, flaws, winds, seas, took no minutes rest,
Continual fiercely blowing West Southwest,
A town call'd *Goring*, stood near two miles wide,
To which we went, and had our wants supplied :

There we reliev'd ourselves (with good compassion)
With meat and lodging of the homely fashion,
To bed went in hope of rest and ease,
But all beleaguer'd with an host of fleas :
Who in their fury nip'd and skip'd so hotly,
That all our skins were almost turn'd to motley.
The bloody fight endur'd at least six hours,
When we (opprest with their increasing pow'rs)
Were glad to yield the honour of the day
Unto our foes, and rise and run away :
The night before, a constable there came,
Who ask'd my trade, my dwelling, and my name :
My business, and a troop of questions more,
And wherefore we did land upon that shore ?
To whom I fram'd my answers true, and fit,
(According to his plenteous want of wit)
But were my words all true, or if I ly'd,
With neither I could get him satisf'd.
He ask'd if we were Pirates ? We said no,
(*As if we had, we would have told him so.*)
He said that Lords sometimes would enterprise
T'escape, and leave the Kingdom, in disguise :
But I assur'd him on my honest word,
That I was no disguised Knight or Lord.
He told me then that I must go six miles
T'a Justice there, Sir *John*, or else Sir *Giles* :
I told him I was loth to go so far :
And he told me, he would my journey bar.

Thus what with fleas, and with the several prates
Of th'officer, and his associates,
We arose to go, but Fortune bade us stay :
The constable had stolen our oars away,
And borne them thence a quarter of a mile,
Quite through a lane, beyond a gate and stile,
And hid them there, to hinder my depart,
For which I wish'd him hang'd with all my heart.
A ploughman (for us) found our oars again,
Within a field well fill'd with barley grain.
Then madly, gladly out to sea we thrust,
'Gainst winds and storms and many a churlish gust :
By *Kingston* Chapel, and by *Rustington*,
By *Littlehampton*, and by *Middleton*,
To *Bognors* fearful rocks, which hidden lie
Two miles into the sea, some wet, some dry :
There we suppos'd our danger most of all,
If we on those remorseless rocks should fall :
But by the Almighty's mercy and His might,
We row'd to *Selsey*, where we stay'd all night.
There, our *necessity* could *have no law*,
For want of beds, we made good use of straw
Till *Sol*, that old continual traveller,
From *Thetis* lap, 'gan mount his flaming car.
The weather kept it's course, and blow'd and rag'd,
Without appearance it would e'er be suag'd,
Whilst we did pass those hills, and dales, and Downs,
That had devour'd great ships, and swallow'd towns,

Thus after six or five hours toil at least,
 We pass'd along by *Wittering*, *West*, and *East*,
 Upon the Lee shore still the wind full South,
 We came near *Chichesters* fair Havens mouth
 And being then half sunk, and all through wet,
 More fear'd than hurt, we did the Haven get.
 Thus in that harbour we our course did frame
 To *Portsmouth*, where on Monday morn we came.
 Then to the Royal Fleet we row'd aboard,
 Where much good welcome they did us afford.
 To the Lord General, first my thanks shall be,
 His bounty did appear in gold to me,
 And every one aboard the *Prince* I found,
 Instead of want, to make their loves abound,
 Captain *Penruddock* there amongst the rest,
 His love and bounty was to us exprest,
 Which to requite, my thankfulness I'll show,
 And that I'll ever pay, and ever owe.
 On Tuesday morning we with main and might,
 From *Portsmouth* cross'd unto the *Isle of Wight* :
 By *Cowes* stout Castle, we to *Yarmouth* hasted.
 And still the winds and seas fierce fury lasted.
 On Wedn'sday we to *Hursts* strong Castle cross'd.
 Most dangerously sous'd, turmoil'd and toss'd :
 Good harbour there we found, and nothing dear,
 I thank kind Mr. *Figge*,¹ the porter there,
 He show'd us there a Castle of defence
 Most useful, of a round circumference :

*Matheir
 Figge, a
 right good
 fellow.*

Of such command, that none can pass those seas
Unsink, or spoil'd, except the Castle please.
On Thursday, we our boat row'd, pull'd and haul'd
Unto a place, which is *Key Haven* call'd.
The wind still blowing, and the sea so high,
As if the lofty waves would kiss the sky,
That many times I wish'd with all my heart,
Myself, my boat, and crew, all in a cart ;
Or anywhere to keep us safe and dry,
The weather raged so outrageously.
For sure I think the memory of man
(Since winds and seas to blow or flow began)
Cannot remember so stormy weather
In such continuance, held so long together,
For ten long weeks ere that, 'tis manifest,
The wind had blown at South or West Southwest,
And rais'd the seas : to show each others power,
That all this space (calm weather) not one hour,
That whether we did go by sun or moon,
At any time, at midnight, or at noon :
If we did launch, or if to land we set,
We still were sure to be half-sunk, and wet.
Thus toiling of our weary time away,
That Thursday was our last long look'd for day :
For having pass'd, with peril, and much pain,
And plough'd, and furrow'd, o'er the dangerous
main,

O'er depths, and flats, and many a ragged rock,
We came to *Christ-Church* Hav'n at five o'clock.
Thus God, in mercy, His just judgment sparing,
('Gainst our presumption, over-bold, and daring)
Who made us see His wonders in the deep,
And that His power alone aloft did keep
Our weather-beaten boat above the waves,
Each moment gaping to be all our Graves.
We sinking 'scap'd : then not to us, to Him
Be all the Glory, for he caused us swim.
And for his mercy was so much extended
On me (whose temptings had so far offended)
Let me be made the scorn and scoff of men,
If ever I attempt the like again.
My love, my duty, and my thankfulness,
To Sir *George Hastings* I must here express :
His deeds to me, I must requit in words,
No other payment, poor mens state affords.
With fruitless words, I pay him for his cost,
With thanks to Mr. *Templeman* mine Host.
So leaving *Christ Church*, and the Haven there,
With such good friends as made us welcome cheer,
Some serious matter now I must compile,
And thus from verse to prose I change my style.



GOD, who of his infinite wisdom made *Man*,
 of his unmeasured mercy redeemed him,
 of his boundless bounty, immense power,
 and eternal eye of watchful providence *relieves*,
 guards, and conserves him; It is necessary, that
 every man seriously consider and ponder these
 things, and in token of obedience and thankfulness
 say with *David*: *What shall I render?* and the
 man having thus searched considerably the Causer
 of his being, then let him again meditate for^m what^m. Men should consider w^y God hath given them a being in this life.
 cause he hath a being: indeed it may be objected,
 that almost everything hath a being; as stones have
 being, trees, herbs, and plants, have being and life:
 Beasts, fowls, and fishes, have being, life, and sense:
 but to man is given a being, life, sense, and reason,
 and after a mortal, an immortal ever-being. This
 consideration will make a man know that he hath
 little part of himself, which he may justly call his
 own: his body is Gods, he made it; his soul is his,
 who bought it; his goods are but lent him, by him
 that will one day call him to a reckoning, for the
 well or ill disposing of them: so that man having
 nothing but what he hath received, and received
 nothing but what is to be employed in the service
 of God, and consequently his Prince or Country,
 it is plainly to be perceived, that every man hathⁿ. No man is owner of himself.
 the least share or portion of himself to boast of.

I have written this Preamble, not only to inform such as know not these things already ; but also to such whose knowledge is, as it were, fallen into a dead sleep: who do live, as though there were no other being than here, and that their life and being was ordained only of themselves, neither God, Prince, or Country, having no share or portion of them, or of what they call theirs. But oh you Inhabitants of *Salisbury*, I hope there are no such crawling cankerworms, or commonwealth caterpillars amongst you. Nay, I am assured of the contrary, that there are many, who (with religious piety, open hands, and relenting hearts) do acknowledge that your goods are but lent in trust unto you), and do patiently bear the over-burthensome relieving of many hundreds of poor wretches, which (were it not for your charity) would perish in your streets.

*o. Here is an
honest course
set down
for the
inriching of
your poor.*

This being entered into my consideration, that your City is so^o much overcharged with poor, as having in three parishes near 3000 besides decayed men a great many, and that those few which are of the wealthier sort, are continually overpressed with sustaining the wants of the needy, the City being as it were at the last gasp, the poor being like *Pharaohs* lean kine, even ready to eat up the fat ones: I have made bold to write this treatise ensuing, both to entreat a constant perseverance in

those who have begun to do good works, and an encouragement or animating of all others, who as yet seem slow in these good proceedings. And if anything here written by me, be either impertinent, extravagant, rude, harsh, or over-bold, I humbly entreat you to impute it rather to my want of judgment, learning, and capacity, than to any presumption, or want of love and duty to the City and cause, which is hereafter handled.

It is sufficiently known, that my intent and purpose at this time, was not to make any profit to myself upon any adventure (as it is deemed by many) by my passage from *London to Salisbury* with a wherry, but I was entreated by a* waterman, ^{p. His name is Gregory Bastable, and his ordinary place where he plies, or attends his labour, is at the Temple, and there also plies Thomas Eastman another Wiltshire man, which went with me.} which was born in *Salisbury*, that I would bear him company for the discovery of the sands, flats, depths, shoals, mills, and weirs, which are impediments, and lets whereby the river is not navigable from *Christ-Church*, or the sea to *Salisbury*. Which after many dangerous gusts, and tempestuous storms at sea, (which I have recited in verse before) it pleased God that at the last we entered the river, which in my opinion is as good a river, and with some charge may be made as passable as the river of *Thames* is upwards from *Brentford* to *Windsor*, or beyond it; the shallow places in it are not many, the mills need not be removed, and as for the weirs, no doubt but they may with conscience

be compounded for. By which means of navigation, the whole City and Country would be relieved loiterers turned into labourers, penury into plenty, to the glory of God, the dignity and reputation of your City, and the perpetual worthy memory of all benefactors and well-willers unto so noble a work.

If you will but examine your own knowledges, you shall find that in the whole dominion of *England*, there is not any one Town or City which hath a Navigable River at it, that is poor, nor scarce any that are rich, which want a River with the benefits of Boats : The Town of *Kingston* upon *Hull* in Yorkshire, the River there was cut out of *Humber*, by mens labours 20. miles up into the Country, and what the wealth and estate of that Town is, (by the only benefit of that river) it is not unknown to thousands : but you men of *Sarum* may see what a commodity navigation is, nearer hand ; there is your neighbour *Southampton* on the one side, and your dear friend *Poole* on the other, are a pair of handsome looking-glasses for you, where you may see your want in their abundance, and your negligence in their industry.

Gods hath placed your being in a fertile soil, in a fruitful valley, environed round with Corn, and as it were continually besieged with plenty ; whilst you within (having so many poor amongst are rather lookers upon happiness enjoyers : more

over (by Gods appointment) Nature hath saved you the labour of cutting a River, for I think you have one there as old as your City ready made to your hands ; if you will be but industrious to amend those impediments in it, I dare undertake to be one of the 3. or 4. men which shall bring or carry 16 or 20 tuns of goods betwixt the Sea and your City now, with extreme toil of men, horses and carts, your wood is brought to you 18. or 20. miles, whereby the poor which cannot reach the high prices of your fuel, are inforced to steal or starve in the winter, so that all your near adjoining woods are continually spoiled by them : which faults by the benefit of the River would be reformed : for the New Forest standeth so near to the water, that it is but cut the wood and put it into a boat, which shall bring as much to your City as twenty carts, and fourscore horses : besides, by this River you might draw to you a trade of Sea-coal, which would enrich you, and help the plain and inland Towns and Villages where no wood grows. And for the exportation of your corn from Port to Port, within our own Country, as it is well known what abundance of your barley is continually made into malt amongst you : which if you had carriage for it, might be brewed into beer, wherewith you might serve divers places with your beer, which is now served with your malt besides carriages of bricks, tiles, stones, charcoals, and other necessaries,

which is now carried at dear rates by horse and cart, which you now send in carts, or on horses backs, to *Southampton*, to *Bristol*, and to many other places: so that the dearness of the Carriages eats up all your commodities and profit; which commodity may be avoided, 'if your River be cleansed: and what man can tell what good in time may redound to your City from the Sea, by foreign goods, which may be brought into *Christ-Church* Haven by shipping? nor can it be truly imagined, what now and useful profitable businesses may arise in time by this means.

Our Forefathers and Ancestors did in their lives time in former ages do many worthy and memorable works, but for all their industry and cost, they did (or could not) do all; but as there was much done to our hands, so there was much left for us to do, and very fitting it was, that it should be so: for it is against common sense and reason, our Fathers should toil in good works like drudges, and we spend our times loitering like Drones: no, what they did, was for our imitation. And with all, that we should be leaders of our posteriters by our examples, into laudable endeavours, as our progenitors have before shewed us: we are their sons and off-spring, we have their shapes and figures, we bear their names, we possess their goods, inherit their lands; we have materials of Stones, Timber, Iron, and

such necessities which they had, (if not greater abundance) and having all these, let us with all have their willing and liberal hearts, and their is no question to be made, but that our River of *Avon* will quickly be cleaned, to the honest enriching of the rich, and the charitable relieving of the poor.

I am assured there are many good men in the City and County of *Wiltshire*, and others of worth and good respect in this Kingdom, who would willingly and bountifully assist this good work : but (*like Gossips near a stile*) they stand straining courtesy who shall go first : or the Mice in the Fable, *not one will adventure to hang the bell about the cats neck* : So that if one good man would begin, it would be (like a health drank to some beloved Prince at a great feast) pledged most heartily, and by God's grace effected most happily.

You have already began a charitable work amongst you, I mean, your common Town Brew-house, the profit of which you intend shall be wholly employed for the supply of the poor and impotents, which live in your City ; from which sort of people (being such a multitude) the brewers there have found their best custom : for no doubt but the meanest beggar amongst you, is (in some sort) more valiant than the richest man ; because the one dares to spend all he hath at the ale-house, so dares not the other ; for the poor man drinks stifly to drive care away, and hath nothing to loose, and the rich

man drinks moderately, because he must bear a brain to look to what he hath. And of all traders in the world, a Brewer is the Load-stone, which draws the customers of all functions unto it. It is the mark or upshot of every mans aim, and the bottomless whirlpool that swallows up the profits of rich and poor. The brewers art (like a wild kestrel or unman'd hawk) flies at all games ; or like a butlers box at Christmas, it is sure to win, who-soever loses : In a word, it rules and reigns (in some sort) as *Augustus Cæsar* did, for it taxeth the whole earth. Your Inns and Alehouses are Brooks and Rivers, and their Clients are small Rills and Springs, who all (very dutifully) do pay their tributes to the boundless Ocean of the Brewhouse. For all the world knows that if men and women did drink no more than sufficed Nature, or if it were but a little extraordinary now and then upon occasion, or by chance, as you may term it ; if drinking, were used in any reason, or any reason used in drinking, I pray ye what would become of the Brewer then ? surely we do live in an age, wherein^q the seven deadly sins are every mans trade and living. Pride is the main-tainer of thousands, which would else perish ; as Mercers, Tailors, Embroiderers, Silkmen, Cutters, Drawers, Sempsters, Laundresses, of which functions there are millions which would starve but for

q. Some make a profit of quarrelling, some pick their livi g out of contentions and debate, some thrive and grow fat by gluttony, many are bravely maintained by bribery theft, cheating, roguery, and villany: but. put all together, and join to them all sorts of people else, and they all in general are drinkers, and consequently the Brewers Clients and Customers.

Madame Pride with her changeable fashions. Lechery, what a continual crop of profit it yields, appears by the gallant thriving, and gawdy outsides of many he and she, private and public sinners, both in City and Suburbs. Covetousness is embroidered with extortion, and warmly lined and furred with oppression. And though it be a devil, yet is it most idolatrously adored, honoured, and worshipped by those sheepheaded fools, whom it hath undone and beggared. I could speak of other vices, how profitable they are to common-wealth; but my invention is thirsty, and must have one carouse more at the brewhouse, who (as I take it) hath a greater share than any, in the gains which spring from the worlds abuses: for Pride is maintained by the humble, yet one kind of Pride doth live and profit by another: Lechery is supported by the cursed swarm of Bawds, Panders, Pimps, Apple-squires, Whores, and Knaves; and so every sin lives and thrives by the members, agents, ministers, and clients, which do belong unto them: but drunkenness plays at all; all trades, all qualities, all functions and callings can be drunk extempore: note at any great Feast, or but at every ordinary dinner or supper almost, when men are well satisfied with sufficiency, that then the mystery of quaffing begins, with healths to many an unworthy person (who perhaps) would not give the price of

the Reckoning to save all them from hanging (which make themselves sick with drinking such unthankful healths,) I myself have oftentimes dined or supped at a great mans board, and when I have risen, the servants of the house have enforced me into the cellar or buttery, where (in the way of kindness) they will make a mans belly like a souse-tub, and enforce me to drink, as if they had a commission under the Devils great seal, to murder men with drinking, with such a deal of complimentary oratory, *As, off with your Lap, wind up your bottom,* Up with your taplash, and many more eloquent phrases, which *Tully* or *Demosthenes* never heard of; that in conclusion I am persuaded three days fasting would have been more healthful to me, than two hours feeding and swilling in that manner.

If any man hang, drown, stab, or by any violent means make away his life, the goods and lands of any such person, are forfeit to the use of the King: and I see no reason but those which kill themselves with drinking, should be in the same estate, and be buried in the high ways, with a stake drove through them: and if I had but a grant of this suit, I would not doubt but that in seven years (if my charity would agree with my wealth) I might erect Alms-houses, Free-schools, mend highways, and make bridges: for I dare swear, that a number (almost numberless) have confessed upon their death-beds that

at such and such a time, in such and such a place, they drank so much which made them surfeit, of which they languished and died. 'The main benefit of these superfluous and man-slaughtering expences comes to the Brewer, so that if a Brewer be in any office, I hold him to be a very ungrateful man, if he punish a drunkard: for every stiff pot-valiant drunkard is a post, beam, or pillar, which holds up the Brew-house: for as the bark is to the tree, so is a good drinker to a brewer.

*Let these
Lines be
considered
if I like or
not.*

But you men of *Salisbury*, wisely perceiving how much *Evil* to your City, hath come by the abuse of *Good* drink, you would now work by contraries, to draw *Good* for your poor, out of these forepassed and present *Evils*. To draw evil out of good, is devilish, but to work or extract goodness out of what is evil, is godly, and worthy to be pursued. The abuse of good drink, and excessive drinking, hath made many beggars amongst you, to the enriching of a few Brewers, and now you would turn the world off from the Barrels, as I would off from the Coach-wheels, that the benefit of your new built Town Brewhouse might relieve many of those poor amongst you, who have formerly been impoverished by the enriching of your Town Brewers. It is no doubt but they will oppose this good work of yours, as the image-makers in *Ephesus* did *Paul*, when he preached against their idolatrous worship-

s. Tobiah,
Arabians,
Ammonites.

ping *Diana*; but be not you discouraged, for *Nehemiah* (in time) did build the Temple, although *Sanballat* and^s many others did oppose him : for as your intents are pious, so no doubt but God will make your events prosperous.

Now to turn from beer and ale to fair water, (your river I mean) which if it be cleansed, then with the profit of your Town-brew-house, and the commodity of the river, I think there will be scarce a beggar or a loiterer to be found amongst you. I have written enough before concerning the benefit of it, and to encourage such as seem slow towards so good a work, which had it been in the Low-Countries, the industrious Dutch would not so long have neglected so beneficial a blessing, witness their abundance of Navigable Rivers, and ditches, which with the only labour of men they have cut, and in most places, where never God or Nature made any River ; and lately there is a River made navigable to *St. Yeades** in *Huntingdonshire*, wherein stood seven mills, as impediments in the way. And now the City of *Canterbury* are clearing their Rivers, that boats may pass to and fro betwixt them and *Sandwich* Haven : the like is also in hand at *Leeds* in *Yorkshire* : Now, if neither former or present examples can move you, if your own wants cannot inforce you, if assured profit cannot persuade you, but that you will still be neglective and stupid, then

*ST. NEOT'S.

am I sorry that I have written so much, to so little purpose, but my hopes are other ways : if all blind, lame, and covetous excuses be laid aside, then those who are willing, will be more willing, and those who are slack or backward, will in some reasonable manner draw forward : And there is the mouth of an uncharitable objection which I must needs stop, which is an old one, and only spoken by old men ; for (say they) we are aged and stricken in years, and if we should lay out our moneys, or be at charges for the river, by the course of Nature we shall not live to enjoy any profit to requite our costs: this excuse is worse than Heathenish, and therefore it ill becomes a Christian ; for as I wrote before, man was not created, or had either the goods of mind, body, or *Fortune*, bestowed on him by his Maker, but that he should have the least part of them himself, his God, Prince and Country, claiming (as their due) almost all which every man hath. The oldest man will purchase land, which is subject to barrenness, and many inconveniences ; he will buy and build houses, which are in danger of fire, and divers other casualties ; he will adventure upon wars or goods at high prices, which to his loss may fall to low rates ; he will bargain for cattle and sheep, who are incident to many diseases, as rot, the murrain, and divers the like, and all this will he do, in hope to raise his state, and leave his

heirs rich : at his death perhaps (when he can keep his goods no longer, when in spite of his heart he must leave all) he will give a few gowns, and a little money to pious uses, a gross or two of penny loaves, and there's an end of him, so that there remains no more memory of him.

But this good work of your river, is not subject to barrenness or sterility, but contrarily it will be a continual harvest of plenty, it is not in danger of being consumed, or wasted, but it is assured of a perpetual increase, the names and memories of contributors towards it, shall be conserved in venerable and laudable remembrance, to the eternizing of their fames, the honour of their posterities, and the good example of succeeding times to imitate. Therefore you men of *Salisbury*, I entreat you in this case to be good to yourselves. Or else you may say hereafter, *If we had been industrious, we had been happy: If we had not been covetous, we had been rich.*¹

Now, to return to my travels and entertainments: As I passed up the River, at the least 2000. Swans, like so many Pilots, swam in the deepest places before me, and showed me the way. When I came to the town of *Ringwood* (14. miles short of

¹The design advocated of rendering the River Avon navigable from Christchurch to Salisbury was attempted under the patronage of Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury (1670-80), but the scheme proved abortive.—*Thatcher's History of Old and New Sarum.*

Salisbury) I there met with His Majesties Trumpeters, and there my fellows Mr. *Thomas Underhill*, and Mr. *Richard Stock*, Mr. *Thomas Ramsey*, Mr. *Randall Lloyd*, with others, which I name not, did walk on the bank, and gave me two excellent flourishes with their Trumpets, for the which I thank them in print, and by word of mouth. At last I came to a town called *Fording Bridge*, where (not many days before) a grievous mischance happened; For two men being swimming or washing in the river, a butcher passing over the bridge (with a mastiff dog with him) did cast a stone into the water, and say, A duck; at which, the dog leaped into the river, and seized upon one of the men and killed him; and the butcher leaping in after, thinking to save the man, was also slain by his own dog, the third man also hardly escaping, but was likewise bitten by him.

From thence I passed further, to a place called *Hale*, where we were welcomed by the Right Worshipful, *Sir Thomas Penrudduck*, Knight, whom we carried there in our Boat, and who, I am assured, will be a forward and a liberal Benefactor towards clearing of the River.

So passing on our course by the Villages of *Burgate Breamore*, *Charford*, *Downton*, and *Stonely*, we came to *Langford*, where we were well entertained by the Right Honourable, the Lord *Edward*

George (Lord Baron of *Dundalk*, and Captain of his strong and Majesties defencible Castle of *Hurst*, in *Hampshire*) to whom in love and duty we proffered the gift of our tattered, wind-shaken and weather-beaten boat, which (after our being at *Salisbury*, being but two miles from thence) his Lordship accepted. And though he knew she was almost unserviceable, yet his noble bounty was such, that he rewarded us with the price of a new boat. I had some conference with his Honour, concerning the impediments and cleansing of the River, and I know he is most forwardly and worthily affected towards it, and no doubt if it be pursued, that then he will do that which shall become a gentleman of his Honourable calling and Rank.

So on the samê Friday at night we came to *Salisbury*, where we brought our boat through *Fisherton* bridge, on the west side of the city, taking our lodging at the sign of the Kings head there, with mine Host *Richard Estman*, whose brother *Thomas*, was one of the Watermen which came in the boat thither from *London*: on the morrow, I with my company footed it two miles to *Wilton*, where at the Right Honourable the Earl of *Pembrokes*, my Lord Chamberlains house, I was most freely (and beyond my worth and merit) kindly welcomed, by the Right Worshipful, Sir *Thomas Morgan*, Knight, with whom I dined, and by whose

command I was showed all or the most part of the admirably contrived rooms, in that excellent, and well-built house; which rooms were all richly adorned with costly and sumptuous hangings; his Majesty some few days before having dined there with most magnificent entertainment, as did express the love of so Noble a House-keeper for so Royal a Guest: upon the sight of which house with the furniture, I wrote these following verses.

*If Wholesome Air, Earth, Woods, and pleasant Springs
Are Elements, whereby a house is grac'd:
If strong and stately built, contentment brings,
Such is the house of Wilton, and so plac'd.
There Nature, Art, Art, Nature hath embrac'd;
Without, within, below, aloft complete:
Delight and state, are there so interlac'd
With rich content, which makes all good, and great
The Hangings there, with Histories replete,
Divine, Profane, and Moral pleasures giving.
With work so lively, exquisite, and neat,
As if mans Art made mortal creatures living.
In brief, there all things are compos'd so well,
Beyond my pen to write, or tongue to tell.*

Then I was showed a most fair and large Armoury, with all manner of provision and furniture, for pike, shot, bills, halberts, javelins, with other weapons, and munition, which for goodness,

number, and well-keeping, is not second to any Noblemans in *England*: Afterwards I went to the Stables, and saw my Lords great horses, whom I saw such, and so good, that what my untutored pen cannot sufficiently commend, I am forced with silence to overpass. But amongst the rest, the pains and industry of an ancient gentleman Mr. *Adrian Gilbert*, must not be forgotten: for there hath he (much to my Lords cost and his own pains) used such a deal of intricate setting, grafting, planting, innoculating, railing, hedging, plashing, turning, winding, and returning circular, triangular, quadrangular, orbicular, oval, and every way curiously and chargeably conceited: there hath he made walks, hedges, and arbours, of all manner of most delicate fruit trees, planting and placing them in such admirable artlike fashions, resembling both divine and moral remembrances, as three arbours standing in a triangle, having each a recourse to a greater Arbour in the midst, resembleth three in one, and one in three: and he hath there planted certain Walks and Arbours all with^t Fruit trees, so pleasing and ravishing to the sense, that he calls it *Paradise*, in which he plays the part of true *Adamist*, continually toiling and tilling. Moreover, he hath made his Walks most rarely round and spacious, one walk without another, as the rinds of an onion are greatest without, and less towards the centre) and

^t. Not a tree stands there, but it bears one good or rare fruit or other.

withal, the hedges betwixt each walk are so thickly set, that one cannot see through from the one walk who walks in the other : that in conclusion," then work seems endless, and I think that in *England* it is not to be fellowed, or will in haste be followed. And in love which I bear to the memory of so industrious and ingenious a Gentleman, I have written the following Anagrams.

Adryan Gilbert, } Anagrams. { *Art redily began*
 } { *A breeding tryall.*

*Art redily began a breeding tryall,
 When she inspir'd this worthy Gentleman :
 For Natures eye, of him took full espiall,
 And taught him Art, Art readily began,
 That though Dame Nature was his Tutoress, he,
 Outworkes her, at his workes apparent be.*

*For Nature brings but earth, and seeds and plants,
 Which Art, like Tailors, cuts and puts in fashion :
 As Nature rudely doth supply our wants,
 Art is deformed Natures reformation.
 So Adryan Gilbert mendeth Natures features
 By Art, that what she makes, doth seem his creatures.*

THUS with my humble thanks to Sir *Thomas Morgan*, and my kind remembrance to all the rest of my lords servants there, my legs and my labouring lines return again to *Salisbury*, and from the next day (being Sunday) to *Langford*, to my Lord *George* his house, with whom I dined, and left my humble thanks for the reckoning. In brief, my fruitless and worthy lip-labour, mix'd with a deal of airey, and non-substantial matter, I gave his Lordship, and the like requital I bestowed on the right Worshipful Mr. *Thomas Squibb*, Mayor of *Sarum*, with Mr. *Banes*, Mr. *John Ivy*, Mr. *Windour*, with all the rest ; and more than thanks, and a grateful remembrance of their Honourable, Worshipful, and friendly favours, I know they expect not, and less than such a common duty as gratitude I must not, or cannot pay. To shut up all in few words, I know, his Majesties pious inclination is so ample, that he will be graciously pleased with any of your laudable endeavours for your welfare and commodity, if you take good and speedy advice, then no doubt but the effects will be according to your honest intendments.

So farewell, *Salisbury*, till we meet again, which I hope will be one day : in the mean space I pray thee take this poor pamphlet as a loving pledge of

my return. Me thinks I see already, men, horses, carts, mattocks, shovels, spades, wheelbarrows, handbarrows, and baskets at work for the clearing of your river : But if my *thoughts* do deceive me, and my *expectation* fail, I shall ever hereafter give small credit to their intelligence. So once more, *Salisbury*, I with thee thankfully well to fare.

On Thursday the 21. of *August* I took *Winchester* in my way homewards : where I saw an ancient City, like a body without a soul : and I know not the reason of it, but for ought which I perceived, there were almost as many parishes as people. I lodged at the sign of the Cock, being recommended to the Host of the house, by a token from *Salisbury*, but mine Host died the night before I came, and I being weary, had more mind to go to bed than to follow him so long a journey, to do my message, or deliver any commendations : but the whole City seemed almost as dead as mine Host, and it may be they were all at Harvest work : but I am sure I walked from one end of it to the other, and saw not 30. people of all sorts : So that I think if a man should go to *Winchester* for a *Goose*,¹ he might lose his labour, for a trader cannot live there, by vending such commodities.

¹WINCHESTER GOOSE, OR PIGEON.—A name for a syphilitic bubo.

On Friday I gallop'd a foot pace one and twenty miles, from *Winchester* to *Farnham*; where I and one of my company hired a couple of *Hampshire* Jenets, with seven legs, and three eyes betwixt them, upon whom we hobbled seventeen miles, to *Staines*, whence on Saturday the 23. of August we footed it to *Brentford*, and boated it to Lon-

D O N.



That (maugre mischief) His outstretched Arm
Hath, doth, and will defend thee still from Harm,
Base *Shimei* Rails not as he erst hath hath done,
Nor rake-hell *Sheba* (*Bieri's* cursed son)
Doth roar and rail with loud Infernal yell,
Or cry out, *to your Tents oh Israel*
That Secretaries no more contention Breed
But humbly learn to know their Christian Creed,
That *Judases* no more *Hail Master* say
When as they mean their Master to betray,
That Reverend *Levites* of a new hatch Brood,
Make *England* drunk no more with English Blood.
That we may have our Queen and Prince once
more,
And use them Kinder than we did of yore.
Triumphing trumpets sound shall mount to the stars
And not the dreadful charge of civil wars,
Sweet Peace (we hope shall still the Churlish
Drum,
And Murdering, Thundering, Guns, Commanded
Dumb,
Justice and *Mercy* both Kiss (when they meet)
No heavy sad complaining in our street,
No more shall *England* bathe in her own Gore,
Or leading to captivity no more.
Sword (drunk with blood) shall in their Scabbards
rest,
No plundering or free quartering shall molest,

The painful *farmer*, ploughman, or the swain,
 And *weapons* shall give place to *gowns* again.
 The Church resume her rights she had before,
 The Clergy to be scandalized no more.
 Thus each man hopes he shall his right enjoy
 And all cease one another to destroy.
 The King shall have his own again, and see,
 His enemies ashamed and odious be.
 Upon thy Head still flourish may thy Crown,
 And ten times troubled be thy high Renown
 That thee and thine in glory here may Reign,
 Until the King of glory come again:
 For such as speak peace, and do war intend,
 For any Sinister or private end.
 That of tranquillity do prate and prattle,
 But wish for war, yet dare not see a Battle,
 Let all such never claim a Christian Name
 Whose trade or pleasure in Blood and Flame,
 Of their dear Country, to Rip, Rend and tear,
 Their Mothers Womb, which did such Bastards
 bear.

Belike some fear that Peace would drive'em hence
 To *England* New, or the Isle of *Providence*:
Virginia, *Bermudas*, or St. Kitts.
Barbadoes, *Mevis*, or besides their wits.
 But those that offering to the Altars bring,
 To raise new wars 'gainst Kingdom Laws and
 King,

Let them go West-ward to the Triple tree,
And like false Traitors, hang both he and she.
Those Sons of *Hittites* and of *Amorites*,
God do to them, as to the *Midianites*,
As Heathen *Sisera*, and as *Fabin* died
At *Endors* Field, (where *Kishows* Brook doth slide)
As they became as dung, so let them be,
That to a blessed Peace will not agree,
The peace of God, grant us thou God of Peace,
Let us cease sin, thou wilt our sorrows cease.
Let's frame our lives according to thy word
And let no Sword be drawn, but Justice Sword,
To which ends, thou good God of Consolation,
Send happy peace to this afflicted Nation.
So welcome good King *Charles* to Hampton Court,
And God be still thy shield, defence and Fort.

FINIS.



MAD FASHIONs,
OD FASHIONS,
All out of Fashions,
OR,
The Emblems of these Distracted times.
By John Taylor.



LONDON,
Printed by *John Hammond*, for *Thomas Banks*, 1642.



Mad Fashions, Odd Fashions, All out of Fashions,

OR,

The Emblems of these distracted times.

THE Picture that is Printed in the front
Is like this Kingdom, if you look upon't:
For if you well do note it as it is,
It is a transform'd Metamorphosis,
This Monstrous Picture plainly doth declare
This land (quite out of order) out of square
His Breeches on his shoulders do appear,
His Doublet on his lower parts doth wear;
His Boots and Spurs upon his Arms and Hands,
His Gloves upon his feet (whereon he stands)
The Church o'erturned (a lamentable show)
The Candlestick above, the light below,
The Coney hunts the Dog, the Rat the Cat,
The Horse doth whip the Cart (I pray mark that)
The Wheelbarrow doth drive the man (oh Base)
And Eels and Gudgeons fly a mighty pace.
And sure this is a Monster of strange fashion,
That doth surpass all *Ovid's* Transformation.

And this is England's case this very day,
All things are turned the Clean contrary way ;
For Now, when as a Royal Parliament,
(With King, and Peers, and Commons whole
consent)

Have almost sat two years, with pains and Cares,
And Charge, to free us from our Griefs and fears,
For when many a worthy Lord and Knight,
And good Esquire (for King and Country's Right)
Have spent so much time with Great Toil, and
Heed,

All England's Vicious garden how to weed,
So like a Wilderness 'twas overrun,
That though much hath been done ; All is not done.
The Devil doth persuade, entice and lurk,
And force bad men to set good men awork.
That whilst the *Worthies* strive to right our wrongs,
And give to each man, what to him belongs ;
Whilst they take pains to settle all things here,
An *Irish Devil*, doth madly domineer.

From Hell's black Pit, begirt with Romish Arms,
Thousands of *Locusts*, are in Troops and Swarms,
More Barbarous than the Heathen, worse than Jews,
No Turks, or Tartars would such Tortures use.
Sure that Religion can no ways be good,
That so inhumanly delights in Blood :
Nor do that doctrine from the scriptures spring,
That Subjects should Rebel against their King.

Nay (further) murder, ravish, spoil deflower,
Burn and lay waste, depopulate, devour,
Not sparing Infants at the Breast or womb,
(To die where first they lived, their Birth, their
Tomb)

'Tis said no Serpent, Adder, Snake, or Toad,
Can live in *Ireland*, or hath there abode :
'Tis strange that she those Vipers doth not Kill,
That Gnaws her Bowels, and her blood doth spill,
Can Irish Earth Kill all things venomous,
And can she nurse such Vermin Mischievous :
Her own sons Native, worse than Strangers Born,
They have their Mother's Entrails rent and torn,
Yet still her Indulgency, harbours those.
And feeds those Rebels that do breed her woes :
God (in thy Mercy) give her strength and Aid,
And courage, make her foes and ours dismayed,
Thou Lord of Hosts, thine own cause take in hand,
Thy foes (Thine Anti-christian foes) withstand ;
Defend thy truth, and all our Armies guide,
Our enemies to scatter and divide.
Thus leaving *Ireland* (with my hearty prayers) .
To *Britain* back again my Muse repairs :
Where I perceive a Metamorphosis,
Is most preposterous, as the Picture is,
The world's turned upside down, from bad to worse,
Quite out of frame, *The cart before the Horse*.

The Felt-maker, and saucy stable Groom
Will dare to Perch into the Preacher's Room,
Each Ignorant, do of the Spirit Boast,
And prating fools brag of the *Holy Ghost*,
When *Ignoramus* will his Teacher Teach,
And Sow-gelders, and Cobblers dare to preach,
This shews, men's wits are monstrously disguised,
Or that Country is Antipodis'd.
When holy Common Prayer, is by the Rabble
Accounted Porridge, and unfruitful Babble,
When our Belief is not so much as said,
When as the Ten Commandments are not read,
When as the Lord's Prayer is almost neglected,
When as all decency is quite rejected,
When to avoid a *Romish Papist's* name,
A man must be unmannerly, past shame,
When he that show Reverence, doth offend,
And he seems best that will not bow or bend,
When he that into God's House doth not come,
As to a Stable, or a Tippling Room,
Is counted for a Popish favourite,
And branded so, despised, and scorned with spite.
When He that (of his ways) doth conscience make,
And in his heart doth world, flesh, fiend forsake,
Loves God with all his soul ; adores no pelf,
And loves his Neighbour, as he loves himself,
This man is Rare to find, yet this Rare man

Shall have the Hateful name of Puritan ;
When execrations pierce the firmament,
And oaths do batter against Heaven's Battlement :
When Imprecations, and damned Blasphemies,
In sundry cursed volleys scale the Skies,
When men more Brutish than the Horse or Mule,
Who know not to obey, presume to Rule,
Thus Church and Common-wealth, and men, all are
(Much like the Picture) out of frame or square.
And if 'twere possible our fathers old
Should live again, and tread upon this mould,
And see all things confused, overthrown,
They would not know this Country for their own.
For *England* hath no likelihood, or show
Of what it was but seventy years ago;
Religion, manners, life and shapes of men,
Are much unlike the people that were then,
Nay England's face and language is estrang'd,
That all is Metamorphosed, chopped, and changed,
For like as on the Poles, the World is whirled
So is this Land the *Bedlam* of the World ;
That I amazed, and amated am,
To see *Great Britain* turned to *Amsterdam*,
Men's brains and wits (two simples beat together)
From thence (mixed and compounded) are sent
hither
For *Amsterstam* is landed (as I hear)
At *Rye*, or *Hastings*, or at *Dover Pier*,

At *Harwich, Ipswich, Sandwich*, or at *Weymouth*,
 At *Portsmouth, Dartmouth, Exmouth, Plymouth*,
Falmouth,

At *Yarmouth*, and at all the Ports, to *Teignmouth*,
 And westward unto *Bristol* and to *Monmouth* ;
 From all these *Mouths* and more, mad sects are
 sent,

Who have Religion all in pieces Rent,
 One would have this, Another would have that,
 And most of them would have they know not what.
 God give us peace, and ease us in our pain,
 And send those sects, from whence they came again,
 The Papist, and the Schismatic ; both grieves
 The *Church*, for she's like *Christ* (Between two
 Thieves.)

I took the Protestation twice of Late,
 Where I protested not to Innovate.
 T'avoid all Popish Rites, and to express
 Obedience to what *England's* Church profess,
 My Loyalty unto my King is bent
 With duty to the Peers and Parliament.
 With Prayers, and my best service for them all,
 That on them may Heaven's chiefest blessings fall,
 That with one heart, as one man, with one mind,
 (For God's great glory) they may be combined,
 And never vary, but go boldly on,
 To end the good work, which they have begun.
 This is the Sum (which ne'er shall be forsook)

Of what I in the Protestation took.
But, for all this, I may be mannerly
In God's House, and be free from Papistry ;
I hope I may put off my hat, and be
Allowed to Kneel, and Pray, and Bow my Knee,
When as divine Command bids, only then
I'll Bow to God, and not to Saints, or Men.
And from those duties I will never vary
Till death, or Order do command contrary.
The Almighty's Name be ever praised and blessed,
That Romish superstition is suppressed,
We have no Abbies, Abbots, Friars, or Monks,
Nor have we Nuns, or Stews allowed for Punks,
We have no Masses, or no Mass-Priests here.
But some are hanged, and some are fled for fear.
All those that are so bold to stay behind,
I wish they may like entertainment find ;
Beads, Baubles, Relics, Tapers, Lamps or Lights,
We have no superstitious Romish Rites,
We seek our Pardons from our Heavenly Hope,
And not by works, or favour from the Pope ;
To Saints we make no prayer, or Intercession,
And unto God alone we make Confession ;
We hold no Real Presence in the Bread,
And we do know King *Charles* our supreme head
(Beneath God, who hath placed him in his Throne)
For other Supreme, we acknowledge none.
No Purgatory, Image, Wood or Stone,

No Stock, or carved Block, we trust upon,
Nor is our Church discretion here so little,
As to Baptize with Cream, with salt and Spittle.
We have as many Sacraments, as Heaven
Ordained ; which are but two, and Rome hath
seven

We do not Christen Bells, and give them Names
Of Simon, Peter, Andrew, John and James ;
We use no Pilgrimage, or Holy-water,
Nor in an unknown tongue our Prayers scatter ;
All these, and many more, in Rome are used
Which are by us rejected and refused.
And yet too many faults, alas remains,
Which are the Church's, and the Kingdom's stains,
The Church Triumphant is not clear from spots,
The Poor Church Militant hath still some blots,
Here's all imperfect, something's still amiss,
And nothing's blessed, but in Eternal Bliss.
Meantime, till we amend, and leave our crimes,
The Picture is the Emblem of the Times.

FINIS.

THE KINGS

MOST EXCELLENT
MAJESTIES

VVellcome to his owne House,
Truly called the Honour of *Hampton*

COVRT,

VVho came thither on the 24. of
August, and so consequently hoped and hum-
bly desired to *White-Hall*.

Written by his Majesties most humble servant
John Tailor, one of the Yeoman of
His MAJESTIES Guard.

Alius Poeta Aquaticus.

From my House at the Crowne in *Globe Lane*, alias *Phœnix Al-*
ly, nere the Globe Taverne in Long Aker,

Printed in the Yeare. 1647.



THE KINGS
Most Excellent MAJESTIES,
Welcome to his own House,
Truly called the Honour
of *Hampton-Court*.

MOST Gracious (suffering) Sovereign Lord
and King
Had I a quill plucked from the *Phœnix*
wing,
Or *Homers* Muse or, *Virgils* towring style,
(Thy ten times long wish'd welcome to
compile)

Had I all these great aids, all were too few,
Thy Subjects long expected joys to show
Thy presence hath inspir'd this Muse of mine,
More than *Apollo* and his triple Trine,
He's dull brained, and a Poet cannot be,
That wants a Muse (Great King,) and writes of thee.
A juster Master servant never had
And servants false to man, too bad
But as the Eagle never cast his eyes,

On abject, objects, vermin, gnats or flies,
So thou not minding injuries, hath still,
With thine own goodness overcome their ill.
Ungrateful men took clothing, wages, food,
From thee, and have repaid thee ill for good :
Which thy Heroic mind still slighted hath,
As most unworthy of thy Royal wrath.
There's not a grace, a virtue of an Art,
But are enthroned in thy Princely Heart :
Faith and *Fame* unshaken with the wrongs,
Of perjur'd writers and perfidious tongues,
Thy certain *Hope* in thy Majestic Breast
That fix'd belief, shall be made manifest
By *Charity*, which thou hast shew'd to those
Who are thy cursed causeless mortal foes.
Whereby thy virtues patient constancy,
Hath won thee a more glorious victory,
Than If (by conquest) thy sharp sword should pierce
Through all the Kingdoms of the Universe.
Thy *Mercy* and thy *Justice* are the Gems,
And richest Jewels in thy Diadems.
To sum up all ; 'tis truly understood
There's nothing may be named *just* or *good*
But is in thee ingrafted, and nothing ill
Thou sayest or doest, but 'tis against thy will.
Thy Master *Christ* (the *light* made thee discern,
And this bless'd Lesson thou from him didst learn.
That he that Loveth, Father, Mother, Wife,

Children, earths goods or glory, or his life
More than his Saviour (such a sordid Spirit)
Is most unworthy of his Masters Merit :
This precept thou hast practis'd this thy troth
Kept in thy Christian Coronation Oath,
Wife, Children, Crown, and Kingdoms, friends,
Life, all
Thou hazard'st either to rise, stand or fall,
Thy Love (Great King) to thy great King of Kings,
By thee hath been prefer'd above all things,
For which he'll crown his Gifts in thee, and He
Will crown thee glorious with Eternity :
Thy Constancy hath trip'd up *Fortunes* heel,
Thy mind ne'er minded her Inconstant Wheel :
What good, or bad Occurrences effected ;
Thy Spirits were ne'er erected or dejected ;
Not with a stupid Humour stoical,
But with a Christian Mind Majestical :
And with Impregnable strong confidence,
Still trusting in the Almighty's Providence.
Now may we see that Patience, Clemency,
Religion, and true Magnanimity,
Are Talents lent, whose value doth excel :
And all the Profits their's that use them well.
And (Royal Sir) Thou hast done well (no doubt)
Thou hast not wrap'd thy Talent in a Clout,
But so improv'd thy trust, in thy Trustee,
That tenfold ten times more thy trust shall be.

And now poor *England*, hath so many years
 Been Plagu'd with causeless *Jealousies* and *Fears*,
 Which (like Black clouds) dispersed with wavering
 wind:

Made *Wit* squint-ey'd, and *Understanding* blind,
 Whereby each how was frighted hence sweet *Peace*
 And every moment miseries increase :
 But as bright *Phæbus* (interposed by Clouds,
 Which with a mourning face the earth e'en shrouds)
 At last dispels them with his Radiant Ray,
 And makes the dulsome dark, a gladsome day.
 So we (mistaken Subjects) hood-wink over
 With Ignorance, our sights again recover,
 King *Charles* shines clear, as *Sols* Coruscant Beams
 Hath prov'd our *Jealous Fears* were less than
 dreams,

Mild *Dove-like* King brings Peace with the *Olive*
 Branch,

Whose Love (like *Balsam*, Bleeding wounds will
 staunch

Our cheerful faces, shows our minds (like Mirrors)
 Free from suspicious thoughts, or needless Terrors :
 Hearts overflow'd with Joys, Thanks up erected
 To God, who for us hath this good effected:
 Our joyful eyes shows *April* drops of pleasure,
 And showers of Joy fill the *Horizons* measure,
 The Almighty hath thy troubles seen and heard,
 And hath thy upright heart in such regard

THE GREAT EATER *OF KENT,*

OR PART OF THE ADMIRABLE TEETH
and Stomach Exploits of

Nicholas Wood, of Harrisom,
in the *County of Kent*, His Excessive manner
of Eating without manners in strange
and true manner described

By IOHN TAYLOR.



LONDON,
Printed by *Eliz. All-de* for *Henry Gosson*.
1630.



THE GREAT EATER OF KENT.

RECORDS and Histories do make memorable mention of the diversity of qualities of sundry famous persons, men and women, in all the Countries and Regions of the world, how some are remembered for their Piety and Pity; some for Justice; some for Severity, for Learning, Wisdom, Temperance, Constancy, Patience, with all the virtues Divine, and moral: Some again, have purchased a memory for greatness and tallness of body; some for dwarfish smallness; some for beautiful outsides, fair feature and composition of limbs and stature, many have gotten an earthly perpetuity for cruelty and murder, as *Nero*, *Commodus*, and others: for Lechery, as *Heliogabalus*: for drunkenness, *Tiberius*, (*alias Biberius*;) for effeminacy, as *Sardanapalus*: for gluttony, *Aulus Vitellius*, who at one supper was served with two thousand sorts of fishes, and seven thousand fowls, as *Suetonius* writes in his ninth book, and *Josephus* in his fifth book of the Jews wars. *Caligula* was famous for ambition, for he would be

ador'd as a God, though he liv'd like a Devil, poisoning his Uncle, and deflowering all his Sisters : And in all ages and countries, time hath still produc'd particular persons, men and women, either for their virtues or their vices, to be remembered, that by meditating on the good, we may be imitating their goodness, and by viewing the bad, we might be eschewing their vices.

To descend lower to more familiar examples, I have known a great man very expert on the Jew-harp ; a rich heir excellent at Noddy,¹ a Justice of the Peace skilful at Quoits ; a Merchants wife a quick gamester at Irish² (especially when she came to bearing of men) that she would seldom miss entering. Monsieur *La Ferr* a Frenchman, was the first inventor of the admirable Game of Double-hand, Hot-cockles, and *Gregory Dawson* an Englishman, devised the unmatchable mystery of Blind-man's-buff. Some have the agility to ride Post, some the facility to run Post ; some the dexterity to write Post, and some the ability to speak, Post. For I have heard a fellow make a Hackney of his tongue, and in a moment he hath gallop'd a lie from *China* to *London*, without bridle or saddle. Others do speak Post, in a thick shuffling kind of ambling trot, and that in such speed, that one of them shall talk

¹NODDY, an old game at cards, conjectured to be the same as cribbage.

²IRISH, similar to backgammon.

more in one quarter of an hour, than shall be understood in seven years. And as every one hath particular qualities to themselves, and dissonant from others, so are the manners of lives (or livings) of all men and women various one from another; as some get their living by their tongues, as Interpreters, Lawyers, Orators, and Flatterers; some by tails, as Maquerellæ,* Concubines, Curtezans, or in plain English, Whores; some by their feet, as Dancers, Lackeys, Footmen, and Weavers, and Knights of the public or common order of the fork; some by their brains, as Politicians, Monopolists, Projectmongers, Suit-joggers, and Star-gazers; some (like the *Salamander*) live by fire, as the whole race of *Tubal Cain*, the *Vulcanæan* brood of Blacksmiths, Firemen, Colliers, Gunners, Gun-founders, and all sorts of metal-men; some like the *Chameleon*, by the air, and such are Poets, Trumpeters, Cornets, Records, Pipers, Bagpipers; and some by smoke, as Tobacconists, Knights of the Vapour, Gentlemen of the Whiff, Esquires of the Pipe, Gallants in *fumo*; some live by the Water as Herrings do, such are Brewers, Vintners, Dyers, Mariners, Fishermen, and Scullers; and many like moles live by the Earth, as griping Usurers, racking Landlords, toiling Ploughmen, moiling Labourers, painful Gardeners, and others.

Amongst all these before mentioned, and many more which I could recite, this subject of my pen is

*MAQUERELLÆS.—i.e., bawds, procuresses.

not (for his quality) inferior to any : and as near as I can, I will stretch my wit upon the Tenters, to describe his name and character, his worthy acts shall be related after *in due time duly*.

And, be it known unto all men, to whom these presents shall come, that I *John Taylor*, Waterman of Saint *Saviours* in Southwark, in the County of Surrey, the Writer hereof, &c., will write plain truth, bare and thread-bare, and almost stark-naked-truth, of the descriptions, and remarkable, memorable actions of *Nicholas Wood*, of the Parish of *Harrisom*¹ in the County of Kent, Yeoman, for these considerations following.

First, I were to blame to write more than truth, because that which is known to be true, is enough.

Secondly, that which is only true, is too much.

Thirdly, the truth will hardly be believed, being so much beyond mans reason to conceive.

Fourthly, I shall run the hazard to be accounted a great liar, in writing the truth.

Lastly, I will not lie, on purpose to make all those liars that esteem me so.

Yet by your leave, Master Critic, you must give me license to flourish my phrases, to embellish my lines, to adorn my Oratory, to embroider my speeches, to interlace my words, to draw out my sayings, and to bumbast the whole suit of the

¹HARISOM.—i.e. Harrietsham.

business for the time of your wearing. For though truth appeareth best bare in matters of Justice, yet in this I hold it decent to attire her with such poor rags as I have, instead of robes.

First then ; the place of his birth, and names of his parents are to me a mere *Terra incognita*, as far from my knowledge, as content from a Usurer, or honesty from a Bawd, but if he be no Christian, the matter is not much, he will serve well enough for a man of Kent ; and if his education had been as his feeding, it is evident he had been of most mighty breeding ; he hath gotten a foul name, but I know not if it came to him by Baptism, for it is partly a *Nick-name*, which in the total is *Nicholas*, I would abate him but a Saint, and call him *Nicholas Shambles*, and were the goodness of his purse answerable to the greatness of his appetite, out of all question, no man below the Moon would be a better customer to a shambles than he, for though he be chaste of his body, yet his mind is only upon flesh, he is the only Tugmutton, or Muttonmonger betwixt *Dover* and *Dunbar* : for he hath eaten a whole sheep of sixteen shillings price, raw at one meal (pardon me) I think he left the skin, the wool, the horns, and bones : but what talk I of a sheep, when it is apparently known, that he hath at one repast, and with one dish, feasted his carcase with all manner of meats ? All men will confess that a hog

will eat any thing, either fish, flesh, fowl, root, herb, or excrement, and this same noble *Nick Nicholas*, or *Nicholas Nick*, hath made an end of a hog all at once, as if it had been but a rabbit sucker, and presently after, for fruit to recreate his palate, he hath swallowed three pecks of damsons, thus (Philosophically) by way of a chemical infusion, as a hog will eat all things that are to be eaten, so he in eating the hog, did in a manner of extraction distil all manner of meats through the limbeck of his paunch.

But hold a little, I would be loath to cloy my Reader with too much meat and fruit at once, so that after your sheep, hog and damsons, I think it best to suffer you to pause and pick your teeth (if you have any) whilst I spend a few words more in paraphrasing upon his surname. *Wood* is his appellation, denomination, or how you please to term it.

Some of the ancient Philosophers have compared men to a Tree with the bottom upwards, whose root is the brain, the arms, hands, fingers, legs, feet and toes, are the limbs and branches, the comparison is very significant, many trees do bring forth good fruit, so do some few men; some stately trees grow high and fair, yet stand for nothing but shades, and some men grow high and lofty, yet are nothing but shadows; Some trees are so malignant,

that nothing can prosper under the compass of their branches; and some men are so unlucky, that very few can thrive in their service. And as of one part of a tree a chair of State may be made, and of another a carved image, and of a third a stool of office; So men, being compounded and composed all of one mould and metal, are different and dissonant in estates, conditions, and qualities. Too many (like the barren Fig-tree) bear leaves of Hypocrisy, but no fruits of Integrity, who serve only for a flourish in this life, and a flame in that hereafter.

So much for that: now to return to my theme of *Wood*, (indeed this last digression may make my Reader think that I could not see wood for trees) what Wood he is, I know not, but by his face he should be Maple, or Crabtree, and by his stomach, sure he is heart of *Oak*; some say he is a *Meddler*, but by his stature, he seems like a low short *Pine*, and certain I am, that he is *Popular*, a well timbered piece, or a store-house for belly timber.

Now Gentlemen, as I have walked you amongst the Trees, and through the Wood, I pray sit down, and take a taste or two more of this banquet.

What say you to the leaf or fleck of a brawn new killed, to be of weight eight pound, and to be eaten hot out of the boars belly raw? much

good do you Gallants, was it not a glorious dish ? and presently after (instead of suckets, twelve raw puddings. I speak not one word of drink all this while, for indeed he is no drunkard, he abhors that swinish vice: Alehouses, nor Tapsters cannot nick this *Nick* with froth, curtal cans, tragical black-pots, and double-dealing bumbasted jugs, could never cheat him, for one pint of beer or ale is enough to wash down a hog, or water a sheep with him.

Two loins of mutton, and one loin of veal were but as three sprats to him : Once at Sir *Warham Saint Ledgers* house, and at Sir *William Sydleyes* he shewed himself so valiant of teeth, and stomach, that he ate as much as would well have served and sufficed thirty men, so that his belly was like to turn bankrupt and break, but that the serving-men turned him to the fire, and anointed his paunch with grease and butter, to make it stretch and hold ; and afterwards being laid in bed, he slept eight hours, and fasted all the while : which when the Knight understood, he commanded him to be laid in the stocks, and there to endure as long time as he had lain bedrid with eating.

Pompey the Great, *Alexander* the Great, *Tamberlane* the Great, *Charlemagne* or *Charles* the Great, *Arthur* the Great : all these gat the title of Great, for conquering Kingdoms, and killing of men ; and surely *eating* is not a greater sin than

rapine, theft, manslaughter and murder. Therefore this noble *Eatalian* doth well deserve the title of *Great*: wherefore I instile him *Nicholas* the Great (Eater :) And as these forenamed Greats have overthrown and wasted Countries, and hosts of men, with the help of their Soldiers and followers; so hath our *Nick* the Great, (in his own person) without the help or aid of any man, overcome, conquered, and devoured in one week, as much as would have sufficed a reasonable and sufficient Army in a day, for he hath at one meal made an assault upon seven dozen of good rabbits at the Lord *Wottons* in *Kent*, which in the total is four-score, which number would well have sufficed a hundred, three-score, and eight hungry soldiers, allowing to each of them half a rabbit.

Bell, the famous Idol of the *Babylonians*, was a mere impostor, a juggling toy, and a cheating bauble, in comparison of this *Nicholaitan Kentish Tenterbelly*, the high and mighty Duke *All-paunch*, was but a fiction to him. *Milo* the *Crotonian* could hardly be his equal: and *Woolner* of *Windsor*¹ was not worthy to be his footman. A quarter of fat lamb, and threescore eggs have been but an easy collation, and three well larded pudding-pies he

¹WOOLNER OF WINDSOR.—The Life and Pranks of Long Meg of Westminster, chap. vii, contains an account of "How she used Woolner the singing man of Windsor, that was the great eater, and how she made him pay for his breakfast."

hath at one time put to foil, eighteen yards of black puddings (*London* measure) have suddenly been imprisoned in his souse-tub. A duck raw with guts, feathers, and all (except the bill and the long feathers of the wings) hath swam in the whirl-pool or pond of his maw, and he told me, that three-score pound of cherries was but a kind of washing meat, and that there was no tack in them, for he had tried it at one time. But one *John Dale* was too hard for him at a place called *Lennam*, for the said *Dale* had laid a wager that he would fill *Woods* belly, with good wholesome victuals for two shillings, and a gentleman that laid the contrary, did wager, that as soon as noble *Nick* had eaten out *Dales* two shillings, that he should presently enter combat with a worthy Knight, called Sir *Loin of Beef*, and overthrow him; in conclusion, *Dale* bought six pots of potent, high and mighty ale, and twelve new penny white loaves, which he sopped in the said ale, the powerful fume whereof conquered the conqueror, robbed him of his reason, bereft him of his wit, violently took away his stomach, intoxicated his *Pia Mater*, and entered the sconce of his *Pericranium*, blind folded him with sleep; setting a *nap* of nine hours for manacles upon his *thread-bare eyelids*, to the preservation of the roast beef, and the unexpected winning of the wager.

This invincible *Ale*, victoriously vanquished the vanquisher, and over our Great Triumpher, was Triumphant : but there are precedents enough of as potent men as our *Nicholas*, that have subdued Kings and Kingdoms, and yet they themselves have been captured and conquered by drink ; we need recite no more examples but the Great *Alexander*, and *Holofernes*, their ambition was boundless, and so is the stomach of my pens subject, for all the four Elements cannot cloy him, fish from the deepest ocean, or purest river, fairest pond, foulest ditch, or dirtiest puddle, he hath a receipt for fowl of all sorts, from the *Wren* to the *Eagle*, from the *titmouse* to the *ostrich* or *cassowary*, his paunch is either a coop or a roost for them : he hath (within himself) a stall for the ox, a room for the cow, a sty for the hog, a park for the deer, a warren for conies, a store-house for fruit, a dairy for milk, cream, curds, whey, butter-milk, and cheese : his mouth is a mill of perpetual motion, for let the wind or the water rise or fall, yet his teeth will ever be grinding ; his guts are the rendezvous or meeting place or burse for the beasts of the fields, the fowls of the air, and fishes of the sea ; and though they be never so wild or disagreeing in Nature, one to another, yet he binds or grinds them to the peace, in such manner, that they never fall at odds again. His eating of a sheep, a hog,

and a duck raw, doth shew that he is free from the sin of niceness or curiosity in his diet. (It had been happy for the poor, if their stomachs had been of that constitution, when sea coals were so dear here.) Besides, he never troubles a larder, or cupboard to lay cold meat in, nor doth he keep any cats or traps in his house to destroy vermin, he takes so good a course, that he lays or shuts up all safe within himself; in brief, give him meat, and he ne'er stands upon the cookery; he cares not for the peacock of *Samos*, the woodcock of *Phrygia*, the cranes of *Malta*, the pheasants of *England*, the *capercaillie*, the *heathcock*, and *ptarmigan* of *Scotland*, the goat of *Wales*, the salmon, and usquebaugh of *Ireland*, the sausage of *Bologna*, the skink of *Westphalia*, the Spanish *potatoe*, he holds as a bauble, and the *Italian fig* he esteems as poison.

He is an Englishman, and English diet will serve his turn. If the *Norfolk Dumpling*, and the *Devonshire white-pot*, be at variance, he will atone them, the *bag-puddings* of *Gloucester* shire, the *black-puddings* of *Worcester* shire, the *pan-puddings* of *Shropshire*, the *white puddings* of *Somersetshire*, the *hasty puddings* of *Hampshire*, and the *pudding-pies* of any shire, all is one to him, nothing comes amiss, a contented mind is worth all, and let any thing come in the shape of fodder, or eating stuff, it is welcome, whether it be *sausage*, or *custard*, or

egg-pie, or *cheese-cake*, or *flawn*, or *fool*, or *froise*, or *tansy*, or *pancake*, or *fritter*, or *flapjack*, or *posset*, *galley-mawfrey*, *mackeroon*, *kickshaw*, or *tantablin*, he is no pulling meacock, nor in all his life time the queasyness of his stomach needed any saucy spur or switch of sour *verjuice* or acute *vinegar*, his appetite is no straggler, nor is it ever to seek, for he keeps it close prisoner, and like a courteous kind jailor, he is very tender over it, not suffering it to want any thing if he can by any means procure it : indeed it was never known to be so far out of reparations, that it needed the assistance of *caudle*, *aleberry*, *julep*, *cullis*, *gruel*, or *stew'd-broth*, only a mess of plain frugal country *pottage* was always sufficient for him, though it were but a *washing-bowl full*, of the quantity of two pecks, which pottenger of his, I my self saw at the sign of the white *Lion* at a village called *Harrisom*, in *Kent*, the Hostess of which house did affirm, that he did at once wash down that bowl full of pottage, with nine penny loaves of bread, and three jugs of beer.

Indeed, in my presence (after he had broken his fast) having (as he said) eaten one pottle of milk, one pottle of pottage, with bread, butter, and cheese : I then sent for him, to the aforesaid Inn, and after some accommodated salutations, I asked him if he could eat anything ? He gave me thanks, and said, if he had known, that any gentleman would have

invited him, that he would have spared his breakfast at home, (and with that he told me as aforesaid, what he had eaten) yet nevertheless (to do me a courtesy) he would shew me some small cast of his office, for he had one hole or corner in the profundity of his store-house, into which he would stow or bestow any thing that the house would afford, at his peril and my cost. Whereupon I summoned my Hostess with three knocks upon the table, two stamps on the floor with my fist and foot, at which she made her personal appearance with a low curtsy, and inquisitive What lack ye? I presently laid the authority of a bold guest upon her, commanding that all the victuals in the house should be laid on the table. She said, she was but slenderly provided, by reason Goodman *Wood* was there, but what she had, or could do, we should presently have : so the cloth was displayed, the salt was advanc'd, six penny wheaten loaves were mounted two stories high like a rampier, three sixpenny veal pies, wall'd stifly about, and well victual'd within, were presented to the hazard of the *Scalado*, one pound of sweet butter (being all fat and no bones) was in a cold sweat at this mighty preparation, one good dish of thornback, white as Alabaster or the snow upon the *Scithian* mountains, and in the rear came up an inch thick shiver of a peck household loaf ; all which provision were presently, in the space of an hour utterly con-

founded, and brought to nothing, by the mere and only valourous dexterity of our unmatched grand Gormand. He courageously pass'd the pikes, and I cleared the shot, but the house yielded no more, so that my guest arose unsatisfied, and myself discontented in being thrifty and saving my money against my will.

I did there offer him twenty shillings to bring him up to me to my house on the Bankside, and there I would have given him as much good meat, as he would eat in ten days, one after another, and five shillings a day every day, and at the ten days end, twenty shillings more, to bring him down again. I did also offer ten shillings to one *Jeremy Robinson* a glover (a man very inward with him) to attend and keep him company, and two shillings sixpence the day, with good diet and lodging : all which were once accepted, until *Wood* began to ruminate and examine what service he was to do, for these large allowances. Now my plot was to have him to the Bear-garden, and there before a house full of people, he should have eaten a wheel-barrow full of tripes, and the next day, as many puddings as should reach over the Thames (at a place which I would measure betwixt *London* and *Richmond*) the third day, I would have allowed him a fat calf, or sheep of twenty shillings price, and the fourth day he should have had thirty sheeps gathers,* thus from

*SHEEPS GATHERS—i.e., the pluck.

day to day he should have had wages and diet with variety ; but he fearing that which his merits would amount unto, brake off the match, saying, that perhaps when his Grace, (I guess who he meant) should hear of one that ate so much, and could work so little, he doubted there would come a command to hang him : whereupon our hopeful Bear-garden business was shivered, and shattered in pieces.

Indeed he made a doubt of his expected performance in his quality, by reason of his being grown in years, so that if his stomach should fail him publicly, and lay his reputation in the mire, it might have been a disparagement to him for ever, and especially in Kent, where he hath long been famous, he would be loth to be defamed ; but as weak as he was, he said, that he could make a shift to destroy a fat wether of a pound* in two hours, provided that it were tenderly boiled, for he hath lost all his teeth (except one) in eating a quarter of mutton, (bones and all) at *Ashford* in the County aforesaid, yet is he very quick and nimble in his feeding, and will rid more eating work away in two hours, than ten of the hungriest carters in the parish where he dwells. He is surely noble (for his great stomach) and virtuous, chiefly for his patience in putting *up much* ; moreover he is *thrifty* or *frugal*,

*A POUND—i.e., twenty shillings.

for when he can get no better meat, he will eat ox livers, or a mess of warm ale-grains from a brew-house. He is provident and studious where to get more provision as soon as all is spent, and yet he is bountiful or prodigal in spending all he hath at once: he is profitable in keeping bread and meat from mould and maggots, and saving the charge of salt, for his appetite will not wait and attend the poudering*; his courtesy is manifest, for he had rather have one *Farewell* than twenty goodbyes: of all things, he hold fasting to be a most superstitious branch of Popery, he is a main enemy to Emberweeks, he hates Lent worse than a butcher or a Puritan, and the name of Good-Friday affrights him like a bulbeggar; a long Grace before meat, strikes him into a quotidian ague; in a word, he could wish that Christmas would dwell with us all the year, or that every day were metamorphosed into Shrove-Tuesdays; in brief, he is a magazine, a store-house, a receptacle, a burse, or exchange, a babel or confusion for all creatures.

He is no gamester, neither at dice, or cards, yet there is not any man within forty miles of his head, that can play with him at *Maw*, and though his pasture be ever so good, he is always like one of *Pharaohs* lean kine; he is swarty, blackish hair, hawknosed (like a parrot, or a Roman), he is wattle-

*POUDERING—To salt or spice meat.

jawed, and his eyes are sunk inward, as if he looked into the inside of his entrails, to note what customed or uncusomd goods he took in, whilst his belly (like a mainsail in a calm) hangs ruffled and wrinkled (in folds and wrathles) flat to the mast of his empty carcase, till the storm of abundance fills it, and violently drives it into the full sea of satisfaction.



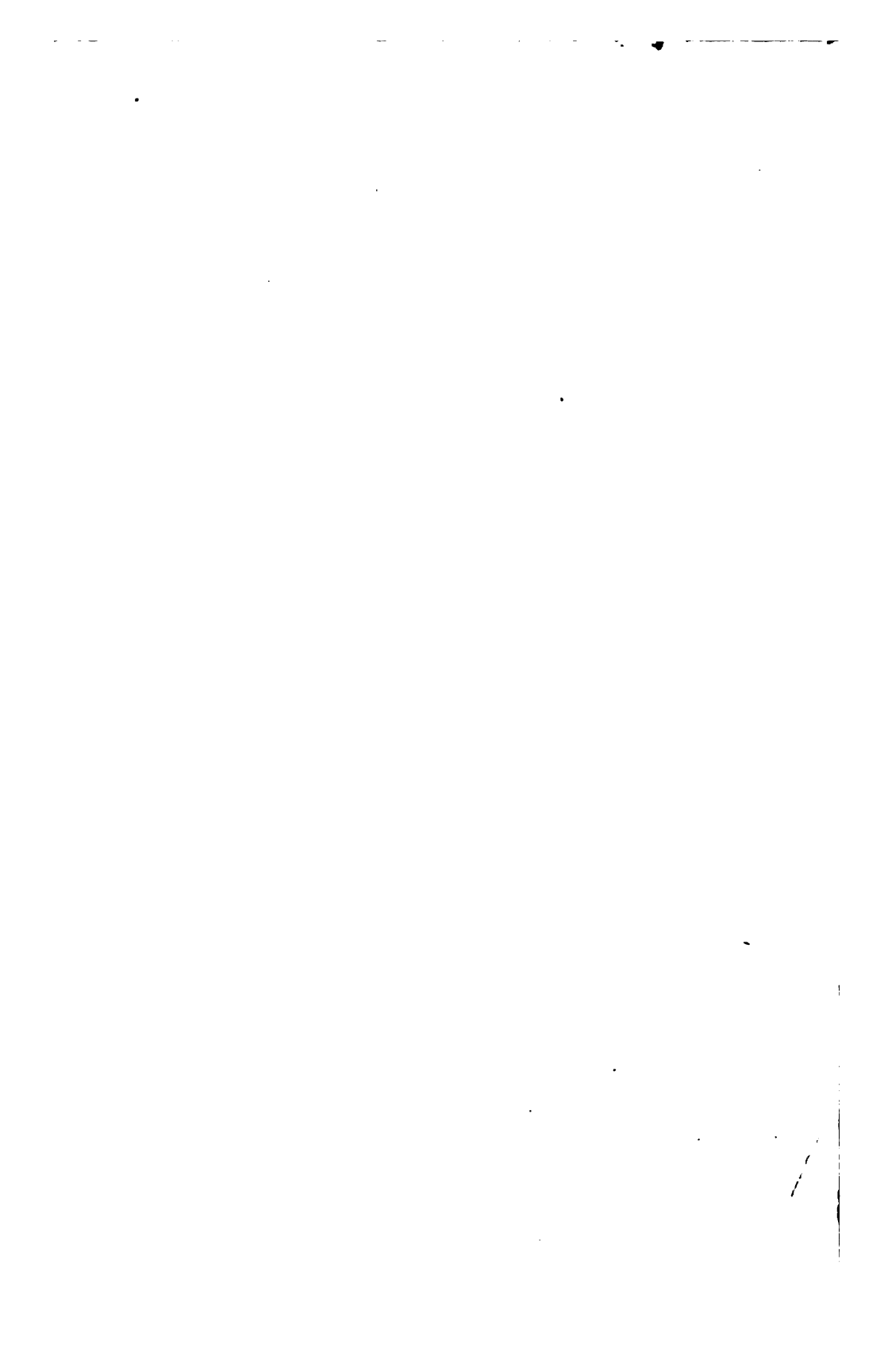
LIKE as a River to the Ocean bounds,
 Or as a Garden to all Britains grounds,
 Or like a candle to a flaming link
 Or as a single ace, unto Sife Cinque,
 So short am I of what *Nick Wood* hath done,
 That having ended, I have scarce begun :
 For I have written but a taste in this,
 To show my Readers where, and what he his.

FINIS.



A R A M B L E
ON THE
COAST OF SUSSEX.





A
R A M B L E
ON THE
COAST OF SUSSEX.

[1782]

By ANTONY HIGHMORE.

EDITED BY
CHARLES HINDLEY.

LONDON AND WESTMINSTER :
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THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

A RAMBLE ON THE COAST OF SUSSEX is printed *verbatim* from a neatly written MS. by the late Mr. Antony Highmore, who was a solicitor and author of "The History of the Honourable Artillery Company, from its earliest Annals to the Peace of 1802—London, 8vo., 1804, Pietas Londinensis;" "The History, Design, and present state of the various Public Charities in and near London—1810;" a View of the Charitable Institutions established in and near London, chiefly during the last twelve years—1822;" and numerous other works on legal, political, and social subjects.

The MS. in question has lately fallen into my hands through the kindness of Messrs. Reeves and Turner, the enterprising booksellers of 196, Strand, W.C., and 185, Fleet Street, E.C., who, having purchased the library of the late Mr. Antony Highmore from the surviving relations, now residing at Tenby, a market town and borough of Wales, in Pembroke

shire, and well knowing my *penchant* for all works relating in any way to Sussex in general, and Brighton in particular, kindly reserved this MS. for my inspection, which, upon a perusal, I found to contain a well-written and interesting description of men, manners, and travelling in the days—when George the Third was King, and “Ere giant steam had spread its mighty hand, and with an iron cobweb girt our land,” in the shape of Railways.

The “Ramble” is written much after the style of Sterne, and might, as appropriately have been called, “A Sentimental Journey.”

The diction and punctuation of the original has been preserved throughout, so as to place the locally interesting *brochure* before the reader in print as it came into my hands in the MS.

CHARLES HINDLEY.

Rose Hill Terrace,
Brighton.

January, 1873.



To
My Worthy Friend and
Agreeable Fellow Traveller,
The following
heterogeneous Jumble
Is,
With all due respect,
and Esteem,
dedicated and inscribed,
by his humble, and
obliged Servant,
THE AUTHOR.

10th Sept., }
1782. }



PROLEGOMENON.



AM induced to tell my rambles, because I love to communicate the pleasures I receive. I have some observations to make on the manners of Men, and while I sit in my quiet corner and ruminate on the quaint whimsies of the World, let the Reader be assured, I do not forget my own.





A RAMBLE ON THE COAST OF SUSSEX.

A STAGE COACH.

IN the bleak summer of 1782, my friend Mr. N. proposed to me a ramble round the Coast of Sussex. Leisure and opportunity favoured the project, and we first took the stage to Horsham.

I have ever remarked it, as a characteristic of our country, that when many of us meet together in a compact circle, we are all silent for a long time ; whether this may proceed from distrust or mere taciturnity, I cannot determine, but the truth of the plain remark is certain. Our company was six in number—a hubble-bubble Apothecary, half asleep—an old Lady, who seemed to shew no future signs of conversation—a pair of Lovers, who saw no other objects but themselves—my friend and myself, who

were left to judge in silence of the hopes of the day.

But my physiognomy was soon put out of countenance, by the old lady, who looked out of the coach window, and told us what we could not fail to see, that it was a wet morning; this opened a dissertation which lasted full half-an-hour, on the backwardness of the season, and each knew something very wonderful to relate, about the damage it occasioned to the hay and the corn—and in less time than one may read a common play bill of a Benefit Night—the whole Island was alternately washed away, and the people languishing under all the horrors of a famine.

This gave rise—for everybody found themselves interested in the general calamity, to a series of conversations, which never rested till we stopped to breakfast at Ashtead. We were all decently accommodated with coffee and tea, except the Apothecary, who sat at a side table, and eat very heartily of a hot beefsteak and cucumber. I was inclined to condemn so gross a breakfast, but habit, constitution, and prejudice, rendered him equally disdainful of my slip-slop, as mine of his beefsteak.

Our conversation had not turned upon any subject which could prove our young couple to be real lovers—but one incident which occurred on the road at a baiting-place sufficiently satisfied me—

the young man had been silent. I got out of the coach, and when I returned to it again, and found him in my place, taking the most eager advantage of the flying moment to tell her what had been so long withheld. She listened to his conversation, with the pleasure and attention which marks the young countenance a week *before* Marriage—he offered me my seat which I smiled and refused.

Le sage entendu a demi mot, none so quick at construction and conception as those in love—they both understood me; and the difference of the sexes were conspicuous in the downcast gravity of the one, and the modest blush of the other. At breakfast two vacant chairs stood next the lady—I purposely avoided sitting down, to mark his politeness—he offered me that nearest to her, but he was full of apprehension lest I should accept it—when I declined he pressed me to take it—I rejoined, ‘that for the same reason I had given him my seat in the coach, I could not think of accepting the seat he offered.’

Oh! thou Tyrant of the human heart!—that softenest with thy silver wand the rudest object of the rustic wild; how did I recall with more than sainted rapture all the quick sensations that flew spontaneous, uncontrolled, to both the countenances of my fellow travellers!

I will not delay the reader—suffice it to say that we arrived at Horsham.

HORSHAM¹

Is a Borough Town—and of some extent—but I shall not make it my business, to enquire or to tell the Reader, whether its—Burgesses are corrupt or free!

Our first business in this town was to procure a single-horse chaise. We were directed to a house at the corner of a lane, a few paces without the town. An old lady met us in the passage, and acquainted us that her chaise was not at home—we desired further recommendation—when the voice of a pretty woman from an inner room directed us to a

¹HORSHAM is a parliamentary borough, union, and market town, parish and polling place for the Western division of the county, $37\frac{1}{2}$ miles from London by railway and $35\frac{1}{2}$ by road, 22 north from Brighton, and 9 from the Three Bridges station, on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, in the Hundred of Singlecross; Rape of Bramber. Diocese and Archdeaconry of Chichester, and the rural deanery of Storrington. Benefice, a Vicarage, valued at £750; Patron, the Archbishop of Canterbury; Incumbent, Rev. John Fisher Hodgson, M.A., of Christ Church, Oxford, prebendary of Chichester Cathedral, and rural dean and surrogate; the Revs. J. Arthur, Henry Scott, M.A., of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, and Henry Thomas Waters, B.A., of Wadham College, Oxford, are the curates. Parish clerk, William Randell: date of earliest Parish Register, 1540; acreage, 10,770; gross estimated rental, £33,033; rateable value, £27,387; the population in 1811, 3,139; in 1871, 7,831. The principal landowners are Major Aldridge and Robert Henry Hurst, Esq., M.P. of Horsham Park and Goldsmith Building, Temple, E.C., 6. Ovington Gardens, S.W., Oxford and Cambridge and Reform Clubs, London, S.W. Seats—Denne Park, Charles Gilbert Eversfield, Esq.; Coolhurst, Charles Scrase Dickins, Esq., J.P.; Holbrook, Right Hon. Sir William Robert Seymour Vesey Fitz-Gerald, G.C.S.I., J.P.; Hewell's Manor-house, Henry Padwick, Esq.; Springfield Place, Hon. Mrs. Pelham; Wimbleshurst, John Braby, Esq.; Roughey Park, Thomas Sanctuary, Esq., J.P.

Mrs. Taylor—on turning towards the sound, through the opening of an oaken door, I saw what Nature ever prompts me to admire—unaffected beauty in complacent smiles—I entered the room, and found by her employment, that she was a *Belle*—Fashion will ever govern the sex. She was giving the last advantages to a Sunday cap, and had neglected the regular form of her evening head dress, which exposed to my view such a favourite lock of curling auburn, that once inspired the inflamed admirer of Belinda. It was a specimen of the faces I was afterwards to behold in the County of Sussex.

The women of Kent, have a life and vivacity, that sparkle with the additional attractions of black and piercing eyes—while those of Sussex, have a gentle delicacy that meliorates the passions, and gives peculiar influence to the sensibilities of Love.

Having engaged for our *Voiture* by the directions of this lady, we returned to our hotel, and slept well, after a hearty supper, a cheerful glass, and enlivening song.

On Sunday morning having quitted the Church, which is the remains of Saxon grandeur, we took the road to *Steyning* in our chaise.

The farmers here, use large quantities of burnt lime for manure—but whether it is from taste or accident, I know not, the kilns for burning it, are all built in an antique style; and standing in low

parts of the ground, under hedges, and overgrown with ivy and the leafy luxuriance of Nature, it might be no difficult project to puzzle some musty Antiquarian who was unacquainted of their use. In like manner, to the great diversion of my friend, I stopped to contemplate what I imagined to have discovered in an obscure corner :—it was built with white stone defaced by weather, and crusted with moss, an arch in the centre—a round window over it, and the corners turned to make room for two massy buttresses. ‘This must have been some place of Arms,’ said I—‘surely we are in the neighbourhood of some Roman station,—yonder is another like it ; thus at small distances they had relays of Arms.’— —‘Yonder ploughboy can give you the best history of them,’ returned my friend—I was surprised—‘Ask him, added he’—I scented a joke, but was resolved to enjoy it—‘That’s a lime kiln, Sir, said the country booby.’

I hope the Reader will laugh at me, as much as Mr. N——, for then he will be happy.

Thus it is that Ignorance when it presumes to know things beyond its latitude—and prejudice when it leads the mind astray amid the follies and caprices of fancy—often blunders upon an error,—which they might have avoided.

STEYNING.¹

The road from Horsham to this place is as even as a floor; and the surrounding prospects, cannot fail to elate the heart, which carries out with it none of the toils and anxieties of business.

And this was our case.

I cannot stay to describe this Town; for I have other things in view—having praised our landlord's wine, at the Chequers,² and mended our tackle, we took the road to Brighton.

As we drew near this gay summit of Pleasure and Fashion, Mr. N. asked a few questions about dress—I was a traveller and could boast of no wardrobe—I had a round broad slouch, that covered half my face—a laced old waistcoat—an older dirty white coat—riding breeches, and a couple of boots on—this, besides a good store of linen, was

¹STEYNING is a Parish and Market-Town in the Hundred and Union to which it gives name in the Rape of Bramber, distant about five miles north from Shoreham, having a Station on the Brighton, Shoreham, Steyning, Henfield and Horsham Railway, 53 miles from London. Benefice, a Vicarage, valued at £400, with residence and 31 acres of glebe, is the gift of Charles Lucas, Esq. Incumbent the Rev. Thomas Medland, B.D. of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Parish Clerk, John Cuckney. The register dates from the year 1565, but the records of the Churchwardens' accounts dates from 1519. Acreage 3,383, gross estimated rental £9,030, rateable value £7,713. The population in 1811, 1,210 in 1871, 1,820. The principal landowners are Rev. John Goring, Sir Charles Goring, Bart., the Right. Hon. H. B. W. Brand, Esq., J.P., and Mrs. Ingram.

²THE CHEQUERS INN still exists and is at present kept by Mr. Frederick Joyce.

all I could muster : My companion was dressed in a trim tail wig—somewhat dishevelled by the Sea breezes, and a *Leeshore*—a complete suit of deep mourning, and Bath beaver great coat ; with a pair of black silk stockings, by way of best bib and tucker.

He grew ashamed of me—he looked at our equipage—Our mare came forth from her team—long hairs hung round her fetlocks and heels—her main had been suffered to follow the wildness of Nature—and her tail, though originally docked, curled in ungain ringlets, that bespoke the company she was accustomed to keep. Our harness had never tasted the brush or the oil, and was spliced in several places—and the carriage itself, the neatest part of the whole, was rusty and torn by the wind and the sun ; and the lining, *quondam* green, had partaken of the same fate which befell its associates—Ingenuity is the mother of Invention. It is true Jockeyism said Mr. N., to pay no regard to your carriage when you *set behind* a good horse—take my scissors and crop those loose hairs, now, while nobody is passing the road, and we shall enter Brighton, in the dusk of the evening, with wondrous *eclat*.

I followed his advice,—the old *mare*, to be sure, was a good *horse*—and the genteel effect it produced by clipping the superfluous hair, seemed to make the

jade proud of her superiority. We fancied she would return to Horsham, like the Monkey who had seen the World. She trotted on so briskly that we came rattling into the town, as if we had been seated in a tandem or gig.

BRIGHTON.

We passed the Church on the left hand—the general lot of this building!

We were sent to three different Inns without any hopes of obtaining admittance; but at last we put in at the George, and went to seek for apartments—and found very satisfactory accommodation at a house in the New Buildings.² The following day was appointed for the Dress Ball, and this gave rise to the following

Consultation :—

Two Lawyers were met together, and each used his talent of reply and rejoinder.

N. I thought *you* would have desired to go every where.

H. I thought you would have desired to go nowhere.

¹THE GEORGE INN, in West Street, now in the occupation of Mr. Henry Picknell.

²THE NEW BUILDINGS.—The first houses on the South Parade, the east side of the Steine south of St. James's Street, began to be erected in 1780-1, and in a few years the whole of them, as well as the extensive range of buildings which forms the North Parade and Marine Parade, were completed.

N. I imagined you would have come provided with the most fashionable dresses.

H. I considered ourselves as mere travellers, and came as I am.

N. We cannot go to the Ball to-morrow.

H. We may look at the room in the morning—and go to the play on Tuesday.

It is just so that the weak taciturnity of the English often forego their interests as well as pleasures, merely for want of a previous understanding, when a question would save the difference.

THE STEINE.

After bathing in a very rough sea, I went to the Steine—the wind and the morning, kept many at home.

The Steine is a broad grass plat where the company take the air, and the fishermen dry their nets—it is at the East end of the town, and is bounded by the Duke of Cumberland's white house towards the Sea¹—a row of new buildings to the

¹THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND'S WHITE HOUSE was situated at the Southern extremity of the Steine, near the spot on which the Royal Albion Hotel now stands. Here Dr. Russell—the Founder of Brighton—took up his residence from 1750-59, and the house was subsequently known as "Russell House." The worthy Doctor was succeeded by Drs. Relhan and Awsiter. The house afterwards becoming the residence of the Duke of Cumberland, George, Prince of Wales, paid his first visit to Brighton, and became the

East—the South Downs to the North—and the Town and Shergold's¹ Rooms to the West.

I was yawning at Bowen's² over the first volume of Cecilia,³ when in came a Lady whistling a cotillion,

illustrious guest of his uncle in 1782. The year after he repeated his visit, and took up his abode at a house belonging to the late Thomas Kemp, Esq., which visit led to his purchasing the place for the purpose of forming a marine residence by building the Pavilion, which was commenced in 1784 and completed in 1787; thus began the second epoch of Brighton's prosperity.

¹SHERGOLD'S ROOMS were at the Castle Inn Tavern, which stood on the West side of the Steine. In the season from August to March, Assemblies were held every Monday. Miss F. Burney, in her Diary, writing under the date of Monday, Nov. 4th, 1782, has :—"The ball was half over, and all the company seated to tea. Mr. Wade [the master of the ceremonies] came to receive us all, as usual, and we had a table procured for us, and went to tea ourselves, for something to do. When this repast was over, the company returned to their recreation. The room was very thin, and almost half the ladies danced with one another, though there were men enough present, I believe, had they chosen such exertion; but the Meadowses at balls are in crowds. Some of the ladies were in riding habits, and they made admirable men. 'Tis *tonniah* to be so much undressed at the last ball."

²BOWEN'S LIBRARY was at the south end of the Steine. Mrs. Thrale, writing to Miss F. Burney—afterwards Madame D'Arblay—from Brighton on the 14th of July, 1780, says :—"I write now from Bowen's shop, where he has been settled about three days I think. And here comes in one man hopping, and asks for Russell on Sea-water; another tripping, and begs to have the last new novel sent him home to-night; one lady tumbles the ballads about, and fingers the harpsichord, which stands here at every blockhead's mercy; and another looks over the Lilliputian library, and purchases Polly Sugarcake for her long-legged missy."

³CECILIA or Memoirs of an Heiress, a novel in 5 vols., was written by Miss F. Burney, and published 1782, the year of our author's visit to Brighton; and, being but "just out," would be one of the last and most fashionable

and flanking her whip against her petticoat—she wore a purple habit lined with pink silk, and a hat which recalled to my mind the rich tiara of the great Tom Thumb.

“The town was very full,” she said, “but the ‘weather very unfavourable. The Duchess had ‘been confined to her room with a fever ever since ‘she had been there,”—and then looking at the raffles, but subscribing to none, tossing into confusion a whole counter of books, and asking the price of all without purchasing any—and calling Shergold a foolish fellow for having a *Dress Ball* in the Evening, though she knew he could not help it—turned swiftly round on one peg-heel, and whisked out of the shop with, *tol de rol, tum tum !*

Such are the light liberties which women are permitted and choose to take, while the men,

novels of the day. Miss F. Burney, writing to Mrs. Phillips, February 25th, 1782, says :—“My work is too long in all conscience for the hurry of my people to have it produced. I have a thousand millions of fears for it. The mere copying, without revising and correcting, would take at least ten weeks, for I cannot do more than a volume in a fortnight, unless I scrawl short hand and rough hand, as badly as the original. Yet my dear father thinks it will be published in a month ! Since you went I have copied one volume and a quarter—no more ! Oh, I am sick to think of it ! Yet not a little reviving is my father’s very high approbation of the first volume, which is all he has seen. I totally forget whether, in my last, I told you I had presented it to him ? but I am sure you would never forget, for the pleasure you would have felt for me, had you seen or heard him reading any part of it. Would you ever believe, bigoted as he was to ‘*Evelina*,’ that he now says he thinks this a superior design and superior execution ?”

like the boors of a Northern County, stand suspended in amaze and expectation of what next is to be the object of their caprice ! Every eye followed this lady to the farthest corner of the Steine—now walking, now skipping, talking to the fishermen spreading their nets, and alternately singing to herself ; then tripping away as if on some urgent business—till at last we lost sight of her as she turned up North Street.

O ! Woman ! Woman !

Every one of us who remained in the Library—as soon as she was out of sight, looked round at each other—had all sentiments we knew not how to express—and in the dead silence which reigned, we returned to our several readings.

AN INCIDENT.

After breakfast we set forwards in our dainty equipage for an airing — indeed it was justly so called for we found much difficulty to stand it—we passed along the verge of the Clift to Rottingdean—a neat village in a vale, and shaded by a very large number of trees — We drove through the village when not being acquainted with the road, we determined to ask of some people we saw at a little distance.

When we approached them we could discover that it was a family parting.

Some Colin of a neighbouring vale, had won the heart and hand of the fair villager of Rottingdean; they were both mounted on a white horse and were leaving the Father's house—silver locks that had weathered out the storms of many a Winter, were drooping together on the venerable heads of the Father and Mother. They looked with anxious tears to the darling of their hopes, and as she waved her hand from her husband's pillion—the old man, with trembling accents, wept and exclaimed—"God bless my children!"

Ah! you who flutter in the gay circle of pleasure, or who live unknown to every other sensation, but traffic and gain, little can ye conceive the benign satisfaction of these heartfelt pleasures, which result only from the Language of Nature! Pure and unsullied sincerity is the honour of manhood; and he who is most nearly touched with the edge of sensibility, is the most manly, because he proves himself to be the true Child of human Nature.

In contemplating this scene, we both forgot the question we had stopped to ask: but this was recalled by the old lady, who desired to know if we wanted the Squire. We told her our business—and we pursued her directions.

The above incident re-called to my mind the

following lines of the amiable and gentle Poet, Dr. Langhorne :—

“ O bliss beyond what lonely life can know,
The soul-felt sympathy of Joy and Woe !
That magic charm which makes e’en sorrow dear,
And turns to pleasure the partaken Tear !
Long, beauteous friend, to you may Heaven impart,
The soft endearments of the social heart !
Long to your lot may every blessing flow,
That Sense, or Taste, or Virtue, can bestow !
And, oh, forgive the zeal your peace inspires,
To teach that prudence which itself admires !

Such were the sensations to which we found ourselves open. Such was the situation of our minds through the whole ramble, that we looked round for objects to enliven, to gratify, and to improve it.

Nature spoke to us in her most persuasive Language—she shewed us her Wheatsheaf— and her Autumn Horn ;—she introduced us to all the rich productions of the earth—gave us new wonder and new delight at every different view—and taught us a Lesson of more “ Soul-felt ” Piety than all the force of precept, or the highest strains of philosophy could inspire ! Who is not devout in the wide expanse of Nature ? Who is not grateful, in the midst of her bounty—who is not amended by the sublime luxuriance with which Nature everywhere abounds ?

Yes—when yon lucid Orb is dark,
 And darting from on high ;
 My soul, a more celestial spark,
 Shall keep her native sky.

Fann'd by the light—the lenient breeze,
 My limbs refreshment find ;
 And moral rhapsodies like these,
 Give vigour to the mind !

[*Cunningham's* Contemplatist.

THE LIBRARY.

In the afternoon, while my friend was otherwise engaged at home, I went to Bowen's—where I accidentally saw the *Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury*, written by himself. Its character had long given me a strong inclination to read it, and the present leisure favoured me.

It is a relic presented to the world by Mr. Horace Walpole. It is the life of a real Knight of *La Mancha*—if any Reader is fond of a series of the most romantic Adventures, or takes delight in true Quixotism, he will find in this book as true a son of *Amadis de Gaul*, as ever with renowned flame of valour encountered a windmill, or vented fury on a flock of sheep.

We know very well in what sense to take *Cervantes'* wit—but when we are gravely told in a formidable preface—that the whole history is no less

true than it is extraordinary—I confess, for my own part, I have compassion for the object of so much sensibility, so much sympathy, and so much heroism !

A FAMILY PARTY.

While my friend was catering for our evening repast, I took my hat in order to stroll, or rather, as it is the fashion, to *lounge* up one street and down another—when I accidentally overtook a homespun party, one of whose faces I had discovered, leaning back, at the window of the Brighton coach, and the servant maid in the basket—they thought, they should appear to have travelled in style, with their woman with them. The party consisted of the mother, her friend, two daughters, and the servant.

The older part of the train had passed the age of pleasures—and the eldest daughter had become prudent enough to teach her younger sister, who was just begun to grow round—the necessary walk of propriety.

The daughters led the way, in stiff silence, and the mother and her friend were engaged in conversation on the goodness of the one, her dutifulness and propriety—and the promising hopes they entertained of the other, who was rising into notice under the sisterly care of the former. Like the very essence of a family party, this seemed to have begun

just before I came up with them, and having now concluded,—a solemn silence prevailed.

Of all things I shun a family party—each one knows the others tale, as it were,—each feels himself deadened by the idea that the other would not pay attention to his conversation—and therefore says nothing :—it is the same cause which places a man and his wife at different parts of the room in company—and when they walk out together with their neighbours, makes them divide alternately—that each may pick up something new for their evening chat. This is owing, in England, to a cold taciturnity—in foreign nations, perhaps, to something worse.

I walked slowly on the opposite side of the street, to observe them—they frequently turned in seeming search for somebody, or else to see who was admiring them—they were all females ;—at length, “there he is” said the youngest Miss — and was springing forwards to meet a young man who had just turned the corner of Middle Street—but her sister caught her by the sleeve and told her how rude it was to express any joy or surprise, and more especially to run !—then looking round to her mother and her aunt for approbation—they smiled upon her, and the mother said—“Clary is always so observant and so clever—oh, she was brought up at a very good school in town.”

The young man having joined them, I could easily see that he was the hopes of the family, whom the younger part of it were taught to look up to as the repertory of all that is knowing.

I was interrupted in my further observance of them, by the clock striking seven, and I knew my friend would be waiting impatiently for his tea — so I took my leave of this party without much regret, and so will the reader ;—though I met them again the day following, walking on the Clift in the same marshalled parade somewhat embellished, by the young hopeful who led the van.

A PROCESSION.

In the days of chivalry, when the soul of valor animated every thought, when the field was marked with the sanguine streams of fatal feud—and female honor was entrusted to the Hero's care—then was the beauteous form of woman familiarized to noble deeds, and graced with her presence, and her smiles the feats of valiant Arms ;—such were my exclamations at a party which we met, near Preston, on the following day.

At a small distance, through the bushy trees, we could discover a lady mounted on a tall white palfrey, and ever and anon she nodded her lofty plumes, in confidence of full command—she preceded, in the pace of grandeur, a high phaeton, or

lofty char, which bore the semblance of a mighty lord, and two fair damsels of a courtly mien.

The effect which this procession had, moving in quick regularity through the chequered shade, could not fail to produce the ideas above described, and when they drew near, we were no less charmed with the extraordinary beauty of their fair leader, than we had already suffered in our imagination.

If such a sight produced this effect on us, it may be judged how it affected the villagers—"the hammer and the flail stood still"—the distaff forgot its order—and infancy stood aghast!

A BOOK.

As we come to the entrance of a forest, there were two gates very near together, which I got out of our chaise to open—having passed through one of them I was surprised at the rude appearance of a man tending a large herd of swine. I accosted him.

"What place d'ye call this ; honest friend ?"—he answered with a guttural sound—as if he did not understand me—I asked him a second time—and he bawled to his hogs.

There is such a difference in dialect that it may perhaps, thought I, be a reason why he should not understand me,—so attempting the rough ploughman.

What place is this?

Fors Fiel, answered he,—by seeing the adjacent forest, and looking round and finding we were in a field, I construed his lingo into “Forest Field.”

His countenance was a mixture of spleen, costive sourness, and rustic ignorance—no doubt he passed many and many a day without seeing or speaking to any human creature (for I am positive he could not be a husband) and had no other conversation or ideas, but those which were engaged by his brutal herd.

It afforded some entertainment to us, on our way, to fancy his uplifted hands at the gay procession we had just met.

I could not have supposed it possible to find such ignorance.

Our Excursion afforded us every rural satisfaction, and our ideas framed a suitable conversation to the pleasure we enjoyed.

THE REHEARSAL.

After our return while Mr. N. was engaged in ordering the dinner, and I had finished my duty as Groom of the Stable—I took a lounge into North Street, where the doors of the Theatre were open for a rehearsal. I penetrated behind the scenes—where I stood as long as my patience would permit, to hear Mr. B..... * blunder over his part of.....in

*Query?— Mr. Brunton, sen.

The Way to Keep Him—in a small room below stairs, there was a collection of Ladies and Gentlemen who were all equal in dramatic merit.

I perceived I was too late for a full rehearsal—but as I stood at the door, the following scene presented itself.

I think I could imitate Smith, in Richard, says a tall thin raw-boned Scotchman, whose shirt came slily peeping through his ragged elbows.

“I think you could my dear,” says his fat wife, with her arms akimbo. “Come let’s see,” says a fiddler in the corner, who complained of a whitlow on his thumb.

A circle was made, and the great King came running forwards, brandishing a crabstick, and in a hoarse voice that betrayed his country.

“Ma hoorse, ma hoorse, ma kendom for ma hoorse.” You’re wrong says another, “Its a horse my kingdom for a horse.” The Scotchman defended his error, the quarrel rose high, for the other was a Genius and this was a Scot, till Mr. B. sent down word that he was not perfect in his part, and begged they would make no more noise to interrupt him.

Mrs. Baddeley was to have performed Mrs. Lovemore in The Way to Keep Him—her indisposition was to prevent her appearance, and Mrs. Wilmot was desired to try if she could not sing the song. Three times she began the first line—while

the fiddler without a thumb was only playing the symphony—once she was too low, then she was too high, then she was too hoarse—she was angry with herself, and declared “she would not sing it;”—a simple Strephon whose eyes had never beheld any other object, since I had been at the door, bent down upon one knee, and taking one of her hands—“Implored her to sing it, for she sung it so sweetly last night.” “Go you foolish dog,” said she, and gave him a swinging box of the ear; there was a general laugh, and the two lovers took themselves off. This produced a general break up, and I was not a little entertained to hear the large wife of the Scotsman declare she was now quite perfect in her part, and would play Ariel in the *Tempest* next Saturday.

THE THEATRE.¹

In the evening we went to the play. The company consisted of a few smart women—a silk

¹THE THEATRE at this period was in North Street, a remnant of which, until very recently, stood at the back of premises now occupied by Mr. Cunditt, jeweller, its erection dating back to 1774. But owing to the rapid increase of the population and visitors, another Theatre was erected in 1778 at the upper part of Duke Street, of which Mrs. Thrale, writing to Miss F. Burney from “Brighthelmstone, Wednesday, July 19, 1780,” says:—“The players this year are rather better than last; but the Theatre is no bigger than a band-box, which is a proper precaution, I think, as here are not folks to fill even that. The shops are almost all shut still, and a dearth of money complained of that is lamentable.” It must be borne in mind that even in 1780 July was early in the season, which did not commence until August. The town went on increasing in its importance that in 1807 the Duke Street “band-box” of Mrs.

man from Cheapside and his family, a couple of rakes, who had lost their money and their wits, in the Boxes—servants in the Gallery—and ourselves and other such in the Pit.

A Comedy at a Country Theatre always proves the worst entertainment—and the most sublime passages of Tragedy never fails to produce the most immoderate bursts of laughter—an *oh!* groan in Tragedy—or an *ah!* sigh in Comedy, certainly spring from the same source of pathos—and therefore have similar effects—to call Heaven and Earth to witness—by fetching down the Sun with the right hand, and raising Satan with the left—are energies of the tragic Muse that cannot fail to aid the cause of her younger sister; or to thunder out the vengeance of Fury, haste, and fear in the broad emphasis of provincial dialect—is a most noble source of the gay-sublime.

But my attention was wholly absorbed, during the Play and the Farce, of the latter of which I have totally forgot the name, upon a lady who sat near me, and whom I must introduce to the Reader.

THE THEATRE—*The Fair Inconnuë.*

Her complexion was as fair as delicacy might be—and agreeably accompanied with a dress of com-

Thrale had to yield in its turn to another Theatre, and on a much more extensive scale, erected in the New Road in 1807 on the site of the present and fourth Brighton Theatre, the property of Mr. Henry Nye Chart.

plete white—her countenance was animated only by the meliorating tenderness of soft sorrow—her eyes spoke the language of a throbbing heart, and ever and anon, she pressed her hand with ardour to her bosom, as if to stifle by compression some infelt pang; and whenever she could catch a soft note from the orchestra, or a tender expression from the stage—her cheek glowed like a fair lily tinged with roses.

The effects of sympathy are as certain as they are poignant—and to meet with another who seems to undergo our own sensations, always sets a value on the object, and constrains our esteem before we can be informed of its merit,—we fancy, or choose to see, a merit that is obscured to other eyes—and we pass into a chain of reflection, which while it softens the rude hardihood of man, ennobles and refines the heart.

I confessed that this was the first instance in which I had ever been charmed at first sight,—I felt a foolish pain, which, though I knew it was my duty to dispel, I was loath to part with, and anxious to encourage. My friend expressed his surprise that I was dull—‘I was only reflecting’ answered I—‘Reflect another time,’ said he—‘Here’s to Lord Rodney.’

THE BATHING.¹

On the morning of the following day, I went down to the beach to bathe.

Another machine accompanied mine into the sea, and the doors of each were opened together—

¹THE BATHING.—Sea-bathing may justly be said to have laid the foundation of Brighton's prosperity. It was the primary cause which induced so many distinguished visitors to resort here,—some for health, and some for pleasure,—and ultimately secured for it the honour of being chosen as a Royal residence. In the present day, when other elements of attraction exert their influence,—our unrivalled marine drives and promenades, the unlimited accommodation obtainable in the palatial residences and magnificent hotels which adorn our sea frontage, the fashionable society always to be found here, &c.,—bathing, though indulged in as much as formerly, has become a subsidiary attraction, or, rather, it is merged in the general combination of local attractions, and has lost that prominence which formerly attached to it. Still, as connected with the "Past," and being so intimately associated with the early history of the town, some particulars respecting it will not, perhaps, be deemed uninteresting.

It will be needless to go back to any primæval epoch to ascertain when Brighton was first resorted to as a bathing-place. The pretty fishing village had, doubtless, acquired a reputation, though necessarily a limited one, for its bathing facilities. There is every reason to believe that such was the case. In what other place would be found such a glorious sweep of sea, where the water is always clear, and, as an old writer says, "without any mixture of ooze, or of muddy fresh streams," running into it. The shore, too, was deemed "most commodiously adapted for sea-bathing; the bottom is sandy; and as its descent is gradual, the tides do not rise so suddenly as to render bathing dangerous."

These natural advantages were undoubtedly strong recommendations to Brighton as a resort for bathing; but they would probably have failed to secure for it that pre-eminence which it ultimately attained had it not been for Dr. Russell. To that justly esteemed and highly gifted man, Brighton is indebted for its position as the "Baïæ of England." He had long before seen the great advantages resulting from sea bathing in scrofulous and other diseases, and his work, entitled "*A Dissertation on the Use of Sea Water*," in which

when to my jocular surprise out jumped a man of extraordinary size, whose back which stood towards

numerous cures were cited, soon attracted the attention of the Faculty. Patients were accordingly sent here from all parts of England; and as the scanty accommodation which the town then afforded was soon absorbed, houses began to "increase and multiply," especially in proximity to the sea-front.

Among the visitors to Brighton at this period (1775-85) were Mr. and Mrs. Thrale and their family, who occupied the house (removed when the Grand Concert Hall was built) immediately opposite the King's Head, in West-street. It is interesting to learn that Mrs. Thrale and her daughters were ardent devotees to sea-bathing; it was, doubtless, the chief reason why they came to reside here. Among the papers, &c., disposed of at the sale of the effects in October, 1857, of the late Mrs. Mostyn (of Sillwood Lodge, Brighton, and the last surviving daughter of Mr. Thrale) was a letter from Mrs. Thrale to Dr. Johnson, in which she gives the "leviathan," who was ill at the time, a cordial invitation to come to Brighton, for the express purpose of sea-bathing. This very characteristic letter was as follows:—

"Brighton, 2nd October, 1777.

"Dear Sir,—Here we are, not very elegantly accommodated, but wishing sincerely for you to share either our pleasure, or our distresses. 'Tis fine bathing with rough breakers, and my Master longs to see you exhibit your strength in opposing them, and bids me press you to come, for he is tired of living so long without you; and Burney says if you don't come soon he shall be gone, and he does love you, or he is a vile —. But one woman in the water-to-day.

"*Una et hæc audax*

"Was your most faithful and obliged,

"H. L. THRALE.

Johnson, it is well known, though he derived some pleasurable results from sea-bathing, did not like Brighton. He considered Mr. Thrale's house down here at "the world's end;" and as to the town itself and the Downs (over which, by the bye, he delighted to gallop, when his health permitted), he said it was a "country so truly desolate, that if one had a mind to hang one's self for desperation at being obliged to live there it would be difficult to find a tree on which to fasten the rope." Despite all his prejudices, however, the Doctor came to Brighton—it needed sterner stuff than even he was made of to resist Mrs. Thrale's charming invitation—though he came a month later than it was wished, and stayed here but three days.

Still stronger evidence of the pleasure which Mrs. Thrale and her daughters took in sea-bathing—a pleasure which was shared in by Frances

me was as broad as the machine he had just stepped out of—it was something like the dolphin and the sprat swimming together—he withstood every wave with the sturdy boldness of a first-rate.

‘Why don’t you go and bathe in the German Ocean,’ squeaked I—‘Why so,’ said he, in a voice which suited his muscles.

‘Because you want room *here*.’ He was a good natured man—and so we laughed at one another.

Burney herself—is afforded by the following letter, quoted from the “Diary and Letters of Mdme. D’Arblay:”—

“Wednesday, Nov. 20th, [1782].—Mrs. and the three Miss Thrales and myself all arose at six o’clock in the morning, and “by the pale blink of the moon” we went to the sea-side, where we had bespoke the bathing-women to be ready for us, and into the ocean we plunged. It was cold, but pleasant. I have bathed so often as to lose my dread of the operation, which now gives me nothing but animation and vigour. We then returned home, and dressed by candle-light, and, as soon as we could get Dr. Johnson ready, we set out upon our journey in a coach and a chaise, and arrived in Argyll-street at dinner time.”

What a graphic picture of ladies bathing in the olden time does this interesting letter give us. Fancy Mrs. Thrale and her charming daughters, accompanied by their gifted guest, going down to bathe “by the pale blink of the moon” at six o’clock on a November morning, and returning home to dress by candle-light! How many ladies of 1872 are there to be found who would take pleasure in emulating the bathing tastes of their fair sisters of 1782!

P.S. We learn from Inspector Terry that at the present time there are in front of Brighton alone (irrespective of those at Hove) no less than 254 bathing machines: 145 ladies’, and 109 gentlemen’s. *Peep into the Past Brighton, from the Brighton Herald of June 29. 1872.*

BRIGHTON—*The Discovery*.¹

It was the last ten minutes we could spare at this place. My friend met me at the corner of a

¹THE DISCOVERY—of Froissart's Chronicles, there were two early editions published, each in two vols. folio, 1523-5. But as the "treasure" which our author rescued from "an old sugar hogshead" only weighed six pounds, the copy must have been very much mutilated, or he only obtained one volume, and that, as he admits "mutilated." The following from Lowndes' Bibliographer's Manual of English Literature, gives a description of Froissart, together with the prices realized for different copies that have been sold by Auction :—

FROISSART, Sir John. The Cronicles of Englande, Fraunce, Spayne, Portyngale, Scotlande, Bretayne, Flaunders: and other Places adioynnyng, translated out of Frenche into our maternall Englysshe Tonge, by John Bouchier Knight Lorde Berners. Lond. by Richard Pynson, 1523-5. folio. 2 vols.

Middleton's edition is frequently mistaken for the present one, and the latter part of Pynson's is often perfected by leaves of Middleton's impression. Constable, 574, date 1525, 22*l.* 10*s.* Alchorne, 102, two leaves reprinted 26*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* again, Sotheby, June 1856, 27*l.* Towneley, pt. i. 65*l.* 42*s.*, Roxburghe, 7988, date 1525, morocco, 63*l.*—Hibbert, 3135, 32*l.* Puttick, June 1858, 40*l.* *Collation*.—Vol. I. comprises ccc. ii chapters, and cccx. i leaves, numbered besides title, preface of Lord Berners, and table, 10 leaves not numbered. On the recto of the last leaf is Pynson's colophon, and on the reverse a woodcut,—Vol. II. comprising the second and third books, ends at ol. cccxx. (paged wrong) cccxix. At the commencement is the title, a preface Lord Berners, and a table, 8 leaves.

FROISSART, Sir John. The Cronycles, &c. Lond. by W. Myddylton and R. Pynson, 1525. folio. 2 vols.

Jadis, 207, 12*l.* 12*s.* Steevens, 1698, 17*l.* Inglls, 797, 18*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* Dent, pt. i. 1314, russia, 20*l.* White Knights, 1583, morocco, by Roger Payne, 34*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* Stanley,—russia, by Roger Payne, 38*l.* 17*s.* resold Sir M. M. Skyes, pt. i. 1240, 42*l.* *Collation*.—Vol. i. Lond. by William Myddylton, fol. cccxxii. besides title, preface and a table of the contents of cccli chapters.—Vol. II. The third and fourth Book. Lond. by Richard Pynson, 1525, fol. cccxx (by mistake numbered cccxix) beside title and a table

street, and directed me to a shop, where I should see a curious book.

I found a mutilated copy of the famed Chronicle of Froissart translated from the French by the order of Henry the 8th of England. It was condemned, with a large number of others of equal value, to be lugged awkwardly from the mouth of an old sugar hogshead, to the last slavery of folding up threads, tapes, sugar-plumbs, and rappee! I put on the Hero and resolved to rescue this victim from so merciless a fate—it had been purchased at the rate of two pence per pound. I ordered it to be instantly put into the scale, and upon its weighing only six pounds, carried off a treasure in triumph, on paying down One Shilling.

Oh! could the shades of great men look up from their peaceful fields, and see the hard lot which their labours share, they would tell a lesson to surviving Genius, that even daily example has not been able to teach it! There would the shade of Froissart reproach the barbarous hand of vulgar Ignorance—and here too would mighty Camden 'harrow up the Soul' pointing to his torn Britannia,

of the contents of the ccxlix chapters. There appears to have been three editions of Froissart's Chronicle, one by Pynson himself: another with Pynson's name, but supposed to be a pirated edition; and a third by W. Middleton. Copies are frequently found made up from the three editions. Mr. Utterson, in his reprint of Pynson's edition, says, 'Middleton's impression is line for line with Pynson's.'

as it hung in piecemeal suspended on a nail, for the like or baser purposes !

WE TOOK THE ROAD TO ARUNDEL.

Leaving the villages of Tarring and Littlehampton, Goring, and others along the Coast, on the left hand ; the first place we came to worthy of ours or the reader's notice, was

OLD SHOREHAM.¹

The houses of this once famous Borough have been suffered to decay in ruins, since the inhabitants left it for their new City,—but the Church is still preserved and from its tower commands a delightful prospect ;—I left my friend in the chaise at the Bridge Gate—while I prowled about the Church yard in search of something to amuse the reader—

¹OLD SHOREHAM is a Parish of the Hundred of Fishersgate, Rape of Bramber, adjacent to New Shoreham, its Post-Town and Railway Station, 56 miles from London and about 6 west from Brighton. It is a Vicarage valued at £458 with residence, is the gift of Magdalen College, Oxford, and held by the Rev. James Bowling Mozley, B.D. Parish Clerk, James Kent. The register dates from the year 1565. Buckingham House and Park, the seat of H. Bridger, Esq., is a short distance north of the town. The Duke of Norfolk is lord of the Manor. The principal landowners are H. Bridger, Esq., and the Rev. R. P. Hooper. The area of Old Shoreham is 1,870 acres, gross estimated rental £3,167, ratable value £2,867. The population in 1811, 210 1861, 282.

and the first object was a Notice in form affixed on the Church door.

‘Old Shoreham, Sussex, Agust

15 day, 1782.

‘Pursons qulyfed to sarve on the

‘Jury at the Sises are as follows

‘Couluen¹ Bridger, Sq.,

Thamas Ellisian.’

.....²

On the North side of the Church, obscured and overgrown with ivy and wild ash, I discovered the ruins of an old Tower, which was supported by alternate arches with Saxon imposts, which had formerly served for a porch—on one side, was a small aperture which led to a winding staircase—curiosity inclined me to ascend it—the top of it was open to the sky, and no platform remained to secure a standing—the danger of the situation made me the more expeditious in my view ;—I could discover no traces of any inscription, emblem, or date—and descended with caution :—there is, however, a satisfaction in poking about these remains of former grandeur, which rouse the feelings, and awaken recollection—it serves to teach us the moral of the passing hour—and to see the ruin of earthly projects !

¹That is Colvill Bridger.

²Here, unfortunately, one other name has been cut away from the MS. by the binder.

A REMARK.

I confess it is now out of time, but in the business of our Brighton visit, I forgot to remark—That on the beach below that part of the clift where Alderman Bull's house¹ stands—there are the fallen ruins of an old Tower,² that stood in the Centre of the Town—I have mentioned this only to show how much the sea has encroached in this County as well as in that of Kent.

¹ALDERMAN BULL'S HOUSE.—Mr. Bew in his "Diary" writes, Tuesday, September 7th, 1779 :—" Am viewing my worthy friend, Mr. Bull's house, or rather box, upon the Clift, between Ship Street and Black-lion Street.—He beckons me in, and shews it throughout. It is one pretty room to the height of three stories, with a semicircular window comprising most of the front, and on each floor overlooking the sea all ways, which makes the situation most delightful. The ground whereon it stands is copyhold—indeed the ground in and about Brighton is mostly so—measuring nearly eighteen feet square. The fine is both certain and small. About fifty years ago, this piece of land was sold for four pounds ; thirty years since, a purchaser gave eleven ; and about this time two years, the Alderman bought it for one hundred pounds to build upon." The premises here referred to are 35, King's-road, those in the occupation of Mr. Edmonds, boot and shoe maker. In the same Diary, date Monday, September 7th, 1778, he remarks : " Mr. Alderman Bull, of London, is building a house on the Clift ; a semi-circular window is in each story. Am told he meets with many obstacles in the execution of his design.—Surely it is to the interest of these people (meaning the inhabitants) to have such men become resident among them ; but he is denied a convenient entrance to his building. A cellar window to the adjoining house projects before his street door."

Mr. Bew afterwards lived in East-street and was dentist to George IV., and, in conjunction with Mr. Frederick Vining, became lessee of the Theatre Royal, Brighton.—*Erridge's History of Brighthelmston.*

²AN OLD TOWER, *i.e.*, The old Block House, built by Queen Elizabeth

We crossed the new bridge, at Shoreham ferry,¹ and with great difficulty dragged through a very bad road to Arundel.

ARUNDEL.²

This Town stands upon the rise of a very steep hill, with the Church on one side, and the Castle on the other, at the summit—it takes its name as I apprehend from the River Arun which runs at the foot of it—and the older houses which once formed the whole town standing in a dell or dale.

The Church is large and built in the Saxon style, in the form of a Cross. The adjoining cloisters have nothing remaining but the outward walls, and

¹THE BRIDGE AT SHOREHAM FERRY was erected in 1781, at the cost of 5,000*l.*, the money raised by a tontine. The tolls payable at the bridge were considerable, but ceased on the expiration of the tontine, when the bridge reverted to the Duke of Norfolk.

²ARUNDEL, a parish, borough, and market town in the Hundred of Avisford and the Rape to which it gives name. It is a post-town, has a Railway Station, and is distant about ten miles East of Chichester. Union Arundel, population in 1811, 2,188; in 1871, 2,956. Benefice, a Vicarage, valued at 222*l.*; Patron, the Duke of Norfolk; Incumbent, Rev. G. A. F. Hart, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. Date of earliest Parish Register, 1560. Acreage, 1,968. Chief landowner, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord of Arundel Castle and Barony.

This ancient and grandly historical town is one of the most interesting on the Southern coast. It derives its name from its situation on the river Arun—"Arun, which doth name the beauteous Arundel." *Drayton's Polyolbion*. Its aspect is very noble and picturesque.—*M. A. Lower's Sussex*.

so we as a part of the Vicar's Stable Yard ! I thought with Cunningham,—

"How solemn is the cell o'ergrown with moss,
"That terminates the view, yon cloister'd way !
"In the crush'd wall, a time corroded cross,
"Religion like, stands mould'ring in decay!"

We were tracing the tombstones of many a
'departed Saint, and Mother Dear'—when we copied
the following for the sake of its Poetry !

In memory of
Elizabeth, Wife of
NATHAN PLEAS,
Who on the 10th of July 1769,
Her Soul to God she did resign ;
With Illness long she was perplex'd,
Until her age was Sixty-Six.

ARUNDEL—*The Castle.*¹

In the afternoon we paid our visit at the Castle
—an old rambling large house—with nothing worth

¹THE CASTLE.—Of the origin of the Castle nothing is known. If we ask the question, who was its original founder ?

"Oblivion laughs and says :
The prey is mine."

Domesday Book mentions the existence of a Castle here before the Conquest. The herring-bone masonry of its older walls has induced some antiquaries to believe that they are of Saxon work ; but this is no safe criterion. The circumference of the building, not including the outworks, is oblong, 950

seeing, except a few bad pictures of the Fitz Allen's who were formerly the possessors of the estate ; an

feet long by 250 feet wide, and encloses $5\frac{1}{4}$ acres. The walls are from five to twelve feet thick, and the ground plan resembles that of Windsor Castle. Its circular Keep is raised on a mound partly natural, but more artificial, in the style of many fortresses both in England and Normandy. The walls, which are strengthened with buttresses, are from eight to ten feet thick. Beneath it is a small subterraneous room, and above it formerly stood an oratory dedicated to St. Martin. This keep was flanked by an oblong tower, guarded by a portcullis, in which was the present entrance, approached by a long flight of steps. By these steps and a sallyport it is connected with the great gateway. It has a plain circular arch under a square tower, containing two chambers of state, in which the Empress Maude is traditionally said to have been received. The outward gateway was added in the reign of Edward I., and was fifty feet high. A full architectural description of this grand pile, as it anciently existed, would be beyond our scope. But we must mention, as a part of the legendary lore of Sussex, the tradition of the building known as Bevis' Tower having been occupied by that renowned giant when he consented to become warder to the Earls of Arundel. His weekly allowance of provisions consisted of an ox, two hogsheads of beer, and bread and mustard *ad libitum* !

"His steed, "*Hirondelle*," was thought to have given name to the town, the arms of which are still a swallow (Fr. *Hirondelle*, a swallow) ; and his great sword "*Morglay*" was long preserved in the armoury of the castle. A mound in the park was considered as the giant's grave. In the great hall which stood on the western side of the court, Henry Fitz-Alan, the last Earl, gave lordly banquets. This hall and the castle generally suffered so greatly from the siege of 1643, from artillery placed on the tower of the church, that the noble proprietors seldom resided here until about 1716, when Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, erected a brick house within the area. In 1806 the remaining walls of the hall were removed. The chapel of St. George, founded on the S.W. side of the castle before 1275, was forty feet long, and remained till the edifice was partly rebuilt in 1796. It was to have been an establishment for six priests, but the funds were afterwards appropriated to the College of the Holy Trinity hereafter referred to.

The military history of this renowned castle is minutely recorded in our chronicles. William Rufus, on his landing from Normandy, occupied it in 1097. There was a siege in 1102 by Henry I., when Robert de Belesme

old broad-iron-blade Sword of State ; and the *Chapel*.

Here we entered with due decorum and reverence—the Altar is very richly gilded, and from the ceiling, near to it hung a lamp. My friend asked the reason 'of its being kept burning, when nobody was there ?'

The Old Lady Abbess told him because '*They* believed that *He* himself was always there, in that

surrendered it to the King and retired into Normandy, but the fortress suffered no detriment. In 1139 the Empress Maude, with her illegitimate brother, Robert Earl of Gloucester, landed at Littlehampton, and was received at the castle with great courtesy by Queen Adeliza. King Stephen shortly after appeared with his forces before the castle, and demanded the person of the Empress, but after a time Maude was permitted to withdraw to Bristol. King Edward I. visited this grand abode in 1302. For 500 years the castle was left in comparative peace.

The second siege of Arundel Castle took place in December, 1643, by Sir William Waller, who, as Vicars says, "Finding the castle gate shut fast, set a petard to the gate and blew it open ; and so most resolutely entered the castle." Details of this memorable siege appear in Vol. xx. of the "*Sussex Collections*," and still fuller in Dallaway's *Rape of Arundel*. See the account given in the former work, and the sad death of Sir Wm. Springett. Dugdale says that the castle was taken Dec. 9th, 1643, and retaken by Waller, January 6th, 1644.

It is beyond our scope to give full particulars of the great families of Montgomeri, D'Albini, Fitz-Alan, and Howard ; but they may be found in Dallaway's elaborate *History of the Rape of Arundel*. He, anxious to do honour to his patron, Bernard-Edward, Duke of Norfolk, gives the minutest account of those families.

Arundel Castle abounds in family portraits and other pictures of more or less historical interest, but the one which will be sure to attract the observation of the visitor is that of Charles I., by Vandyke. It may be considered to be one of the finest works of that great master.—*M. A. Lower's Sussex*.

very Tabernacle (pointing to it), and we cannot leave Him in the dark."

I spent some time in looking over one of the Books of Service I found there—and was surprised to find it so peculiarly similar to our own; but still differing in verbal interpolations and exclusions which shewed in every page the strong difference of Faith;—but surely that profession is most suitable to the Divine Author of all good—which esteems all men acceptable who are all sincere. We have no right to condemn for prejudices!

THE RUINS.

We traversed these silent remains with more satisfaction.

Reader, figure to yourself the vestiges of a proud staircase leading to the apartments over the gate, and from them across a battlement to around Archer's Tower. In the centre was a staircase that led into a dark chamber—on the left hand, we ascended a winding staircase which opened to a platform that extended round the inside of the tower, for the archers to take their stand—near the narrow apertures, and niches for their place of arrows.

The antiquity of this building is its chief ornament:—but reflection is again called forth, when we see a company of harmless birds take shelter in

the former seat of warfare, and the timid rabbit sport harmless and undisturbed at its base! We discovered so large a break in one part of the wall, that we judged it could not stand the blasts of many winters, and it seemed that

“ Time the hoar Tyrant, though not moved to spare,
“ Relented when he struck its finished pride ;
“ And partly the rude ravage to repair,
“ The tottering towers with twisted ivy tied.”

On the next morning we pursued our way to Steyning.

THE WOOD.

Turning on the left, when we quitted Arundel and crossed the bridge, we took the road through Findon, and from thence through a long wood, which afforded us a morning repast of filberts that hung in clusters as we passed along a shady grove, turned off from the side of the road. I got out of the chaise to enjoy it.

I had not time to follow its unknown track—the leafy pathway did not seem to be the frequent traverse of human footsteps—all silence reigned save but the twittering of a single robin. I was open for the most romantic pleasures, and I fancied it lisped a name which ever rested tenderness in my breast—it flew away—and I had no other resource,

but to pursue its lesson; and on a soft ash just turning from the road, where no prying eyes of passengers would penetrate, save but of those, who having read this simple tale and 'there shall pass in future bye,' I graved that name, which silence best records!

STEYNING.

Here we only stopped to dine—and then pursued our return to Horsham.

HORSHAM.

Having returned our chaise, I looked in at the Bookseller's—not more to see the books, than the smart female figure, which traversed the floor in very quick paces. She was dressed in a white gown tied with pink ribbons—could not boast much height, and what she wanted in beauty she made up with taste, fashion, and manner.

I found by her mode of speech, she was not unused to lively conversation.

The companion was a notable sort of a looking girl, and rather inclined to be pretty.

The Conversation.

"You have some well chosen books here Madam."

"Yes, Sir, but I never read—I perceive you are a reader, and I have long wished to meet with, a person of judgment, who could put me into a course of reading, instructive and entertaining."

"I should have supposed, Madam, from your choice of Language, that you had already seen the best Authors in the lines you mention."

"No; I never met with a Man of Taste yet, Sir,—and as to the Woman, you know ——

I spoke of Miss Seward, Mr. Hayley, and our modern Writers; — she was unacquainted with them all.

I mentioned Swift, and Sterne—she had heard their names, but knew nothing of their works. I recommended to her the *Sentimental Journey*—she readily took it down from the shelf. I observed she would find not only amusement but much *use* in reading Mr. Sterne.

She desired I would explain the word *use*—this at once proved she was not unacquainted with him.

I added that the chief use of all such writers is, that they have made us look more into Nature

[the Lady smiled.]

than could possibly be taught by the stiff writers of former times, who clouded their researches with the gloom of barbarous pedantry—

[the Lady looked grave.]

These shew us Nature in all her shapes and fancies—tell us what we are and what we feel—

[oh delightful ! said the Lady.]

and prevent us from passing over the many effusions of sensibility which before them were never known. In the same class you may take Shenstone—Gay—and Cunningham—in Poetry—all these have their peculiar line of excellence, and should be preceded by the native warblings of Thomson.

At this moment we were interrupted by the entrance of an officer, who came to return the first volume of Cecilia.

It gave a new turn to our conversation.

“Are these all Novels, you have been recommending to me, Sir?”

“Am I so romantic in my ideas, Madam? and are the susceptibilities of Nature only to be found in Novels?”

“Surely not, Sir, though I know it is a common practice, if we ask any of you for a book, you always recommend a Romance—Women are supposed to know nothing else but the foolishness of Love.”

“Not so, Madam, though I confess—the Ladies are generally more versed in the Arts of Love and Address, than we are.”

“Sir?”

“When I say Arts, I do not mean so base a word as Artifice—for which I see you have mistaken

my meaning. It is certain that the power which always accompanies a woman, is exerted with more success over our's, than over her own sex; for excuse me, *they* know its source—and I see plainly that I need not tell *you*, that caprice, spirit, beauty, vivacity, and a quick resolve, will now and then shake the little basis of a man's happiness to the bottom—hence it is we become dupes to the form which expresses a noble sentiment—we view the object with a prejudice that blinds every Argument and all this time we forget the essentials of Temper, Situation, Character, or Fortune.”

“Fortune! Sir; is that a proper word to conclude your observation? I should have expected from *you* a contempt of *fortune*. Women do not marry for fortune, Sir.”

“I suppose,” returned I, “that such weak researches are equally rewarded in both parties—but they are not the causes of our early attentions.”

“I know not what opinions to gather from your conversation”—added the Lady—“whether you are an advocate for the *belle passion* as it's called, or not—for my own part I assure you, that if people love from sincerity, then it is by no means to be laughed at,—if they love from necessity, they deserve it.”

“I am happy to find you perfectly of my own mind,” Madam. “Everything that tends to enlarge the heart, should claim our warmest zeal. Had I

twenty children, I should wish them to form attachments the moment they became susceptible ; this keeps young people out of harm's way—teaches them to open the hand and the heart together—teaches them to glow with philanthropy and emulation—and let's them know they were born for others more than for themselves—I assure you I am far from laughing at the trifles of love—they all tend to a good end—besides, there are many foolishnesses in love, which none but the parties themselves can enjoy, and therefore others cannot pretend to examine them ; and these are naturally produced after a course of intimacy.

“ And pray, Sir, thence, since we have engaged so deeply in the subject, what are your sentiments about attachments at first sight ? ”

“ That they cannot be founded in esteem—that they have not true and pure affection for their basis, and that the same caprice which produced it may cause another, and so on. Nothing decays sooner than rapture—it is instantaneous. Affection is formed by a gradual progress—mere passion springs from a sudden emotion—and thus it is, that affection becomes more lasting.

“ I think so, returned she, “ but the intimacies you mention, are not proper to be admitted. Why so ? Because a woman must not be seen too often in the company of the same man, lest she should

lose her character ;—and, besides, men are all so apt to catch at a chance expression a woman may drop in conversation, and make use of them.”

“ Make use of them for what, Madam ?”

“ Oh ! for the purposes of Human Nature, Sir, as you was saying just now.” She remained silent, and screwed herself up to aid her last argument.

“ I should not mistake you for a prude, Madam ; and yet what you now say puts me on my guard. Indeed, our present conversation seems to give you a better character.”

“ A better character, Sir ! Can there be a better character than prudence ?”

“ Certainly not, but you mistake Prudery for Prudence—they are nearly allied, but not the same. I always rise into impatience at the name of Prude—Prudery is the offspring of a cold heart—that if it ever feels the impulses of Nature, curbs and stifles the emotion—and when their day is passed, the objects of it, give themselves up to the keenest pangs of spleen, dissatisfaction, and misanthropy.”

“ A fine picture truly, Sir.”

“ Such a one, Madam, as does not suit your face or figure.”

“ I am sorry to have so long intruded upon you—but your conversation has led me into a rudeness for which my absence must excuse me.”

I returned to the Inn, where I found my worthy friend waiting for his supper.

He called my mind from its late rambles, to the dry office of settling our Current Account. We had spared few expenses — that would gratify our Journey, and we counted a balance only of four shillings.

Like Gil Blas, I counted the ducats into the crown of my hat, three times, but could not increase their number.

In the evening we called in the Landlady, and told her our Case. It was a piteous one—but we promised to repay to the coachman the amount of our expenses, when we arrived in London. She was rude and illiberal—and we dismissed her.

The chagrin of such a dishonour which she seemed inclined to put about through the Town, kept me awake for some time after I went to bed—but this was corrected in the morning.

While the horses were harnessing I walked to the Causey¹—where I was surprised to see a door

CAUSEY, *i.e.*, Causeway, a way raised above the natural level of the ground—a pavement.

“In a picturesque street called *The Causeway* is a building of the 16th century, for many generations the property of the Hurst family.

Horsham has been a Parliamentary Borough from 1295, but by the Reform Act it has lost one of its members. From very early times Horsham had a ‘merchant’s guild,’ which proves it to have been a place of some commercial importance.”—*Mark Anthony Lower’s History of Sussex.*

open, and a lady and little boy, taking leave of her family.

I accosted her at a few paces from her own house.

I presumed that she was going to Town; and said that myself and an older friend were to be her companions. She answered in the affirmative. I said I had a strange request to make to her, that necessity, and perfect necessity, obliged me to make—that we had taken a short tour round the Coast of Sussex, and spent more money at Brighton than we ought to have done—that our finances—

[Sir! said she, and retreated back]

were much reduced—the Woman of the Inn had behaved very illiberally, and I requested of her, as she was going to town, and I could there return her civility, to lend me one guinea, or half-a-guinea. She hesitated—thought it a strange request to a woman—and at that time of morning.

Her fears were natural—I gave her my address—she did not know me, but knew my neighbourhood. I said I felt myself in an awkward predicament—that it hurt me to think of leaving a town under a very unfavourable stigma—and that my name was well known and my character would bear her strictest scrutiny.

She said I did not carry an unfavourable appearance—but if she was wrong, she hoped I would

excuse her caution—and produced her half-guinea, not in a little stew whether she would ever see it again.

I assured her of its being safe, and giving her my politest thanks, I pass'd by my friend, and with some bustle in the house, called for change of half-a-guinea.

I narrowly paid the bill without granting a farthing over, tho' the half-pence were very few—and gave the servant half-a-crown, and the ostler as liberally in proportion. I deemed this politically right.

We got into the Coach and drove off.

THE UNDERSTANDING.

I introduced the lady to Mr. N. as the person to whom we were obliged—and we then entered into some discussion of our birth, parentage, life, character and behaviour—and had the satisfaction to find that she was acquainted with some of our most particular friends.

She made many apologies for her hesitation and fears, and had increased her confidence in us so much by the conversations which passed on the road, that at breakfast she press'd another guinea upon us, which my friend thought proper to accept.

After our arrival in London we had offered to set her down any where in our coach, which she accepted, but this was afterwards declined at the Inn, where her relations came to meet her.

In the afternoon I waited upon her, and returned her favours—she renewed her apologies. I expressed my desire to be of any service to her in Town—offered to conduct her, or to take care of her son, to any of the public places, or to introduce her to my own family, who would be happy to see her, from her civility to me—all which she politely declined.

CONCLUSION.

And thus ended our week's career—during which time no troubles arose to sully our enjoyment save those I have already mentioned—and I wish the honest Reader may never encounter worse. I will not say anything about friendship, because I have already proved its good temper. Accommodableness is the soul of travelling—particular people who *must* and *will* have their own way should stay at home. In this, as in all the other situations of life, if mankind would give up a little of their whims, they would receive a larger portion of interest in quietness and self-enjoyment, they would avoid the jostles which they meet with, and would see their friends blessed with a happy complacency.

Such was the case. Such was the principle we both established, and we entered upon our journey with hope, and pursued and finished it with satisfaction.

50 *A Ramble on the Coast of Sussex.*

And thus in gratitude I make the following
Inscription :—

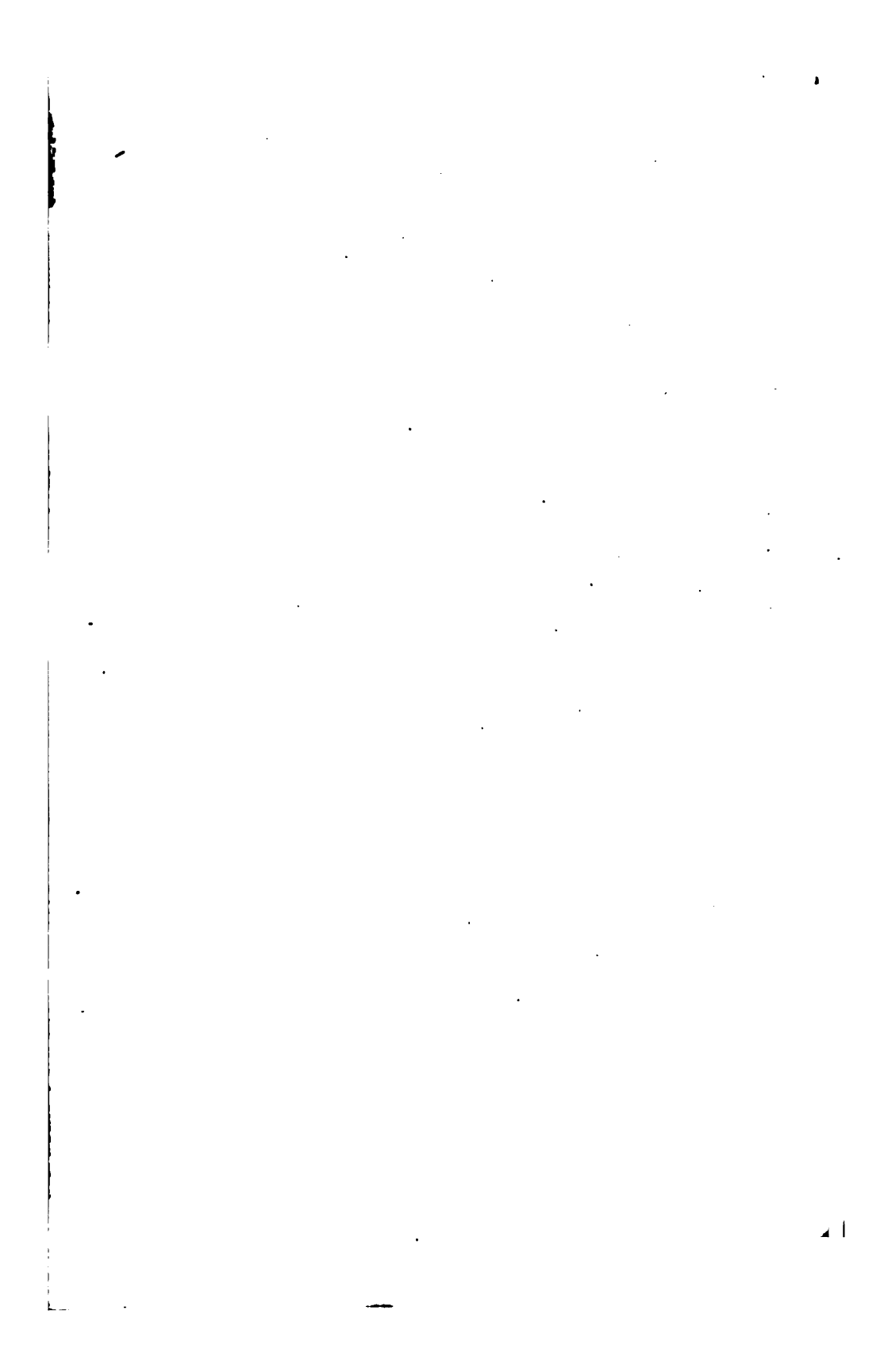
To Mr. N.....

Thus hand in hand thro' life we'll go,
Its chequer'd paths of Joy and Woe,
With cautious Steps we'll tread ;
Quit its vain Scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While Conscience like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath ;
Shall, when all other Comforts cease,
Like a kind Angel, whisper peace,
And Smooth the Bed of Death.

[Cotton.







A correct likeness, from a Painting executed by M^r J. Perez, of Brighton, at the particular request of M^{rs} Holloway, his Mother, in Horsham Jail

John William Holloway

THIS IS THE ONLY LIKENESS THAT WILL BE ALLOWED TO BE TAKEN.

THE BRIGHTON MURDER.

AN AUTHENTIC & FAITHFUL HISTORY

OF THE

ATROCIOUS MURDER

OF

CELIA HOLLOWAY,

WITH AN

Accurate account of all the mysterious and extraordinary circumstances which led to the discovery of her mangled body in the copse in the Lover's Walk, at Preston, near Brighton;

INCLUDING, ALSO,

THE TRIAL FOR THE MURDER

AND THE

EXTRAORDINARY CONFESSIONS OF

JOHN WILLIAM HOLLOWAY,

TOGETHER WITH

HIS LIFE AND EXECUTION;

ALSO,

THE LEADING FEATURES OF THE TRIAL OF ANN KENNETT,

HIS PARAMOUR.

Embellished with Six Highly Interesting Engravings.

EDITED BY

CHARLES HINDLEY,

Editor of "The Old Book Collector's Miscellany; or, a Collection of Readable Reprints of Literary Rarities," "Works of John Taylor—the Water Poet," "The Roxburghe Ballads," "The Catnach Press," "The Curiosities of Street Literature," "The Book of Ready Made Speeches," "Brown, Jones, and Robinson," "A Ramble on the Coast of Sussex," "Tavern Anecdotes and Sayings," etc.

BRIGHTON:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

1875,

PRINTED BY CURTIS BROS. AND TOWNER,
"BRIGHTON GAZETTE."

THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THAT the murder of CELIA HOLLOWAY by her husband, JOHN WILLIAM HOLLOWAY, at Brighton, in the year 1881, created a profound sensation in its immediate neighbourhood, and throughout the country generally, there can be no doubt. There are many circumstances in connection with the foul deed that would lead to that end. The somewhat romantic manner of the finding of the trunk of the murdered woman in such a peaceful and retired spot as the "Lover's Walk," and under such peculiar circumstances, by the Brighton fisherman, MASKELL, had the effect of causing thousands from day to day to visit, not only the plantation, but also the pretty and Sweet Auburn-like village of Preston. The subsequent finding of the other portions of the remains in a cesspool common to four or five houses in Margaret Street, in one of which HOLLOWAY had resided; and, when the whole were placed together by the surgeon, they were identified, not only by CELIA HOLLOWAY's sister, but also by several of the neighbours.

The examinations before the Magistrates and the charging the prisoner's paramour, ANN KENNARD, otherwise KENNETT, as an accomplice, tended very materially to keep up the excitement, and even after the two prisoners were committed for trial new and sensational statements continued to crop up, and in the absence of any fresh and authentic news on the all absorbing question there were plenty of manufactured tales afloat on the subject, and we are credibly informed that there were several "Cocks," i.e., Catchpennies, sold about the streets of Brighton. The following piece of Seven Dials-like doggerel taken down from the oral statement of an old man named

RUSSELL, a labourer, residing at Preston, on whose mind the words are indelibly impressed, he having committed them to memory at the period, and has been in the habit of singing them at Harvest Home suppers and on Club Feast days during the past forty years.

LAMENTATION AND CONFESSION
OF
JOHN WILLIAM HOLLOWAY,
WHO NOW LIES IN HORSHAM GAOL AWAITING HIS TRIAL FOR THE
CRUEL MURDER OF HIS WIFE,
C E L I A H O L L O W A Y.

You tender-hearted Christians, I pray you now draw near,
And listen unto these few lines you quickly soon shall hear;
My name it is John Holloway, the truth I will unfold,
And when I think on what I've done it makes my blood run cold.

In Donkey Row I took a house, and there enticed my wife,
'Twas there by strangulation I took away her life;
An innocent babe all in her womb I murdered with my wife,
In pieces then I cut her up all with my bloody knife.

When I cut the body up—Oh! what a shocking sight
Then on a barrow I wheel'd her to Preston in the night;
Her head and arms, her legs and thighs, from her body I cut off,
Two thighs with her body I then buried in the Lover's Walk.

John Gillam, a fisherman belonging to Brighton town,
And a constable from Preston soon the body found;
Oh! when the body was dug up, what a shocking sight to see,
Her head and arms, her legs and thighs, were cut from her body.

And when the body was dug up some thousands flocked around,
Then my wife's sister came and swore to her new stays and gown;
Then taken was Ann Kennard, and put in close confined,
And out of Brighton I did go trying to ease my mind.

When back to Brighton I returned, thinking it was all right,
But the God above was watching me and brought the deed to light,
Then taken was John Holloway and put in close confine—
I am the wretched murderer, and must answer for my crime.

In these dark cells of Horsham gaol I cry both day and night,
For the bleeding corpse of my poor wife is always in my sight:
When I hope her soul is in Heaven at rest when tormented I shall be,
I deserve nothing but the Burning Flames for my sad cruelty.

Now young and old, pray beware of my unhappy fate,
Pray let your Parsons comfort you before it is too late;
Hark! hark! I hear the dismal bell, how harsh it tolls—
May the Lord have mercy on me and all poor unhappy souls!

During the many solitary hours which Holloway passed in the gloom of his prison, he frequently amused himself with writing poetical epistles to Ann Kennett, one of which we subjoin as characteristic of the man, and indicative of the strong affection which he bore for that woman. In the present instance we have retained his own orthography, as illustrative of his style of writing, and his skill in the art of tagging rhymes.

My dearest life when this you see
 pray look and read and think on me
 who gladly gives my life to screane
 my darling from the smalest paine
 pray love my Child and fondle over
 that as you have done hits father
 I know that you have loved me so
 you have sacrificed your peace for woe
 then can I you sweat love look cooly on
 the life that I myselfe undone
 that action I for ever scorn
 I love the ground that you walk on
 that lovly babe of myne when bornd
 early teach it to love and fear the Lord.
 and may we all in glory meet
 to praise Immanuel at his feet
 O could I be alowed that pleasure
 to live to see my darling treasure
 O that lovly babe my flesh and blood
 let it be taught to serve its God.
 may your love for me my dearest wife
 be as myne is to you true thooough life
 was I to live and you to die
 I never would marry wilse time doeth flye
 I would be true below my love
 thought your spirit be goane above
 and look forward to the time when we
 shall meet againe in unity
 for if your love you to another give
 how can you love me while you live
 but now I leave you to your choise
 and hope that you regard my joice
 you cannot love two men together
 for if you love the one you must forget the other
 and as through life we have boath loved so truly
 let your love be fixed on me and not on cash or benty
 could I know a nouthr would know you
 I nere could let you live to proove untrue
 O do not proove untrue proove faithful Ann
 and I shall die in peace with God and man

During the whole of the time between the committal and the execution of Holloway, there was a Mr. Nute residing at No. 88, Egremont Place, Brighton, a local preacher and agent for the sale of books published in parts, and from whom Holloway had accepted an engagement to procure orders for the same on commission. But he afterwards wrote in one the many statements made after his committal—"I tried my utmost to get work, and finding I could not, I took up bookselling for Mr. Nute, but that brought in little or nothing, so at last I gave it up."

This Mr. Nute seems to have laboured hard to make capital out of the affair, both for his preaching and his bookselling agency, as he never from the time of the finding of the remains let slip an opportunity of addressing the people assembled in and about Preston in advance of his particular religious opinions, and he was continually writing and getting others to do the same, lengthy letters with the fixed idea of publishing the originals and Holloway's replies at an after date. He made several visits to Horsham gaol, and at times accompanied by a literary man sent down by Kelly the publisher of Paternoster Row, and between them they brought out the "History of the Brighton Murder, with Life and Trial of Holloway, with fine engravings." The work was published in 16 parts at 6d each and had an enormous sale at the time and some years afterwards. From which the following extract is taken.

"Holloway, speaking of the night previously to the discovery of the murder, says that it was one of the most torturing nights of his life; he felt a presentiment within him that his fate was drawing to a close, but he appeared on a sudden to be under the influence of an irresolution of spirit, which was wholly foreign to his character, and which seemed to paralyse all the energies of his nature. One moment he was induced, before a living being was stirring, and whilst the darkness of the night would conceal him, to rise from his bed, and set forth, like Cain, his prototype, a wanderer upon the earth; then the next, impressed with the doctrines of fatalism, he considered it to be in vain to fly from the vengeance of the Almighty, for in whatever corner or nook of the earth he might conceal himself, there would

the eye of God follow him, and bring him to punishment for his crimes. The sun had just risen, he says, when he fell into a restless slumber, and dreamed that he was walking near the copse, in which he had deposited the remains of Celia, when he saw a white figure approaching him, which he soon recognised to be Celia herself. She looked exactly as she did on the night when he murdered her, the same unsuspicious smile sat upon her countenance, and, on coming up to him, she beckoned him to follow her. He obeyed the summons, and she led him to the spot where he had buried her remains, and pointing to it, she said, 'They are gone.' He looked to the ground, the hole was there, but the contents of it were taken away. On a sudden two men rushed from amongst the trees, and seizing him by the throat, hurried him away. In the midst of this alarm he awoke, and so strongly was the dream impressed upon his recollection, that he regarded it as a warning to him that his crime had been discovered: but anxious to satisfy himself, he rose, and determined to repair to the copse, for the purpose of examining the grave, and to ascertain if there were anything which could lead to a discovery. He bent his course over the hills, and having arrived at the Hole in the Wall, his knees trembled under him, when casting his eyes to the spot where Celia's remains were deposited, he saw two women standing on the bank, apparently in anxious attention to something which was passing within the copse. Terror-struck, he was nearly falling to the ground, for at that early hour of the morning, it being about six o'clock, he was convinced that mere accident did not bring the females to the spot; and as to any business, they could not have any to transact there at that early hour of the morning. After waiting a few seconds, he saw another woman and a man emerge from the copse, and concealing himself behind a wall, he determined to watch their motions. He saw them get over the stile at the Hole in the Wall, and direct their steps towards Preston. This circumstance gave him a momentary relief, as he supposed that, if any discovery had been made, they would have returned immediately to Brighton; and fearing, that if he prolonged his stay, he might be seen by some of the labourers going to their daily labour, he hastened back to Brighton, and going into the first coffee-shop that he found open, he meditated on the line of conduct it was prudent for him to pursue, and he ultimately came to the resolution to leave Brighton without any further delay, and to make the best of his way to the metropolis.

"In the meantime, however, the work of discovery was going on. Agreeably to their resolution, Gillam, his wife, her mother, and a Mrs. Sherlock, repaired to the copse at about six o'clock in the morning; and it was two of these females that Holloway saw standing on the bank. They immediately began to prosecute their researches, and half a yard of a woman's dress was first freed from the earth; and being now convinced that a human being was buried beneath, they went immediately to the constable at Preston, who returned with them; and, by the use of a spade, they exposed to view a spectacle the most revolting and appalling;—the thighs of a human being, and the trunk of a female form, inclosed in a pair of stays, and wrapped round with a linen garment, the whole in a most putrid state, and a fetus, of what, on examination, turned out to be a male child, protruding from the trunk.

"The news of the horrid deed spread like wildfire;—hundreds flocked to the spot;—the garment was cut into slips, and eagerly seized by the populace. Enquiry was now busily set on foot. The pattern of the garment, corresponding with that of a gown which Celia Holloway was known to have worn, led to the supposition that she was the unfortunate woman, part of whose corpse had been discovered. The ill-treatment she

had constantly received from her husband quickly connected him in the minds of the people, with the foul deed; and her sudden and mysterious disappearance was corroborative that she had fallen a victim to his diabolical passions.

"Speaking of the day on which the discovery was made, Holloway says, — 'Thus things past on until the day came that the discovery was made. A person came to me at the Pier, and said that a body was found near Preston, and that the legs and arms were cut off. You may guess my feelings. I thought I should have dropped; but in a few minutes I recovered myself, and began to consider what I had best to do. However, in a little time I left the Pier, and went home, and told Ann Kennett what was the matter. I had not been home long, before my poor dear mother came up to me. She said, that it was reported that the body that was found had been proved to be the body of poor Celia. She was nearly out of her mind. I bade her be calm, for she might depend upon it it was not Celia; and even if it was, that she might rest assured that I was an innocent person with regard to being the murderer; but I said, Mother, that I will not believe it is her. She then earnestly entreated me to tell her where she was. I said, I do not for certainty know, but have every reason to believe she is alive and doing well. My mother then left me in great distress of mind, because I would not satisfy her where poor Celia was. As soon as I had got rid of my mother, I gave Ann Kennett directions concerning the getting of my wages, and to bring the best part of my clothes to me at Black Rock public-house, about a mile from where I lived; and then I left the house, and went to the place appointed to meet Kennett, I had not waited long, before she came with a bundle of my clothes, and again returned, to get the money due to me at the Pier, and the remainder of my clothes. But when she came back the second time, she told me that it was all a mistake, for it was a young woman that was lost at the races, and the mother and father had been and owned the body: and I concluded in my own breast that it might be so; yet at the same time it looked very unlikely. But I was resolved to return and go down to my mother's, to learn from her what she had heard about it. But when I got there, she told me that she knew nothing about it, only that it was a young woman. We left there again; but we wanted to take something with us that we had forgotten. Ann Kennett was to go round to our lodgings and get it, and then was to come to me in Chapel-street. But when she got there, some officers were at the house waiting to take me when I came home; but she coming first, they took her to the black hole. I waited for her return until I was tired, and then went to the house to know the reason; and having learned where she was, I immediately went down and gave myself up to one of the officers, named Thoburn. When I got into the watch-house, I told them who I was, and gave them to understand that I had sent her (Celia) away to go to London, and that I had not seen her since. In regard to their usage of me I shall not complain; but I think that the way and manner in which Kennett was used by the keeper of the black hole ought to be made known. On account of her being taken so on a sudden, it threw her into a perspiration; and when she got there she drank a large quantity of cold water, which gave her the spasms; and as she was pregnant, it no doubt added greatly to the pain. She begged first of them to send for a doctor, and she would pay what he charged. This, was, however, positively refused, and said he would fetch no doctor at all, even if she died. She then begged of him to let her have a little English gin. He would not, however, let her have that, but told her, with many oaths, not to lie there making a noise; and if she did not hold her tongue, he would be d—d if he did not make her. She said she could not

hold her tongue, her pain was so great; and if he would not let her have what she had asked for, with tears she desired he would let her have, for God's sake, a little warm water, or she should die. At first, he would see her d—d first; and, to my knowledge, after that, she lay four hours in the deepest agony; and when she had recovered, he then brought her a little warm water in a basin, and told her that was more than she deserved. Now this man was an officer of justice, and a husband and a father, who has himself got a child transported. Remember, this was as soon as she had been taken: she had not so much as had any examination to prove whether she was at all concerned in the business or no; and if she had, it was not his place to punish her until he was authorized. But such is his brutish disposition towards every unfortunate person that comes under his tyrannical hands, that he considers, before trial or after, whether innocent or guilty, that they are sent there for punishment. I think in that his views are quite wrong, and that he ought to be given to know his duty, and stopped in his tyrannical proceedings over poor prisoners.'"

Holloway with his pen in his hand, writing to his friends—and Holloway in the society of his fellow prisoners, were perhaps as two distinct characters as the theatre of the world could exhibit. But the great question is, which was his natural one? which was the assumed, and which the real one? As to the first, we have before us the following copy of a prayer in his own hand-writing, the date of which is November 27th, 1831.

"I know that I have too long lived for myself, that I have too blindly followed my sinful dispositions, and been too willing a slave to the world, to vanity and to Satan. Now, O Lord, henceforth will I devote myself to Thee; from this moment I renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil; to Thee, O God, will I cling with my whole heart; Thou alone shalt be my God, and I will be Thine for evermore, in time and eternity."

Let us now view the same individual, perhaps an hour afterwards, in the society of his guilty associates. It might be naturally expected that he would come amongst them with a humble heart, and with a disposition to check them in their blasphemous expressions, and to exhort them to the adoption of a different course of life than that which they were then pursuing. The contrary, however, was the case: he joined in their blasphemies—his imprecations were heard throughout every part of the prison, and the same God, whom but an hour before he had been supplicating for mercy on his guilty

soul, he now invoked to send his damnation on his prosecutors. With his songs of obscenity and profaneness, he would pander himself to the vitiated and depraved tastes of his associates; and being, as it was allowed, the principal in crime in the prison, he appeared willing to show them, that he was in reality what the world held him to be, a most determined and atrocious villain.

Even to the very hour of his trial did he exhibit the savage ferocity of his nature. On his passing along a passage leading to the entrance to the dock in the Town Hall at Lewes, several persons were waiting to see him pass by. As he came along, he was in conversation with the turnkey, and a boy about ten years of age, standing at the end of the passage as Holloway approached, said, "That is Holloway, I know him by his voice." At that moment Holloway looked fiercely at the boy, and gave him a tremendous blow with his fist between the eyes, exclaiming, "It is Holloway, and you will remember him." The boy was in great agony for some time, and both his eyes were blackened and swollen by the violence of the wretch.

Here we have two most distinct and opposite characters exemplified in the same individual, and both apparently natural to him, but it must be remarked, when the question of the real character of the individual comes to be decided, that, from the observation of those who had the opportunity of watching Holloway when he thought that he was not perceived, it was with them a decided point, that he was one of the most consummate ruffians who ever inhaled the air of a prison, and that his religious demeanour was assumed for the promotion of his temporal interests, and that in his own heart he was neither a regenerated nor a repentant sinner.

A description of the person of Celia Holloway may not be out of place here. In stature she was only four feet three

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inches, being in reality almost a dwarf, so that when either washing or ironing, she was obliged to be placed on a high stool before she could perform her work. Her head was of an extraordinary size in proportion to the rest of her body, and her hands turned outwards, like the paws of a mole. Her features had not the slightest pretension to any thing allied to beauty, and on the whole she was rather a repellant object than one on which "Love would fix his lasting seal." When it is further taken into consideration that at the time of her marriage Celia was thirty years of age, and Holloway not quite twenty, added to other circumstances, which are fully developed in the body of our work, the chances of any happiness resulting from such a union must have been very slight indeed.

A few evenings back, in company with Mr. Alfred Humphrey (the sexton of Preston parish), Ben Herriott (the son of the late sexton), Mr. C. H. Brook, Mr. Russell (the bricklayer), and Mr. George Budgen, of the Crown and Anchor Tavern, I paid a visit to Preston churchyard for the purpose of inspecting the grave and memorial stone of Celia Holloway, which we found to be on the Southern side and close under the wall, where since the remains of the body were interred a pathway was formed by the late sexton, old Ben Herriott, who inserted in the wall at his own cost a small stone inscribed C. H. 1831, which as it so happened had that very day been repainted and the initials and date repicked out in black by the sexton. The principal object of our visit was to clear up a vexed point as to which side of the churchyard the remains really were deposited, the destruction of a privet-hedge and the forming of the new pathway causing some misconception in the matter with some of our party, all of which was soon cleared

up, and Mr. Alfred Humphrey and Ben Herriott found to be perfectly in the right as to the locality of the grave of the unfortunate Celia Holloway.

In the early part of the present year I purchased in London, at a sale room for literary property, the six steel plate engravings that had been used to embellish the above mentioned work. And as the proprietors of the *Brighton Gazette* are publishing from week to week an article entitled "Old Times," which consists of local matters of interest that have appeared in that journal from the year of its establishment, arranged in their proper chronological order, on their coming to the year 1831 they published "The murder of Celia Holloway," taking the most salient parts of the lengthened reports of the case : whereupon I made arrangements with the proprietors to lay aside the columns as worked off for the use of their journal, and after to make them up in book-form as they now re-appear, for the purpose of introducing the "six highly interesting engravings," and enabling the present generation to glean the leading features of THE BRIGHTON MURDER.

CHARLES HINDLEY.

Rose Hill Terrace,
Brighton,
July, 1875.



THE MURDER OF CELIA HOLLOWAY.

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?"

Our records of local events now brings us to the most remarkable occurrence in the annals of crime in this locality. The mention of the murder of Celia Holloway still arouses in the memory of the older inhabitants the startling nature of the occurrence and the great consternation it occasioned in Brighton. In many respects this was no ordinary offence. It may be emphatically said of it that it was

"Most foul, strange, and unnatural."

The most morbid conceptions of the romancist could not conjure into existence details of a more astounding character. As a matter of local history this event which created so long and so profound an impression in the public mind must not be passed over, but we feel bound to excise from the published account the most revolting details of bodily mutilation that appear in the original, and will endeavour to place before our readers the facts of the case, as free as possible from all that may be deemed prurient or offensive. To this end we do not care to reproduce *in extenso* the proceedings either at the inquest or at the Magisterial enquiry. The first notice of the occurrence we find in the *Brighton Gazette* of August 18th, 1881, and the summary of facts we give, as nearly as possible, in its entirety :—

One of the most horrible murders that ever disgraced the annals of crime has recently been perpetrated in the

August, 1881.

neighbourhood of this town. From the circumstances which have already come to light it appears that a man, named John Holloway, alias William Goldsmith, married a woman whose maiden name was Bashford, at Ardingly,* about six years ago. They never lived happily together, and after repeated quarrels he left her, and entered into the Blockade. She then sold her furniture and went to service. Subsequently, however, they appear to have lived together at different times, and she bore him two children, both of whom died. More recently, it seems that he abandoned his wife and cohabited with another woman, named Jane Kennard, but who is better known among her acquaintances by the name of Ann. At the time of which we are speaking, Holloway was employed at the Chain Pier, as a labourer, in assisting to paint that place, but he has since been in the Blockade boats. His wife, finding herself entirely neglected by him, and being wholly destitute of the means of support, applied to the parish officers of Brighton for assistance, when Holloway was brought before the Magistrates, at Mr Colbatch's office, to show cause why he neglected to maintain her. He then agreed to allow her 2s. a week. At this time she was lodging at No. 4, Cavendish Place, where, by the hands of a woman with whom he cohabited (Ann Kennard) he sent his wife the weekly pittance of 2s. for a considerable time. Of late, however, he sent only 1s. 6d. a week, and for the last three weeks previous to the murder he sent her only 1s. a week, but occasionally called upon and gave her 6d. a week more. The deceased was described by the witnesses at the coroner's inquest as a very clean, respectable, well-conducted woman. When she received the insults and abuse of her husband, she is stated by the little girl Symmonds to have been seen "crying like anything." The last time, however, that the woman Kennard took her pittance some words ensued, and deceased "pulled the cap and crumpled the bonnet of her husband's paramour." Mrs Symmonds, after this, advised the deceased to go again to the assistant overseer, Mr Harper,

* ARDINGLY, vulgo, *Ardr'ngly*, in the Hundred of Buntinghill, Rape of Lewes, distant six miles from Cuckfield, the post town. Railway station, Balcombe; distant about 3½ miles. Union, Cuckfield. Acreage, 3,817.

This parish lies upon the Forest Ridge of the Weald, and is beautifully diversified with sylvan scenery, the woodland amounting to 1,000 acres. The ancient estate of Wakehurst gave name to the distinguished family of De Wakehurst, one of whom, Richard De Wakehurst, is said to have been knighted by Edward I. at the siege of Carlaverock. In his descendants Wakehurst continued until the 15th century, when it was carried by a co-heiress to the family of Culpeper, who held it for eight generations. Wakehurst Place, built by Sir Edward Culpeper, in 1580, was an Elizabethan mansion of the first class, but within the last 40 years the great wings have been much reduced in length. That which still remains, however, is very interesting, and is fully described by Mr Elsas, in the "Sussex Archaeological Collections," vol. x.—*Mark Antony Lower's History of Sussex.*

to inform him that her pittance had been reduced to 1s. per week. On the evening of that day, the prisoner Holloway went to his wife's lodgings, and abused her in the most offensive language, and having been turned out of the house by Symmonds, he muttered as he went off words indicative of his intention "to do for her" before long. From this time nothing appears to have been known of the deceased till her mangled trunk was found, under the following circumstances, in a copse near Preston (a village situate a short distance from the town) on the left-hand side of the road from Brighton, leading from the footpath is a place popularly known as the "Lover's Walk," and which is much frequented, particularly during the summer and autumnal months of the year; the identical spot is about 150 yards from the high road.* It appears that about a fortnight ago, a fisherman, named Maskell, had occasion to go into the copse, and as he was sitting he observed the earth had been recently disturbed. On examining the spot more narrowly, he discovered a part of some wearing apparel, and it seems that he then entertained an opinion that a corpse was buried at the spot; but, though he mentioned it to his acquaintance, he never informed an officer of his suspicions at all. On a man of the name of Gillam becoming informed of the circumstances, they both visited the place together, but, though in broad daylight, neither of them even then satisfied himself on the point. On Saturday morning last, however, Gillam, accompanied by his mother and sister, and Mr Sherlock visited the spot again, but did not take a spade or any instrument for removing the earth. Gillam went this time into the copse, and being more minute in his search discovered, on removing the loose earth, that something more than usual was concealed. Instead, however, of satisfying himself fully on the subject, he left the spot and went to the constable of Preston, whom he made acquainted with the circumstance, and who accompanied him to the spot with a spade, and the horribly mutilated corpse was then discovered.

The reporter then proceeds to describe the condition of the remains which, for obvious reasons, we suppress. He then proceeds :—

The hole is described by the man who dug out the trunk as being about sixteen inches deep and about two feet square, which confirms the report that the unfortunate woman was of small stature. The box containing the body was taken to a barn near the village, belonging to Mr Stanford, and a person was despatched to Brighton for Mr

* Now long since cut through for the purpose of making the London and Brighton railway, yet a portion of the copse is still preserved and enclosed within a wall marking the boundary of the ground belonging to the Railway Company.

Hargraves, surgeon, who immediately went to Preston to examine the trunk. As soon as the report of the murder was confirmed, the copse was visited by a great number of persons from Brighton. About the middle of Saturday, a box, but much broken, was found stained with blood, and supposed to have contained the remains of the deceased before they were interred. People have searched the copse in all directions for the head and limbs, and removing the earth wherever it appeared to have been recently disturbed. Some lace, said to have been part of the cap, was picked up, and, with fragments of the gown, was handed about and sold. To attempt to describe the consternation which the knowledge of this event caused at Brighton, were a faint effort. Rumour, with its thousand tongues, was busy to exaggerate every circumstance: and still rumour is active in endeavouring to discover where the murder was committed, for the prisoners have made no confession. Some suppose that the woman was enticed into the copse and murdered there; others that she was butchered at some place in this town, and that the murderer, after cutting off her head and limbs, thrust her body into the box and conveyed it to the plantation, whilst her head and limbs have been deposited elsewhere. During Sunday, the little village of Preston was crowded with people visiting the copse and barn where the body was deposited, and hanging about the public house to witness the assembling of the jury and witnesses, and to catch a sight of the prisoners. Indeed so eager were some persons, many of them females, to view the remains of the body after it had been opened, that a hole was made in the barn door, but the effluvia made many of them regret their curiosity. The sister to the deceased who is said to bear a strange resemblance of her, attracted much attention as she sat, for a considerable time, under the trees in the road opposite the public house. On Monday the woman Kennard underwent an examination before the Magistrates at the Sea House Hotel. Several of the witnesses examined by the coroner on Sunday underwent another examination; and some new witnesses were produced. During the examination the prisoner was at times greatly distressed and once went into hysterics. Her agony of mind on regaining consciousness was very apparent, but she made no confession, strenuously denying all knowledge or participation in the horrible transaction. The most material facts were, in the first place, those stated by the prisoner's landlady, who said that on the morning when the body was found, the mother of the prisoner went to the house in a great hurry, violently agitated and dropped something which she (the landlady) heard distinctly, of the body being found; that she heard a continual racing in her room; and, on Holloway's arrival the remonstrance made use of by Holloway to pacify her. The utmost caution appears to have been observed throughout the proceedings by Holloway, and the woman Kennard, and nothing has fallen from them which could in any way implicate them or be construed as

a confession. The circumstance of the wheel-barrow being borrowed and used in the dead of night, was very minutely investigated by the Magistrates, and the discovery of mud on the barrow has a very suspicious appearance; but the evidence merely goes to show that the barrow was used by the prisoner for the sake of smuggling. It has been conjectured from this cause, that the murder was committed in the town, but whether such was the case or not we cannot understand how a barrow could be driven in the middle of the night through a much frequented part of Brighton, without exciting the suspicion of the police or the inhabitants. If the murder took place on the spot the amputation of the limbs is most extraordinary being so skilfully done, and if it was committed in the town, the murderer must have been very dexterous in depositing the remains at so great a distance, and yet avoid detection. The bare idea of a human being inhumanly butchered and cut in eight pieces, seems so inconsistent with the feelings of our nature, that the mind recoils from the thought. What could induce the monster to amputate the limbs, and dispose of the remnant in different places, does not appear; whether it was simply to render detection more difficult, or that there was some mark on the body by which he was fearful of being discovered. Nothing but very strong circumstantial evidence has been adduced to shew that Holloway was the murderer, but it has been very clearly proved that the remains are those of his wife. Not the least extraordinary part of this dreadful affair, is the finding of the body by Maskell, a fortnight before it came publicly known.

The inquest was held the same day, at the Crown and Anchor, Preston, before J. C. Ellis, Esq., acting for Mr Gell, the coroner for this division of the county. The appearance of the prisoners is thus described :—

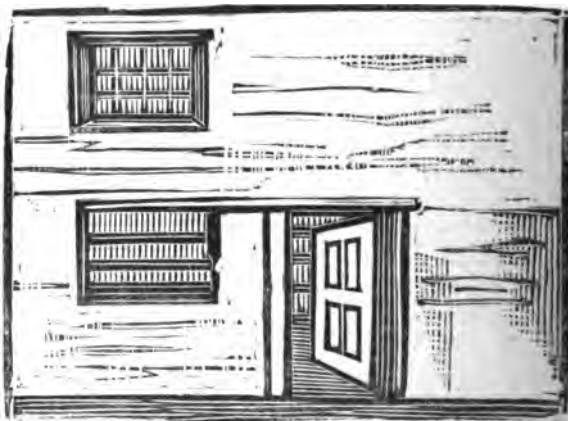
The jury having returned, Holloway, who had voluntarily surrendered himself to the night constable (Feldwicke) of Brighton on Saturday night, was brought into the room. He was placed in a corner on one side of a bookcase, whilst the woman was placed on the other side of the bookcase, so that they could neither hold conversation or see each other. The woman fainted away during the examination, and this seemed to arouse the male prisoner from the apparent indifference which he manifested throughout the enquiry. Holloway is a short man, rather thin, and about 30 years old. He was shabbily dressed in a blue jacket, white trousers, and yellow waistcoat, and round his neck was loosely tied a dirty red handkerchief. His face is small and ill-formed. He has rather thick lips; his hair and slight whiskers are of a light brown colour. His eyes, which are small, moved quickly and restlessly. At times he stood up, firmly to

expose himself to the witnesses, when they were required to identify his person ; at other times he sat in a listless and indifferent attitude.

The result was that the jury returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder against John Holloway," who was committed by the coroner to the County Gaol at Horsham, for trial. The woman Kennard, was subsequently examined before the Magistrates at the Sea House Hotel, and remanded till the following Monday. Meanwhile the following additional particulars transpired :—

Information having been communicated to the proper authorities after the examination at the Bench that some suspicious circumstances had transpired, about the time the unfortunate woman was taken away from her lodging by her husband, in North Steyne Row, otherwise Donkey Row, a place principally consisting of the most miserable habitations and many of the houses inhabited, and tended to throw fresh light on this horrible affair, of which the accompanying engraving is an exact resemblance of the exterior. The High Constable and some of the

Now known as
Sun Street.



officers repaired to the spot and proceeded to search a house which the prisoners had hired for a few days, but nothing could be found by which the committal of the



The Crown & Anchor at Preston, where the Coroner's Inquest was held with the assembled multitude in consternation,
 Ann Bennett sitting at the inquest, from

murder could be proved. The utmost diligence was used. On Tuesday morning we were informed that fresh evidence was obtained, and that an examination was to take place at the Sea House Hotel, but on our arrival there we were refused admittance, it being a private examination to prepare the depositions of two material witnesses residing in Donkey Row, for Monday next, when the prisoner Kennard would have an opportunity of hearing them. The substance of that examination was nearly as follows.—It appeared that a few days previously to Holloway taking his wife away from her lodgings he hired a house in the Row above named; that both prisoners were seen frequently to go in and out of the house. On the Saturday night when he borrowed the barrow, which was two days after he had taken his wife away, two of the neighbours in Donkey Row put their heads out of the window (this was about ten o'clock in the evening) and saw the barrow standing at the door of the house, and a trunk, like the largest of the two (produced in evidence) in it. In a few moments the male prisoner came out and took hold of the handles of the barrow, the female Kennard immediately followed, put the key in the door and locked it. She then walked before the barrow, as the prisoner was driving it, as far as Carlton Street. They have not been since near the house.

The mother of the prisoner, Holloway, also appeared before the Bench, and it was expected that some facts would be elicited from her which would throw additional light on the affair. She, however, when spoken to respecting her visiting her son on the morning the murder was discovered, said she had several times, a few days previously to the circumstance, spoken to her son about his wife, and had been very uneasy, as she had a dream on Friday night that deceased was murdered, which accounted for her agitation. She told her son if he had been guilty of so heinous a crime, Providence would discover it. The circumstance occurred at the time the mangled remains were discovered, which may be considered, in a great measure, the reason why the prisoner surrendered himself. A man residing in Edward Street, a stay maker, had missed his daughter for about ten days or a fortnight, and it was rumoured that the murdered remains were those of his daughter, and that he was able to swear to them by the stays. This report reached the ears of Holloway's mother about five o'clock, and relieved her of extreme anxiety, and she went to her son with the circumstance. The prisoner did not surrender himself till after he was made acquainted with it. Whether the object in giving himself up was on this account we cannot say, but it is possible he might think this report would exempt him from suspicion.

On Saturday last, Holloway intended to remove entirely from Brighton, and for that purpose he went over to Rottingdean, or to Kemp Town, to engage a house, but could not, we understand, find one to suit him.

On his way to Horsham, Holloway said, in a sort of sham sleep, that the murderer no doubt had buried the other parts of the body near where the trunk was found, and acknowledged that the cord, already spoken of, was his, which he had used to tie the trunks together when he started his wife to London.

The High Constable, on Tuesday afternoon, in consequence of what he said, took some officers with him and dug about all parts of the copse, but could find no other remains, from which we conjecture that the other parts have been differently disposed of. We understand that on Sunday at Preston, Mr Hunt, the upholsterer, was recognised by the prisoner Holloway, who observed to him :—"I little thought the next time I saw you I should be taken up to be hanged." (The last time he saw Mr Hunt it seems, was when the latter fell overboard from the steam packet, on which occasion the prisoner was particularly active in his endeavours to save him.) Mr Hunt replied he hoped he was not going to be hanged. "Oh yes" said the prisoner, "they seem determined on that for killing my wife—I did not kill her—it was some surgeon or butcher that cut her to pieces—I did not do it for I am neither a surgeon or butcher." The deceased was a remarkably little woman, almost a dwarf, one of her arms was shorter than the other, but she was neat and very clean in her person, and very industrious, lately her health and strength had failed, and she sold stay strings and bobbin to assist in obtaining her livelihood. She intended after her confinement to have got a situation as wet nurse, in which capacity she has been employed before in some very respectable families. In December last, she walked with Holloway towards the Chalybeate, and on her return she expressed her fear that even then it was his intention to have done her some bodily harm, had not the appearance of two men prevented his designs.

The murder was made known on Saturday the 18th of August, by discovery of a portion of the remains in a plantation at Lovers' Walk. On the following Tuesday, through the exertions of the High Constable, Mr D. M. Folkard, the other portions of the remains were found in a cesspool common to four or five houses, in Margaret Street, in one of which houses the man Holloway resided. Men were employed to remove the soil and it resulted in the discovery of the arms, legs, and head of the poor victim. The head was identified by Celia Holloway's sister, and a surgical examination proved the parts to belong to one body. Holloway was

born at Litlington,* and, a portion of his time, was employed as a butcher-boy, which would account for the skilful way in which the limbs were amputated. He was afterwards a brick-layer's labourer and then a blockade-man, and last of all was engaged on the Chair Pier then just constructed.

From day to day the copse in the Lover's Walk became the great object of attraction. The Chain Pier, the Devil's Dyke, kept by Mr. Peter Berkshire, and all the customary places of resort, were forsaken, and hundreds were seen bending their steps towards the copse, to obtain a view of the unconsecrated grave of the unfortunate Celia. Branches of the trees which overhung it were broken off, and carried away with the same enthusiasm as a pilgrim would bear away a relic of the Cross from the Holy Land. On the surrounding trees the name of HOLLOWAY was carved in every direction; himself suspended either on a gallows or a jibbet, and in some instances accompanied by epithets too coarse and indecent to be inserted. It is not to be here supposed that the Brighton poets could lose sight of so favourable an opportunity of displaying their poetical abilities. Thus on one tree we read—

Here lay poor Celia.
Curses be on Holloway,
He'll wish himself away
On the great judgment day.

On another—

Here lay a wife, a mother, and a child,
D—n him who placed them in a place in so wild.

Even the willing could not allow so grave a subject to escape him without exercising his talent upon it, and thus on one tree we read—

Women are bad—not so was Celia dead;
You'll ask me why—Celia wants her head.

* LITLINGTON, vulgo, *Lilington*, a parish in the Hundred of Longbridge; Rape of Pevensey; distant about four miles from Seaford; Post town, Lewes; railway station, Berwick, distant about three miles. Union, Eastbourne. Acreage, 893.

If the inscription of poor Yorick drew forth a sigh from the passing stranger, the numerous inscriptions on poor Celia, which are engraven on the trees in the copse, cannot fail to excite a similar emotion ; it is, in fact, a melancholy scene, whether we associate with the conviction of the deep degeneracy of our nature, which can compel us to the horrid crime of murder, or the sufferings which the innocent victim to a monster's passion must have endured, writhing under the murderous grasp, and extinguishing, by one hellish act, the life of a mother and her unborn babe.

On the evening of the same day that the jury was held, the discovered remains of Celia and the *fœtus*, having been previously deposited in a shell, were buried in Preston churchyard, the service being impressively performed by the Rev. Dr. Everard.

The examination of the woman Kennard, accused of being an accomplice in the crime of her paramour, Holloway, took place on the 22nd August, under the following circumstances :—

Bench of Magistrates, Sea House Hotel, August 22. Present: Sir D. Scott, Bart., S. F. Milford, and W. Seymour, Esqrs. ; — Powell, Esq. (of Tunbridge Wells), was on the Bench, but took no part in the proceedings. This being the day appointed for the re-examination of the woman Kennard (whose right name, it has been ascertained, is Kennett), on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of Celia Holloway, the most intense interest was excited, and for an hour and a half previous to the examination the street approaching to the Magistrates' room was crowded. Since Monday last the utmost diligence has been used by the High Constable and his officers to procure fresh evidence ; and when we state that no less than 36 witnesses, including those examined at the inquest on Monday last, gave evidence this morning touching the murder,—it must be acknowledged that every exertion has been used that it was possible to make. In consequence of the great anxiety manifested by the public to hear this examination, very extensive arrangements were made. At the street door leading to the Magistrates' room a bar was fixed, where some of the police were stationed to prevent the crowd from breaking through into the passage, and no person was admitted



*The Copee in the Lovers' Walk, at Preston, in which the Mangled Body
of Celia Holloway was found.*

until they had consulted their superior officers, stationed on the stairs. To accommodate the public, the Bench in the Magistrates' room was removed to the end of the apartment, and a bar was put up to separate the witnesses (who were marshalled in order to be called) from the public; so that no one could well interrupt the proceedings. A platform was raised against the prisoner's bar, on which a chair was placed to accommodate the prisoner, who, from the time it would take to go through the whole of the evidence, would necessarily be much fatigued. On either side of the prisoner were two chairs, for the chief officer (Pilbeam), and one of the superintendents (Thoburn), who were to give their whole attention to the unhappy woman, as the case might require; and they were supplied with sal-volatile and other restoratives, to administer if necessary. The witnesses were ranged along the room on the right side, and on the left of the prisoner were the reporters.

The accused endured the examination unmoved. Evidence was given as to the finding of the several parts of the body. Surgical evidence was also given. The High Constable detailed the results of his searchings,—a bloody rag in Kennard's possession, some trousers of Holloway's stained with clay, evidence of traces of blood on the stairs of the house in Donkey Row, — which stairs had been cleaned and scraped. The fact that Kennard had threatened deceased was also given, also Holloway taking his wife and her things from her lodgings without her knowing where she was going to. Deceased sold bobbin and tape to procure subsistence. A multiplicity of details of minor importance were given in evidence, tending to criminate the prisoner.

The Magistrates then acquainted the prisoner that she stood remanded till Tuesday week; but subsequently the re-examination was postponed till Thursday week. At this announcement her countenance brightened, and she begged to know if she might be allowed to have a female in the prison with her. She also said she was dreadfully annoyed by the rats, and that the place was so damp that she had taken a violent cold, in consequence of which she requested to be removed to another apartment. She stated that the place was lonely and desolate; and manifested extreme grief at being compelled to be immured in the prison. The Magistrates told her that everything, which could be done for a person in her situation should be

done, and they would use their utmost exertions to render her abode as comfortable as possible.

The Magistrates severely reprimanded Mr Savage, the High Constable of Preston, for not taking a more active part in this transaction. Instead of securing the body, he had suffered a drunken fellow to obtain money by shewing the remains to persons who ought not to have seen so shocking a spectacle; and he had not once exerted himself to find out the perpetrators of the horrid deed, remaining quietly at home as if nothing had happened. But for the active and praiseworthy part taken by the High Constable of Brighton and his officers, the murderer might have remained undiscovered. Such conduct was highly reprehensible, and he (Mr Savage) ought to know his duty better. Mr Seymour would certainly have indicted him if Sir David Scott had not interfered on his behalf, at the same time cautioning him to beware how he acted in future, as his conduct in this instance was disgraceful. Mr Savage's reply was that he was at Preston on the same day keeping off the boys during the inquest.

Subsequently, on her removal to Lewes Prison, the accused woman made certain admissions under the following circumstances :—

The High Constable went to Lewes on Tuesday, and saw the prisoner, who since her complaint to the Magistrates of her lonely situation has been removed to another ward, and suffered to be with other female prisoners. She seemed very grateful for this indulgence. She acknowledged to the High Constable that she had gone to the house with Holloway on the Monday and Tuesday subsequently to the murder, when she said, Holloway requested her to clear it down, but she refused. This confession she made voluntarily. The High Constable told her that if she had any confession to make, he would procure the proper persons to be present but advised her not to implicate herself in this manner. We understand that she made a similar confession to Mr Solomon,* after her examination, before she was taken to Lewes but that it differed in some respects. The utmost diligence is still used by the High Constable to procure additional evidence for the purpose of clearing up some doubtful points. The statements of the person who occupied the house in Donkey Row immediately after Holloway, as compared with Mrs Taylor's are very conflicting and it is not yet ascertained who took the key from Holloway. If the prisoner Kennett did not clear down the house, it is thought that the next occupant must have done it, and must have known of the murder.

* Mr. Solomon, the Chief Constable, was murdered in the police office, March 18, 1844, by John Lawrence, who was afterwards executed for the offence.

At the adjourned examination Kennard was committed for trial.

As time passed further particulars were continually brought out, some of them of a remarkable character. The chief of these facts we subjoin :—

From circumstances that have transpired it is supposed they made several attempts to remove the body after it was interred in order to bury it deeper. There is evidence which will probably be produced at the next examination, to prove that a woman was seen lurking about the spot at a late hour, a few days after the murder was committed. It has also been ascertained that Holloway borrowed a pick-axe about the 21st or 22nd of July subsequent to the 26th, when the murder was committed. The High Constable having heard, yesterday, that a bird catcher, residing in the neighbourhood of Western Road, could throw some light on this dark affair, called upon him, when he stated to Mr Folkard that yesterday fortnight, being out with his son late in the evening near the corpse, he saw a female sitting on the bank, crying; that he spoke to her, and told her if she had lost her way he would show her the way home. She replied, we understand, in a disguised voice, that she was waiting for some one. Immediately after this his son said, "Father, there's a man in the ditch;" but he told his son to come away, as it was no business of their's. The bird catcher did not take sufficient notice of the female to be able to swear to her, and he should not know her again. It is conjectured from these circumstances, that Maskell's discovery of the apparel had reached Holloway's ears before it was made publicly known, and that the latter must have been foiled in the attempt to remove the body.

Since our last report, circumstances have transpired tending to throw a veil of mystery over this dark transaction which it seems impossible to solve. A bricklayer at work in an unfurnished house in Trafalgar Street on Thursday morning last, discovered a shift, the front of which was saturated with blood, in an underground apartment. He gave information of the circumstances to the police, and the High Constable has instituted the most diligent enquiry, with a view to ascertain by what means the shift came there, as it was not in the building when the workmen left on the previous evening. Mrs Symonds with whom the deceased, Celia Holloway, lodged, identifies this shift as the same which was worn by the unfortunate woman on the day she was taken away from her lodgings; and before she now saw it, she described most accurately the manner in which it had been mended. A stream of blood appears to have flowed from the top of the shift to the middle, where it was probably impeded by the tightness of the stays, and lodged.

During his confinement in Horsham Gaol Holloway made an attempt on his life, which was frustrated. After this his demeanour changed ; it is thus described :—

Holloway, we are informed, is very penitent, and devotes his time principally to reading and writing. He manifests great anxiety respecting the fate of the prisoner Kennard, and speaks of her in the most tender manner. He is allowed the free range of the yard like the other prisoners, and is not manacled. He looks pale and languid, but is remarkably neat and clean in his dress.

Soon afterwards Holloway made a full confession of his guilt to the Chaplain of Horsham Gaol,—the Rev. Mr. Witherby. After this his conduct changed, and he assumed all the airs of a martyr. He was fond of writing, and his letters to his mother and friends were very remarkable, especially for their sanctimonious tone. We take a few examples. Writing to his mother he says :—

Horsham Gaol, August 18, 1881.

Deare Mother and Sister,—I, your unfortunate and unhappy son, once more out of a prison take up my pen to right to you, hoping it may find you well, I know not happy, O my dear mother what am I at last come to, and what have I at last brought you to. I do not entertaine one thought of once escaping. I do thank the Lord that I have so long a time allowed me to prepare for another, and I trust a better world. I do not feel that the paine of death is anything to moarne over, so long as I know my peace is made with God, and that after suffering for what is comited, I may, through the mercis of my blessed Redeemer, open my eyes, in that place where paine and sorrow never cometh. I hope, my deare Mother you will not fail to pray for me without ceasing, that God create in me a cleane heart, and renew a right spirit with me, for now is the expected time, and none but now is the day of Salvation.

And, again in the same letter :—

I do not expect, dear mother that you can send me anything but I shall take it hard if my sister do not help me the few hours I have to live yet I know she will, for I know she loveth me. I have just made a confession of all ! and thank God its over !—and now I have no hope but in my blessed Redeemer, who has promised to pardon to the uttermost all that come unto God through Him.

This remarkable affectation of piety on the part of one of the most revolting monsters that ever trod the earth, though it appears to have evoked a considerable amount of maudlin sympathy at the time, now seems in the highest degree disgusting. Not only was he on the best terms with himself, but the bloodthirsty wretch and heartless adulterer presumed to lecture others with the utmost presumption, as if he were a veritable saint, or a paragon of piety. We take the following letter as a sample :—

“Dear Mother and Sister,—I, your unfortunate son and brother do in answer to your last take up my pen to answer it as near as I can. I am very sorry to hear that you should let this trouble you so much as to endanger your health, you ought to comfort yourself that the Lord hath dealt so mercifully toward me, to allow me so much time to make my peace with God.

“I am fully satisfied that I deserve to die. I say it was to that end that I made a full confession of my guilt so long before my trial. And as the horrid deed is accomplished, what more can the world expect than the confession I have made, and my life by the laws of the country. There can be no more expected.

“Dear Mother,—You said you hoped that I would, for your sake, make a candid confession. Could I do anything more than what I have to convince you, and to appease offended justice, I would gladly do it; but as I have shock hands with the world, I cannot do anything to satisfy the curiosity of any man no further than what is consistent with divine justice. If the world will persist in judging the innocent I cannot help it, I have not failed to tell them that I am guilty, that I am the murderer; and if the innocent are judged let them bare with patience, but let those that judge them tremble at the following words spoken by Our Lord himself :—‘Judge not that ye be not judged!’ I and God know who are the innocent and who are the guilty, and if it so appeareth that the innocent are judged, I would advise them look to Him that ever ruleth all things, knowing that God hath the power of all things in his own hands.

The peculiarities we have noted are even more strongly marked in the following letter :—

“Dear Mother,—I hope you will not be offended at what I am going to say, but I tell you the truth, I feel rather surprised that you should so far fear the creature more than your Maker. You said that you was afraid you should lose your character and that you might as well lose your life, have you forgot yourself or do you know against

whom you speak, and do you not profess to trust in God? And if so have you forgot His blessed promises toward the widow and fatherless? Dear mother do not call God a liar by mistrusting His promises, but trust in Him for His mercy endureth for ever. O my dear mother and sister do not mistrust God any more, only cast one thought on His infinite power and mercy. Let not my punishment trouble you; for my soul's sake cease not to cry night and day that the Lord may receive my soul at last. Make it known to the minister of the Methodist Society that I desire an interest in all their prayers.

"Dear Mother,—I hope you don't think that because that poor innocent and unfortunate woman was living with me at the time, that I committed this, and on that and no other evidence she is to be accused. I tell you I have been the ruin of the girl, *and how can I seek to take away her life also.* The work is the Lord's, and may He carry it on as He seemeth good. Oh my dear friends fear not man. What is man? He is only dust and cannot go beyond that what God seeth is for the best."

The coolness and arrogance of the murderer and butcher is beyond parallel, as the following extract will show:—

The High Constable has lately received a letter from the murderer Holloway, requesting that the cloths in which Holloway committed the murder, may be sent to him to have his likeness taken in that dress. The cool and unconcerned style in which he writes is astonishing. The High Constable has had a likeness of Holloway presented to him, and painted by the culprit himself, which displays considerable skill. He has also received another letter from Holloway, which there is no doubt will ultimately throw some additional light on the dreadful circumstance. These letters are written very legibly, and he always concludes with an acknowledgment of the justice of his expected doom. He has made no further attempt to destroy himself;—indeed it would be difficult to accomplish such a design, as every precaution is taken.

In carrying forward the terrible story of the murder of Celia Holloway by her husband, we come now to the particulars of the trial of Holloway, which took place at the Lewes Assizes, on Wednesday, December 14th, before Mr Justice Patteson. The recital proceeds thus:—

The Court was opened this morning at half-past eight o'clock. After several other prisoners had been arraigned, JOHN HOLLOWAY and ANN KENNETT were placed at the bar. Holloway looked pale and ill. He was dressed as a



J. Parez del.

ANN KENNETT.

As she appeared at the Trial of Holloway

sailor and took his place with an appearance of firmness. Kennett wept bitterly. The clerk then began to read the indictment, during which Holloway's eyes wandered round the Court, as if not knowing where to find rest for them; at last he requested the clerk to read louder, as he did not understand what he was reading. The clerk having finished, all the prisoners were removed from the bar, except William Candler, junr., whose trial for bigamy came on and was finished by about half-past ten, when Holloway and Kennett were again placed at the bar for trial. Kennett was accommodated with a chair. She was dressed in a light cotton gown, a drab shawl and white straw bonnet trimmed with blue ribbon. She is considerably advanced in pregnancy, and seemed to labour under great pain at times, during the progress of the trial. Holloway's conduct throughout was more extraordinary than any man's we ever saw in his situation. He paid attention to everything going on; but there was a strange character of unsubdued hardihood, not to say, audacity about him, that we think went far to extinguish any feeling of sympathy, long before the trial was over. Once or twice there was a little levity shown by the spectators at the replies of some of the witnesses; with these exceptions, there were no manifestations of feeling of any kind. The Clerk then read the various counts in the indictment. The first charged him with strangling his wife, and another with cutting her with a knife. When this part was read, Holloway exclaimed, "What me, sir?" The Clerk—"Yes; and you stand charged also with murder on the Coroner's inquest. How say you, William Holloway; are you guilty of this offence or not guilty?"

Holloway—(after a pause)—"By the laws of my country, my lord, I am not guilty; I am not guilty till you have proved me guilty. I am not guilty neither of several things stated there." The Court—"Very well; you plead not guilty." The indictment charged Kennett with aiding and abetting him in the murder. The Clerk—"How say you, Ann Kennett, are you guilty, or not guilty?" Kennett (in a clear tone)—"Not guilty." Whilst the other forms were going through, Holloway continued to survey every part of the court, and as the names of jurors were called over he attentively surveyed them.

The trial then commenced. Mr Long and Mr Dowling conducted the prosecution; and Mr Adolphus, Mr Clarkson, and Mr Capron defended Kennett; Holloway had no counsel. Mr Long, in addressing the jury, besought them to dismiss from their minds any previous impressions, and to be favoured alone by the evidence. At the conclusion, Mr Adolphus said there was nothing to implicate Kennett as a principal, but his Lordship directed the trial to proceed, in order to see what would be adduced in evidence.

The evidence, of which we have given the substance in previous articles, was then proceeded

with. The several witnesses having been examined,

Some papers, understood to be confessions of Holloway, were here produced, and Kennett protested, in an under voice, that the affidavits (confessions) were not right. A consultation was held for a few minutes between the Court and counsel, but the nature of it did not transpire. At the conclusion his Lordship retired, it was supposed to consult the other judges as to receiving the confessions. On his return another consultation was held; and then Mr Stedman, son to the clerk of the Horsham Magistrates, was called. He produced one of the confessions of Holloway; and from the conversation which ensued, it appeared that Holloway made three confessions, and also wrote a letter to Sir David Scott in reference to one of them, and another letter to his mother, equivalent to a confession; and he now expressed a wish that the whole might be read. His Lordship then addressed the jury, and said that he should be sorry to take any evidence out of their hands under any other circumstances than those which arose out of this extraordinary case. But nothing that Holloway had written ought to influence them in their verdict regarding Kennett, for they ought to be guided by the evidence alone, without reference to his confessions as to her guilt as a principal. His Lordship then recapitulated some of the evidence, laying considerable stress on the part where Kennett had been represented to have said she would work at home cleaning rather than Celia should be deprived of her 2s. a-week. It was proved also that only two persons were in the house in Donkey Row on the night of the murder; and though Kennett might afterwards know of the murder, that would not support the present indictment. He thought she ought to be acquitted; and if they went with him and thought they could not convict her of aiding and abetting Holloway in the murder, they would acquit her of this offence, though he could not say what might be done in regard to her hereafter.

The Jury consulted a few minutes, and the foreman said they quite agreed with his Lordship, and *acquitted* the female prisoner. She was immediately removed. She seemed exhausted, and, if we could judge from her countenance, she did not seem to comprehend the matter. She burst into lamentations in descending the steps of the dock. As she was going down, his Lordship said she must not be discharged; and if the Grand Jury had been sitting there would probably have been another bill preferred.

The first confession of Holloway was then read. It gave an account of his marrying for fear of going to gaol, and stated that he never loved her (Celia) as a wife but as a friend, that in consequence of some treatment from her family, he meant to be revenged on them; that he took the house and intended to strangle her with his own hands, and to put her in the cupboard; that he did strangle her, and attempted to cut her up, but had not

the heart to do it, till the devils, with all their power, came, and they knew how it was done.

His Lordship, at the conclusion, asked Holloway if he wished any more to be read. He replied that he did, and the following was then read:—

September 3, 1831.

Another person* knew nothing of this circumstance going to happen until I had got the whole of Celia's clothes in the house. I went home and had her down to the house and then I acquainted her what I was going to do. She said I had better not do it for fear of being discovered. I told her I would trust to that if she would assist me. She said, yes, she would and then as I had got the clothes we knew not at first hardly how to dispose of them. I then said we would pledge some and burn what would not pledge. And we immediately lotted out what would pledge, and she took them and I believe pledged them, and I then went and fetched Celia. Celia came with me to the south end of North Steine Row. I left Celia there, told her to wait till I came for her or called for her. I went into the house in North Steine Row. I told another person she was just by there, and it was agreed that the person should conceal herself in the cupboard.

We here insert an engraving of the interior of the house in Donkey Row where the fatal act was committed, and the cupboard in which Anne Kennett was concealed is that under the stairs, where the chaff on the floor and the head on the shelf are represented.

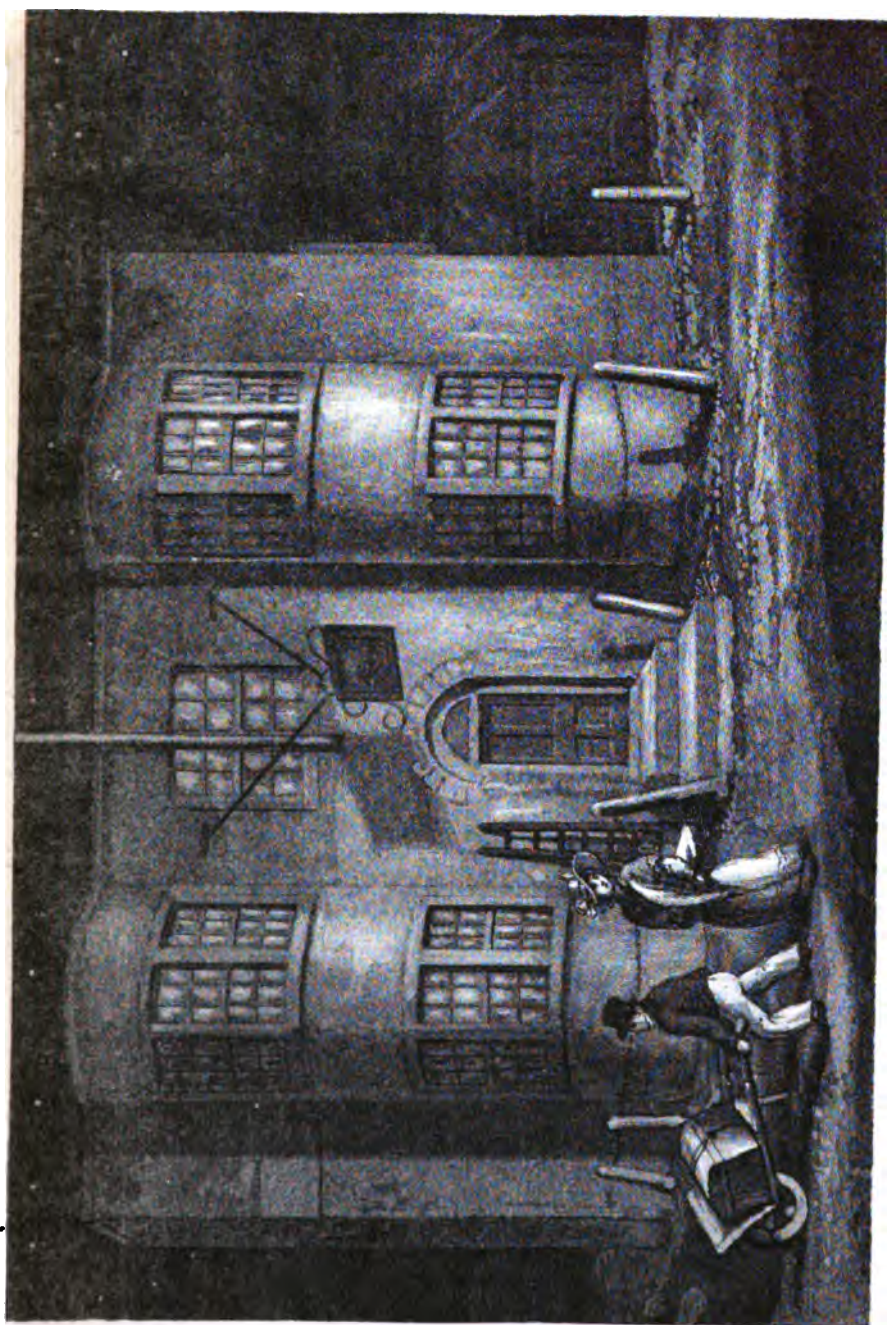


* So read in Court, but understood to refer to Kennett.

Now to continue the document, which run as follows:—

I then went and called Celia. When she was in the house I shut the door, told her I wanted her to wait a little while because my partner lived upstairs and he was in bed, and must wait till he got up, and with that pretence I kept her in conversation for some time and at last asked her to sit down on the stairs and then on a pretence of kissing her, I passed a line round her neck and strangled her. As soon as I passed the line round her neck I found it was more than I could manage myself, and I called upon the other person and God knows she assisted me by taking hold of each end of the rope with me until the poor girl dropped and then I held the cord for a time myself and the person made use of this expression,—“Do not let your heart fail you.” When I thought she was dead or nearly dead, I dragged her into a cupboard or coal hole under the stairs, and under the stairs there is some nails. [Some revolting details as to the destruction of the body were here particularised.] I never went into the house to do anything with the body but what I took the other person with me. And the day that I brought the head and the other part away she was to walk behind me to see if any blood came through. The first attempt we made would not answer, because the blood came through the ticking. The person told me of it, and we went back and put it into a little box, and then into the ticking. That night, after dark, the person came down with me, and we brought a small tub with us. I went and got a light, and then some water in the tub, and after we had placed the body in the box, the person washed the kitchen to clean it of the blood, and the next day I borrowed a wheel barrow and took it down to the house, and then I borrowed a pick-axe and shovel, and that night the person and me went down to the house, and we took the box and the body (I did) in the wheelbarrow. I wheeled the barrow, and the person was to follow me with the pick-axe and shovel. She did not know where I was going to. She kept at a small distance from me, until we got near the Hare and Hounds. We turned up the hill and then down the footpath that leads down to where the body was found. I made an attempt to dig a hole that night, but found it too dark. We just put the box under some bushes near the spot, and also the pick-axe and shovel. The person was with me all the time. We then took the wheel barrow home. We went down again in the morning as soon as it was light, and I dug a hole with an intent to bury box and all, but I found that would take up too much of my time, because of the roots of trees. I took the body out and threw it into the hole. I healed the body up, and then broke the box up, and hid away the pick-axe and shovel. The person and me went and fetched them away the next night. I had been round once since the body had been buried to see if everything

THEY PASSED THE HAIR AND FUNDUS TO THE COOPER IN EDWARDS' WAY



was right, and sent the person twice, and she told me she went. I think the people where we lodged must well remember she went away with me when I went away with the wheelbarrow. She did not go the same road as I did. She went one road, I went another. I think the people must remember she went out early the next morning. We both went out early, but returned early, before the people, Leaver's, were up. A man, of the name of Watts, in North Steine Row, must remember the person being there several times with me, and one time in particular when we were going away and she had got a bundle of some kind to take away from the house, and a woman that was talking either to Mr Watts or his wife, abused me very much, told me that was not my wife I was with, and said that she had got a bundle there to pawn, meaning the bundle she had got with her. I forget the person's name that I speak of, but her husband is a bricklayer. I declare I do not disclose this out of any envy or malice, and I've done the best I could ever since. I've been confined to conceal the crime but I found it impossible. I simply do it to convince the world at large who are the guilty and who are the innocent. I likewise declare before God, and you, gentlemen, that I feel if it was my own father it is out of my power to conceal it.

(Signed) JOHN WILLIAM HOLLOWAY.

His Lordship again asked Holloway whether, as the rest contained little about himself, he wished it to be read.

Holloway—I wish to have them read.

His Lordship—Kennett is acquitted you know?

Holloway—Yes, my lord.

The third confession was then read, as follows:—

Gentlemen,—In the first place, I would wish you all to understand that I am acquainted with more than one person by the name of Ann Kennett, and that I have not identified, nor am I allowed by law to swear that the prisoner, Ann Kennett, now under confinement at Horsham, this 5th day of September, is the same Ann Kennett that was at all concerned in this most horrid murder; for during the few days that I had the keys of a house (in my charge) situated in North Steine Row, as many as three different women were at different times with me in the house; and that I have known Ann Kennett for a long time, and that I had made an agreement with a young woman to leave Brighton unknown to Ann Kennett, who comes from Rye, the next Sunday morning, who knew likewise that I was a married man. I would likewise wish for it to be known that it is not Ann Kennett, who comes from Rye, is the only young woman I have lived with, or that it is the only young woman of that name that I have been seen with. So I hope that everyone will be very careful not to judge any one as being guilty of assisting me in this murder, I mean for which I am now confined, and at the same time not to

make sure that this is the only murder that I have been guilty of; mind I do not mean to say that I am guilty of another murder, but, Gentlemen, you will all remember that there hath been a sheet found all blooded and likewise a chemise, the blood sheweth as though the throat had been cut. Now, Gentlemen, on the other hand I am guilty of one murder, and I confess to have entrusted one woman with the main secret, by the name of Ann Kennett, but remember, I do not say that this young woman present is the same Ann Kennett, only that the woman's name was Ann Kennett, and at the time the murder was committed, or near about the time the murder of Celia Holloway, I had a little smuggling in hand, a greater part of which one Ann Kennett was concerned in, and the goods smuggled were likewise in this house in North Steine Row; and again, it will be folly to think that after forcing a woman to assist me in this horrid murder by threatening to take her life if she refused, which I did, and after the deed was committed how she entreated me to spare her life because her weak frame would not enable her to do her part as my savage nature would or did demand of her. It is not impossible but that I took her life also, for I plainly confess that now I do not know but one Ann Kennett now living in Brighton, and that whatever she did do was done out of fear, neither would she touch anything but what she was by me forced to do. I likewise confess that I did take a young woman there and ask her if she would live with me there, and I also took her there to clean up the house, but she refused to live with me there, because the house was so dirty, and such a dreadful smell in it. And again, I am suspected of a murder in Kent, near Rye. You may think if I had committed another murder since the murder of Celia Holloway, that I could and ought to disclose the place where the body was concealed. I will not at present confess that I did murder the woman that assisted me, or rather that was forced to assist in the murder of Celia Holloway, but to look at it rightly it is not reasonable to think that I should spare her life if I got an opportunity to take it. I will not at present say where you can find a dead body, but I will give you a hint, and they may make a search, if they choose. I only say this—that there hath been a great deal of fresh-made ground thrown against a wall lately built near the sea, which hath been an excellent opportunity to dispose of anything. Remember I do not depart from my word in anything, but still maintain it, that a woman by the name of Ann Kennett did assist me, but at present hesitate to say whether she liveth or no. I likewise confess that I did take a shovel to Ann Kennett to pledge, but cannot remember the exact words what I told her; but such was my severity towards her, that she knew it was more than she dared do to ask me many questions about that or anything else; to that height of heat have I carried my severity towards her, that she hath been nearly killed by me twice, and I may say three times.

It will be seen from the confession, as far as we have given it, that the prisoner seems to have deliberately set himself to shield his wretched accomplice by a fudged-up story about another woman of the same name; from this point he proceeds with a rambling account of of his own prodigality with other women, altogether desultory. The confession then proceeded as follows :—

I first made it known to Celia that I was determined to live with her, and consequently told her I was going to live in a lodging-house, and it was there I intended her to live with me. I had got all her clothes at the house before I let anyone know, and then I sent for one Ann Kennett, but did not tell what I wanted with her until I got her into the house and showed her the clothes, and demanded of her if she would assist me; but I said remember, now I have made you acquainted with my intention, if you do not assist me I am determined to do it, and therefore sooner than trust you with the secret, if you refuse I will take your life, and then you can tell nobody. But I said I do not want you to assist me but I want you to be in the house. To this she gladly agreed, I believe to save her own life as much as anything, and we agreed she was to remain in the cupboard. I did not tell her then I should call her or want her to assist me, only to remain in the house. But after I had got Celia in the house and the line past round her neck I then called Ann Kennett, knowing that she dare not refuse; but when I called her she could not know what I wanted till she came out, and it was too late, for the deed was partly done; but *remember she did not voluntarily come to help me, not until I, in a savage manner, ordered her to come and take hold of the cord, which she did, trembling; besides this and washing the kitchen, was the only things that she did (only that she was with me at different times), and she then let go her hold before I wished her, or before Celia was dead, so that no one but me finished her life; and I, without any assistance, dragged her into the cupboard, and there she hung by the neck till she was quite dead.*

The remainder of the document is quite immaterial. When called on for his defence he comported himself as described below :—

Holloway—I have nothing to say—nothing can save my life;—but since Winter's* life was saved, I don't

* This refers to the case of Captain Winter who was indicted the previous year for the murder of his wife, but convicted of manslaughter only.

consider it lawful for any man's life to be taken. His was a worse murder than mine; he was a notorious villain; every man who commits a murder ought to die for it. I don't wish to save my life; but if Winter's life was saved, whose murder was plainer than mine, I don't see why my life should not be saved. It has not been proved without my confession. It is very possible to believe that the woman committed the murder; and it would be very natural for me to try to conceal it. There was no doubt of Winter's murdering his wife. The woman here was dead, and no doubt to you it appears cruelly murdered; but it has not been shown by whom she was killed. (After a pause). Ann Kennett is innocent. If any person can be proved guilty, I am the man.

He was then asked if he had any witnesses to produce.

Holloway—I don't wish to call one witness to save my life; I am quite ready to die.

His Lordship then said to the jury—We are now come towards the close of this long and dreadful case. The jury had heard fully all parts of the evidence, and after the confessions no doubt could remain in their minds. Without confessions the case would not be so perfectly clear; but it would, notwithstanding, have been very strong. His Lordship then pointed out how parts of the first confession which he conceived to be the true one, were supported by the evidence, and sent the case to the Jury, who after consulting a very few moments, returned a verdict of "Guilty." His Lordship then pronounced sentence of death upon the prisoner and ordered his execution to take place on Friday next (at Horsham)—his body to be dissected.

In the course of his address his Lordship told Holloway he must not entertain the least hope of mercy; when Holloway interrupted him by saying, "God forbid you should say a word to save my life." At the conclusion of the sentence his Lordship, as usual, said, "May the Lord have mercy on your soul;" to which Holloway responded in an audible voice, "Amen." He then descended from the dock.

Our last article on this subject recounted the circumstances of the trial of Holloway at the Lewes Assizes and his conviction for the murder of his wife. The passage we next select for quotation describes the conduct of the unhappy man subsequently to his condemnation:—

It is notorious that the accounts which have hitherto appeared in the London prints of the last moments of this wretched man have been garbled and erroneous. His behaviour during the confinement previous to his trial was very uneven. At one time he would acknowledge the justness of his sentence, pray with much apparent fervour

for mercy, and devoted a long portion of his time to the Bible; while at others, the most fearful oaths issued from his lips, his eyes flashed fire, and his whole demeanour resembled that of a maniac. He attempted more than once to destroy himself, and was cut down by the turnkey. We also learn from the Governor of the gaol that a report reached his ears of Holloway having placed himself at the head of the prisoners and laid a plot to murder the Governor and turnkeys, and effect their escape. In consequence, their proceedings were narrowly watched, and the necessary precautions taken. Life appeared sometimes to be loathsome to the culprit, for, after giving vent to his passion, he usually sank into a state of despondency. He would then request that blood might be taken from him; and on one occasion, a day or two before his trial, he said to the surgeon, "I wish you had struck the lancet in my heart." When removed from Horsham to Lewes to take his trial, his bold demeanour did not forsake him, and he continued to evince the same hardened disposition till within a few hours of his death. His extraordinary conduct at the trial displayed a most obdurate mind, and excited the astonishment and disgust of the whole court. There was a slight change apparent when sentence was passed upon him, from which time, finding his case hopeless, his courage gradually vanished.

The brother and sister of Kennett went to see Holloway before he was removed to Horsham; when he caught each by the hand, and having pressed it very hard, exclaimed "I beseech you in the name of God forgive me! Your sister is innocent of the murder." They then left him, and no other person, we understand, visited him that night. On Thursday he was taken to Horsham, together with three other prisoners, including Bufford, who is to be hanged for arson. They arrived at four o'clock. Although he had by his conduct immediately after the trial manifested signs of penitence, he did not show any fears during the journey to the place of execution, but seemed on the contrary, indifferent to the awful fate that awaited him. He made many trivial enquiries; and on his arrival at Horsham his chief anxiety seemed to be concerning a bundle of clothes which he had left in the gaol.

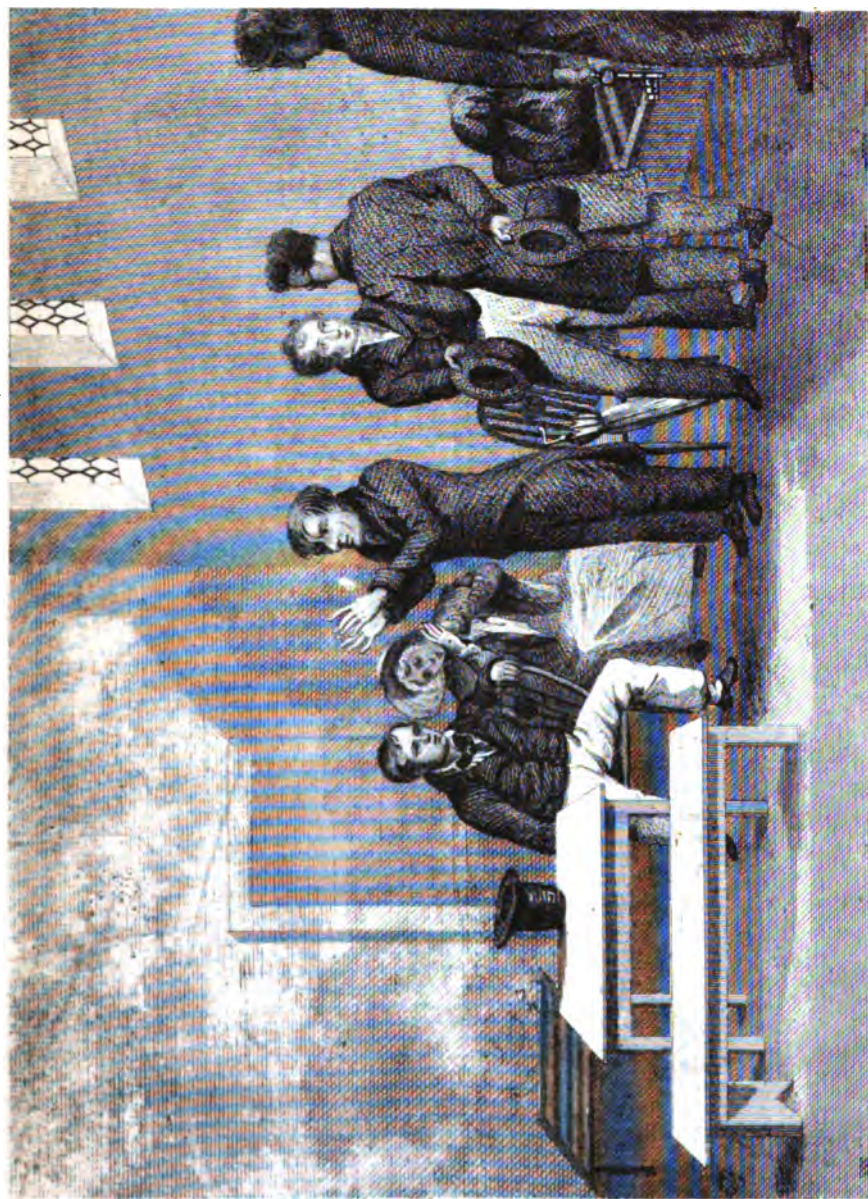
The culprit was conveyed to the condemned cell, where he was immediately visited by the chaplain of the gaol, and it was gratifying to find that the efforts of the clergyman, who remained in the cell some hours, worked in the culprit a great change. His savage and malignant countenance appeared to be softened; and the exhortations of the reverend divine seemed to impress him with a fit sense of his doom. As soon as the chaplain left him he lay down and slept about two hours.

We have next in order the circumstances attendant on Holloway's execution, which took place at Lewes, on December 16th.

Long before day-break on Friday morning, a number of people, many on foot, went from Brighton to see the last of the murderer, Holloway. The morning was exceedingly bright, and on the road, from an early hour till twelve o'clock, were seen a great many country people going towards the place of execution. The assemblage in front of the gaol, where the drop had been erected and covered with black cloth, was not so numerous as we anticipated. At about half-past eleven o'clock, the under-sheriff and his officers arrived, by which time the crowd had greatly increased, amounting probably to 1,500, perhaps, to 2,000 persons. Among those who came to witness the scene were the two sisters and brother of the murdered Celia Holloway; the former, we understand, requested permission to see Holloway, but in consequence of some levity of conduct were refused admittance. They remained, however, till the drop fell.

As early as four o'clock in the morning Holloway had again been visited by the chaplain (the Rev. Mr Witherby) who continued his pious exertions till within a short time of the culprit being led forth to be pinioned. The exhortations of the rev. gentleman worked a visible change in Holloway, who prayed fervently and loud. His reckless spirit was evidently subdued, and he listened attentively to his spiritual instructor and responded to his exhortations, ejaculating repeatedly, "May the Lord have mercy on my soul," "Thou hast paid the debt." A person named Nute, was also with him for twelve hours previous to his execution. The mother of the wretched culprit was also present, and a literary gentleman engaged by Kelly, the publisher of London, to collect materials for Life, Trial, and Execution of Holloway. Mr Nute the Ranter was on the drop when Holloway was turned off.

The hour had now arrived, and Holloway manifested no reluctance when the turnkey came for him. At ten minutes before twelve o'clock the culprit left his cell, accompanied by Mr Nute and the gaoler, and walked with a firm step through the yard into the kitchen, where about twenty persons, namely sheriffs, officers, reporters, &c., were waiting. The executioner was also at hand ready to pinion him. Holloway appeared at the kitchen door in a blue jacket and waistcoat, brown trousers, and low shoes. His hair was rough. Before him he carried a bible. The traces of despair had dissipated his former hardy look and seemed to have effaced their accustomed harshness from his features. He regarded those in the kitchen with silent attention, and they in turn silently fixed their eyes upon him. The executioner beckoned him to advance. For a moment he cast a hurried glance towards Mr Nute, and, turning round, caught hold of his hand, which he squeezed apparently in agonising despair. Still holding the bible he followed the executioner into the wash-house, when the latter rather unceremoniously went up to him and took off his handkerchief, which, as usual, he was about to thrust into the culprit's bosom, when Holloway said, "No! No! keep it." The executioner then motioned



J. Perez del.

JOHN BULLOWAY M^{RS} BULLOWAY M^{RS} NOTE THE EDITOR REV^D M^{RS} WITHERBY M^{RS} DOLSWELL.
SCENE IN THE INFIRMARY OF WESTMINSTER HALL.

him to advance into the press-room, where the implements for pinioning were prepared. Holloway had several times previously kissed the bible, exclaiming repeatedly, "Blessed word." He then laid it on a form and walked a few steps towards the press-room; but in rather a hurried manner stepped back, caught up the bible, and with impassioned fervour kissed the holy book,* again exclaiming with great emphasis, "Blessed word." Immediately afterwards he joined the executioner in the press-room. At this moment Holloway's courage appeared to have forsaken him, and he stood before the executioner with despair depicted on his brow. While the latter was performing the duties of his office, the culprit took the opportunity to whisper in his ear a request not to let him suffer more than he could help; for the fear of suffering seemed to shake his hitherto firm and hardy bearing. After the executioner had pinioned him, he stood with his face towards the great doors leading to the scaffold, and with uplifted eyes and clasped hands repeatedly ejaculated with great emphasis, "Lord, Thou hast paid the debt. Give me power. Yes, yes, Lord, I justly am served. Thou hast paid the debt." He continued in this strain for a minute or two, and, judging from his countenance, his mental sufferings were very great. Mr Nute asked him if he died in peace with all men. He replied, "I do die in peace; no one has injured me; if they have, I forgive them. I die justly; to Thee I commend my soul; Lord support me; Thou hast paid the debt; Lord, receive my spirit." The last sentence he repeated four times with solemn earnestness. Mr Nute asked him one or two other questions, namely, whether he felt that God had forgiven him his sins; and whether he found God Almighty ready to save; to which he replied, "Yes, yes." Holloway then fell upon his knees on the rugged floor, and offered up a prayer to Heaven. He said, "Be with me at this moment, Lord God of Heaven. Through the merits of a merciful Saviour, I hope for mercy." The culprit had to wait two or three minutes after being pinioned before the necessary arrangements were completed, during which time the above scene took place. The chaplain then approached; the massive bolts were withdrawn, and the great doors were thrown open. The assembled multitude gazed with eager curiosity on the awful procession.

The chaplain then walked towards the scaffold, reading the burial service; and the culprit followed with a firm and quick step, praying as he advanced. He ascended the steps of the drop rather quickly and placed himself

*On our reporter's return to the gaol after the execution he had the curiosity to open the bible. The leaves were turned down at numerous places, the corners of the folds pointing to particular passages of scripture, among them were Genesis xxxvi, and 18th verse; Deuteronomy xxi, 6th and 9th verses; Samuel xi, 1st and 25th verses. In these and many other places the passages principally related to the atonement for blood, the doctrines of repentance and faith, &c.

immediately under the fatal rope. The executioner then proceeded to put on the cap, and make fast the rope about the culprit's neck. While he was doing this Holloway said in a low whisper, "Give me a good fall," and the executioner in consequence gave him rather more than the usual length of rope for the fall. Holloway then knelt down and prayed fervently for about half a minute, repeatedly calling on the Lord to receive his spirit. When he arose, he advanced suddenly to address the crowd, which he did in the following terms:—"My dear friends, I need not tell you that sin brought me to this untimely end, and I would entreat you to be aware that he who follows a life of sin is as likely to be brought to the same condition; I tell you if you trifle with sin and folly, you know not where it will end. I justly suffer; I have spilt innocent blood, but I hope God will have mercy upon me; He has said to those who repent, 'All your sins and blasphemies shall be forgiven you.' Therefore, turn from sin, and the Lord will shew you forgiveness. All I have to say is take warning by my unhappy fate, and if you prize life sin not. Reflect on my dying words, for in a very short time the eye that sees you now will see you no more, and in a few short years you will all be in eternity. Now, may the Lord bless you and keep you from sin, by which I am brought to this untimely end; and may the God of Mercy, through Jesus Christ, receive my spirit."

These words were spoken in a rapid, firm, and audible voice; and, as he went on, Holloway gradually rose to so high a tone that he might have been heard at a great distance. He then stepped back; the executioner drew the cap over his eyes; and the chaplain continued to pray, concluding with the Lord's Prayer, during which Holloway, with great solemnity, repeatedly ejaculated, "Lord, receive my spirit," until the signal, when the bolt was withdrawn, and the wretched culprit's life was at an end. He appeared to suffer but little. There was no manifestation of feeling in the crowd, nor could we perceive any tokens of commiseration.

Reference has been repeatedly made to the conduct of a person, named Nute, a ranting preacher, who attended Holloway in prison, and ministered, after his fashion, to his spiritual consolation. He seems to have improved the occasion of the execution for doing a little preaching on his own account.

Almost before Holloway was dead, Mr Nute mounted the wall on the left of the scaffold, and addressed the crowd, telling them that this was a time most solemn, exhorting them to flee from sin, and take warning by the fate of Holloway. He was listened to with great impatience, and so unusual a scene attracted the attention of the Under Sheriff, who directed his officers to put a

stop to it, but as they approached for that purpose, Nute had just concluded. When he got down he told several persons standing in the garden that he had been with Holloway twelve hours previously, during which time he had, through the assistance of the Almighty, wrought such a change in him, *that he firmly believed the spirit of the culprit was now in bliss.* His hearers turned from him without deigning to reply.

The subjoined incident is illustrative of a popular superstition regarding the bodies of murderers :—

About a quarter of an hour after Holloway was turned off, a countryman who was said to come from Cowfold, bargained with the hangman to have his wen rubbed by the hands of the deceased. The superstitious fellow mounted the scaffold with the hangman who untied the rope which bound Holloway's wrist and placed the hands of the deceased on the forehead of the countryman, who sat trembling in that position upwards of five minutes. The executioner then took the man's handkerchief from his neck and thrust it into Holloway's bosom, till he had made it warm by the heat of the body, and then put it to the wen; the man dismounted, and held the handkerchief to it for several minutes, at the same time expressing his "faith" in the remedy. This scene excited the disgust of every one present, and when two women advanced for a similar purpose, the under-sheriff refused to permit it, and ordered them away. The rope with which Holloway had been hung, was, we understand, purchased of the executioner, by some person from Lewes, for half-a-crown.

The body was disposed of in the following manner :—

After the body had hung the usual time, the executioner untied the rope and lowered the body into the hands of the turnkey beneath. They then carried it into the press-room, where it was stripped, and for a few minutes lay exposed. A young phrenologist was present who was very curious in feeling the head for *bumps*. The body having been given to Mr Lawrence for the County Hospital, Mr Lawrence jun., with Police Superintendent Penfold, and one or two others from Brighton, arrived with a chariot containing a trunk to convey the body to that place; and it is rather remarkable that the trunk was similar to that in which poor Celia had been taken to be interred. The executioner after undressing the body, assisted to put it in the trunk, which being done, it was taken out and tied to the front of the chariot, having the appearance of ordinary luggage. By this time the crowd had dispersed, and there were scarcely twenty people round the chariot when it drove off.

On being removed to Brighton, the body was exhibited under the following circumstances :—

On Saturday last the body of the murderer Holloway was exposed to public gaze in the Magistrates' room at the Town Hall, and so great was the curiosity of the public that it is calculated upwards of 23,000 persons were admitted in the course of the day, from ten in the morning till a little after four o'clock in the afternoon. The body was subsequently removed to the County Hospital, where on Monday morning the dissection was commenced by Mr Lawrence and Mr Taylor.

Several casts were taken of Holloway's features, the particulars of some of which are given in the following extract:—

But decidedly the best model was taken by Mr Atkinson, from London, who is at present pursuing his professional avocations in this town, and who was deputed by the Brighton Infirmary to take the cast. The features of this are altogether more placid and every part is free from distortion. The head is judiciously made to decline a little towards the right side, as it naturally would from the mode of death. The forehead is also finely developed. The swollen arteries clearly delineated and the protuberance of the skull finely traced. No marks of any convulsions are to be seen. This cast was the second taken, which was an advantage, as the warmth of the first relaxed the muscles, and the face assumed in consequence an appearance bearing much stronger resemblance to the features during life. The bust is also very different from Mr Benham's. The shoulders are lower and brought less forward; and the chest is consequently fallen, and presents a finer appearance. It has been said that Holloway's head had a strong resemblance to the animal skull. The back part is certainly very large and wide, particularly in the part behind and below the ears; but, taking the head altogether, as we find it portrayed in Mr Atkinson's cast, we think it decidedly well formed, and that it does not possess the above characteristic in a great degree, though, perhaps, that part of the head which is supposed to designate the animal propensities is rather larger than usual.

The following refers to the peculiar expressions contained in Holloway's confession, previously given:—

Perhaps more prevaricating statements were never produced from the brain of man than the confessions of Holloway. At times there seemed a disposition to speak the truth, and then he was, if possible, more ambiguous than when his bungling attempts at falsehood were more obvious. Thus, it will be recollected that he spoke of their being two Ann Kennett's whom he knew. This is true: there are two Ann Kennett's; for his accomplice in guilt had a child by another man, whom she called Ann Kennett, and this is *the second* Ann Kennett he alluded to.

FIRST CONFESSION OF HOLLOWAY.

We conclude our notice of this terrible affair with the following report of Holloway's first confession, which was not published till after his execution ; in some respects it was more explicit than the others:—

HORSHAM GAOL, AUG. 20.

Present—Rev. E. Everard, D.D., Rev. Robert Witherby, chaplain of the goal.

At the request of the prisoner, John William Holloway, the gaoler, Mr Dodswell, applied to the Magistrates at Horsham, to attend the gaol, and the following Magistrates attended:—Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart., John Shelley, Esq., and John William Commerell, Esq.

The prisoner being in the infirmary they attended him there. He was told what he might say would be written down and read upon his trial if permitted by the Judge.

"I do not know, gentlemen, hardly how to begin to tell you, but it is a painful task, and I want it off my mind. I have no one, gentlemen, I can lay this charge at all to, but our own friends I must in a great measure blame. At the age of 19, my wife, Celia Holloway, swore a child to me, and I was taken up by Ardingly parish. I lay there, to the best of my recollection, five weeks. During this time I received many letters from the parish officers of Ardingly, persuading me to marry. I refused because I had no money; they offered to find money, likewise bail to get me out; I agreed with it; I married through the fear of lying in prison. I did not marry her for love. I have never loved her as a wife; I loved her as a friend. I forgot to tell you they did pay all expenses, and bailed me out of prison, and I was married by Ardingly parish, sworn to my own parish, and taken home. My own father and mother did all they could to make us comfortable. I was too young to have a thought of getting a living for my wife and myself. I lived with her until she was confined. During that time we had no angry words between us, but I confess I gave my mind to all kinds of folly. After she had been confined about three weeks her brother came to our house, and sadly abused me for not getting work, which it was impossible for me to get at that time of the year, which was in the winter. He immediately wanted to buy what little furniture my father had given me; he offered me £2 for it. I sold it to him. He took it all away and his sister with him, on condition that she would never speak to me again. I do not remember that she made a promise, but she went home with him. Shortly after I left home and went to sea. I have been home between four and five months. Though I lived with a woman when I came home, had her friends given me good advice I should have left her, but envy appeared in the breasts of every one and all against me, which raised a hatred in my breast

against them and her. I formed a determination in my own breast to be revenged on the family. I have made several promises and attempts to meet her in different places, but never could perform what I intended. I do not know when it was, about a month. I went to her house about a week before I fetched her away. I told her she must prepare herself, for I intended to live with her. On the day appointed I went to her lodgings, and then I met with a person that told me what her sister had said concerning me. I do not believe I should have had the heart to have taken her away then, had it not been for what her sister had said; but that filled my breast again with envy, and I was determined to kill her, as I thought, let what would be the consequence, to be clear of the family. I took her box and then her away to a house in North Steyne Row. I strangled her—with my own hands I strangled her,—and then dragged her into the cupboard. I had not prepared any place to put her to. I did not know what to do with her. I was not able to carry her away. I attempted to cut her; but I had not the heart, till the devil himself with all his united powers—. They know how she was cut. I took her away in her own box and buried her, and I put the remainder of it where they found it. I have nothing more to say; they know all the rest. The guilt is on no one else but me. I have got no more to say.

“JOHN WILLIAM HOLLOWAY.

“Taken and signed in our presence,
T. SHELLEY, “JOHN SHELLEY, “J. W. COMMERELL.”



TRIAL OF ANN KENNETT.

In recently recounting the circumstances attendant on the conviction of Holloway for murder, we referred to the acquittal of his paramour, Ann Kennett, or Kennard, on the capital charge. Subsequently, at the Lewes Assizes, in March 1882, the woman was indicted for "concealing and harbouring" Holloway, in other words of assisting him in the commission of the crime he committed. We append the leading features of this remarkable trial :—

Mr Long and Mr Dowling conducted the prosecution, and Mr Adolphus appeared for the prisoner.

The prisoner appeared at the bar with her infant in her arms, which she caressed frequently. She was accommodated with a chair; her brother stood by her side; and a female was in attendance in case of necessity.

The indictment having been read, the prisoner in tears pleaded "Not guilty," in a low tone of voice.

Mr Long then rose and addressed the jury nearly in the following terms :—You and every individual present must be well acquainted with the result of the proceedings at the Assizes relative to the murder of Celia Holloway, the sequel to which is now before you. Ann Kennett, the prisoner at the bar, stands indicted for having concealed and harboured John William Holloway, the murderer of Celia, his wife, who has expiated his offence by an untimely death; and it is now for you to inquire whether the prisoner at the bar is guilty of assisting, comforting, and receiving the murderer after the crime was committed. There are two matters (said the learned counsel) to which I beg to direct your attention; namely, whether she had a knowledge of the crime; and whether, having that knowledge, she assisted in the concealment of it. That I leave to your discrimination after hearing the large body of evidence which is to be produced; but I trust that it will not require so long a time as might be expected. The most convenient course will be to take the facts in a chronological order. There are many circumstances which I shall produce in evidence that are very strong against the prisoner; for instance, her having been seen with Holloway in Donkey Row, and the disposal of the clothes of the deceased, in which the prisoner at the bar has been materially concerned. But, at the same time, I wish you to banish from your minds any prejudice that may exist against the prisoner, and weigh impartially the evidence as it shall appear before you. Mr Long then

briefly narrated the facts of the case, after which, at the request of the Judge, the conviction of Holloway at the last Assizes was read by the Clerk of the Arraignment.

Frances Hawkins—In the month of July saw Celia Holloway strike Ann Kennett by the side of the head. The latter replied "I won't hit you, Celia; you are too little to hit, but you shall suffer for it." She repeated this three times. This witness recognised a gown of Celia's among the articles produced by Berncastle; also the trunk in which Celia's clothes and baby linen were usually kept.

Amelia Simmonds—Celia lodged with me. Knew that Kennett used to bring her weekly pay on the Saturday evening. She used to say that she brought it from Holloway, Celia's husband. On the morning when Celia's clothes were taken away by Holloway, Kennett came there and said "I have brought you a shilling from your husband." Celia then said, "Is that all you have brought me? If so, I'll go to Mr Harper, and see whether John is to keep his wife or his —." Celia then struck Kennett with the poker, and the latter repeated the threat above described. Witness selected a gown from those produced, and said Celia wore it on that day. The ticking of Celia's bed was then identified by witness, and one of the shawls pawned, as having been worn by Celia when she left witness's house; other of the gowns were also identified.

Cross-examined by Mr Adolphus—The prisoner always used to speak to Celia in my room. She never went into her apartments. I never saw but one pattern like the gown selected. The lid of the trunk is the same pattern and same size as Celia's. It may be a common pattern. Kennett's behaviour was not unkind except once.

By Mr Dowling—Kennett never came there when I was at home. Kennett had a buff shawl on when she took her the bacon. (The shawl was among the things produced by Berncastle.)* Catherine Bishop, the sister of Celia, particularly identified the stays.

Mary Marchant—Saw Holloway in Donkey Row looking out of a window on Thursday, 14th July. He said his name was John Goldsmith. The prisoner opened the door of No. 11, Donkey Row, and came out. Holloway said, "Ann, shall you stay?" She replied, "I don't know whether I shall or not." She looked poorly and pale; she had on a slate-coloured stuff gown and brown silk bonnet like the one Pilbeam produces. Witness then described the cough in the house of Holloway, and the wheeling of the body away from Donkey Row, the woman accompanying Holloway, answering to the description of prisoner.

Cross-examined—At the end of Donkey Row they might go any way, either by Preston or not. Am quite certain 'twas Ann Kennett who I first saw come out. There was nothing said like this by Holloway—"Shall you stay if I bring Celia home?"

Elizabeth Humphrey stated that she saw a female enter the house with a tub of water, who had a slate-coloured gown on.

*A pawnbroker at Brighton.

Cross-examined—I saw a woman in a lead-coloured gown. [A gown that was much torn to pieces was here produced which had been found in prisoner's possession.] I do not know the size of the tub.

William Pilbeam—I took Ann Kennett into custody on Saturday, 13th August. Searched her apartment and found some baby linen.

Mrs Thomas, with whom the prisoner and Holloway lodged, produced some baby linen to the officers which she had purchased of the prisoner.

Cross-examined—Both Holloway and Kennett took the ledgings together. The wife paid me the rent; she generally kept good hours.

Daniel Manthorpe Folkard, High Constable of Brighton, deposed that he went on Thursday to No. 11, Donkey Row. Witness then described the discovery of blood on the stairs, and also alluded to the statement of Holloway in Horsham jail, in the prisoner's presence. The prisoner was told she might go or remain when the statement was taken.

By the Jury—Kennett repeatedly said that Holloway was telling lies, particularly about the pledging of the goods, as he well knew she had nothing to pledge but the shawl.

Ann Leaver—Holloway and Kennett lodged at our house, No. 7, Margaret Street. They went by the name of Goldsmith. Witness then adverted to the borrowing of the barrow. Prisoner said he had borrowed it in consequence of distress; and I judged from the dirty appearance of the barrow that he had been smuggling. Heard Kennett say to Holloway one day, "You have been to her again, you had better go for good and all." Ann Kennett had a sort of *hacking* cough about the middle of July; it was a complaint that went through the house. Holloway tore the slate-coloured gown (now produced) off her back when he beat her and ill-used her. The prisoner said it was her gown; she had no other gown; was very much distressed.

Ann Brown—I live at No. 6, Margaret Street, next door to last witness. Remember Kennett and Holloway living there and going away. Witness saw Holloway and prisoner with a bundle under their arms. Kennett had a short cough.

The prisoner then put in a paper which was read, setting forth that she was the unhappy mother of a babe after an imprisonment of several months for a crime of which she protested her innocence; and having been acquitted by a jury of her country of the murder, while the murderer had been executed, she trusted that her innocence would be clearly established. She had married Holloway under the name of Goldsmith in the full conviction that she was his lawful wife, and he always denied that Celia was his lawful wife. That at first he behaved to her with kindness and tenderness, but ultimately became very morose, subjecting her to the most cruel treatment. The paper ended with a solemn assertion of her innocence, and adverted very minutely to the



fact of her having been acquitted as a murderer ; that she should have no one to speak for her but her brother ; her indigent circumstances rendering her unable to procure further interest in her favour.

Richard Kennett, the prisoner's brother, deposed that she is about 24 years of age, she had been put to no business, but had married a man known by the name of Goldsmith. I was not present at the marriage, but saw them come from church, and I have got the certificate of their marriage. The day they were married was the 16th of March, 1830. His sister was of a gentle disposition.

The learned Judge then addressed the jury as follows : — Gentlemen (said his lordship) the prisoner is indicted for a felony, namely, for assisting, maintaining, comforting, and harbouring one John Holloway, who has suffered the sentence of the law. Where a person has concealed another who is charged with a crime, this constitutes the offence. The evidence against the prisoner is *entirely circumstantial* ; and if you have any doubt, you must give the prisoner the benefit of that doubt. No wife can ever be found guilty of assisting her own husband, she might be guilty in some measure ; but the law cannot touch her, and if the prisoner thought that she was the actual wife of Holloway, and you find such to have been her sincere belief, she must be acquitted of the crime as an accessory after the fact. She seems to have had some knowledge that Celia was his wife, from the circumstances which have arisen. The two principal points for your consideration are — first, whether she had a knowledge of the murder : and secondly, whether having that knowledge, she did not, by secreting the proofs, prevent the detection of the murderer. His Lordship then recapitulated the evidence, and said that that of the pawnbroker was very important, alluding to the false name given by the prisoner, and the identity of the things pledged by her — things which were known to belong to Celia, and this, too, on the day when Celia Holloway had been murdered. On the other hand, it was rather singular that Holloway should have been in such abject circumstances as to be unable to redeem these things ; for this would have destroyed a material point of evidence against them. Another material part of the evidence against them which the learned Judge adverted to more particularly was that of Salvage and Harvey,* who saw the prisoners come from the direction of the copse where the body had been deposited. The question (said his Lordship) is whether you can see your way clearly and distinctly. She has been acquitted of the capital charge. It is a case now that requires strong evidence ; and when she has been tried for the capital charge and acquitted by a jury of the country, I say you ought to be fully satisfied that there is sufficient evidence to return a verdict of guilty of felony. The learned Judge dwelt particularly on her first acquittal, evidently leaning favourably towards the prisoner.

The Jury consulted for about a quarter of an hour, and then returned a verdict of *Not Guilty*.

*Two Brighton butchers, who were at the time driving home a bullock.

